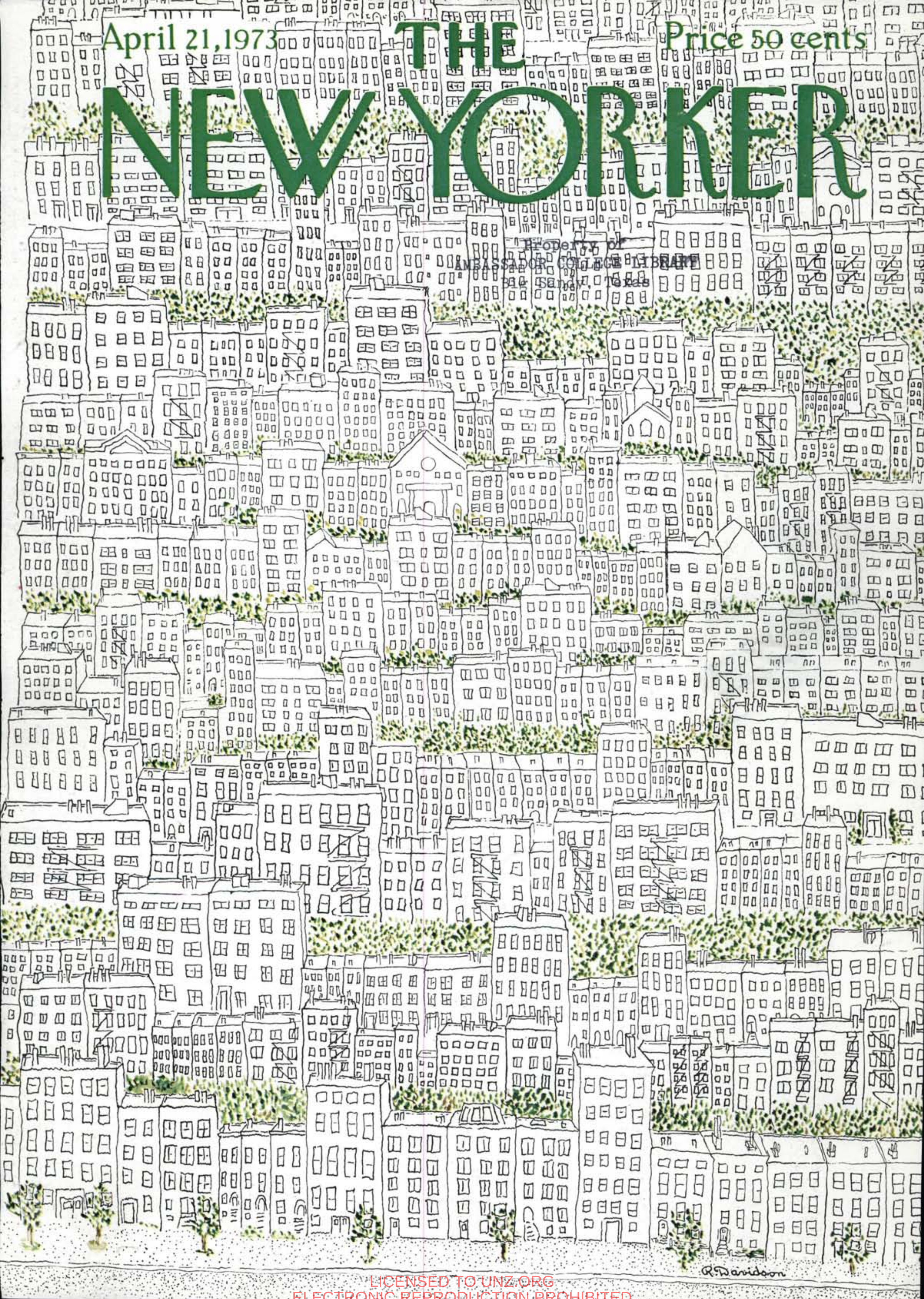
April 21, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



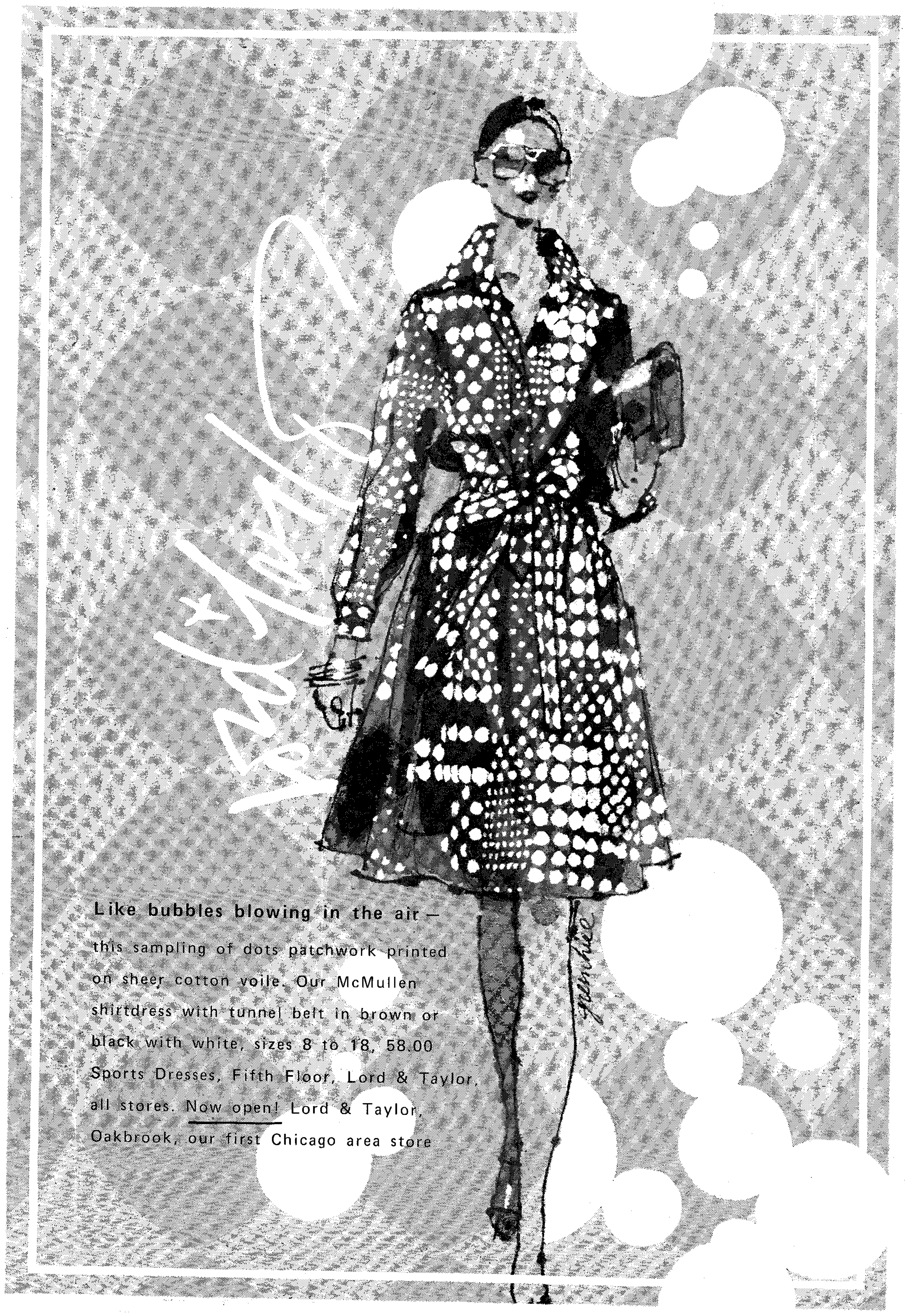
Pleasure without end.

Whether the sun shines tomorrow, or it rains…
Whether you finally get delivery on your new car, or have to wait another week…
Whether alone, or in the company of friends…
We offer one very satisfying pleasure you can count on. J&B rare scotch. To celebrate or warm the uncertainties of life.

JUSTERINI
RARE
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



Like bubbles blowing in the air—

this sampling of dots patchwork printed on sheer cotton voile. Our McMullen shirtdress with tunnel belt in brown or black with white, sizes 8 to 18, 58.00 Sports Dresses, Fifth Floor, Lord & Taylor, all stores. Now open! Lord & Taylor, Oakbrook, our first Chicago area store

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—A team of mumbling, down-at-heel, semi-professional Rugby players undress and put on their gear and play a match and take off their gear and shower and sing and go home. Little nourishment is to be got from overhearing them, though the cast is able. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Doctor in Spite of Himself—Final performances of a one-week engagement of Molière's play, performed in French by Le Jeune Théâtre National. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 21, at 2:30 and 7:30. For information about tickets, call PL 9-4747.)

Emperor Henry IV—Pirandello's paradoxes have begun to date, but Rex Harrison does a star turn as a sad Italian nobleman pretending to be a mad king. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

L'Été—A French play by Romain Weingarten, translated by Shepperd Strudwick III. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Final performance Wednesday, April 18, at 7:30.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—A series of four shows. The second one, "The Naming," a workshop by the Iowa Theatre Lab, plays through Wednesday, April 18. . . . ¶ The third production will be "El Teatro Campesino," a musical revue from San Juan Bautista. Opens Thursday, April 19, and will play through Sunday, April 29. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Monte Markham, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simpleminded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**, at the N.Y.U. Theatre, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ Beckett's **ENDGAME**, at the Normandy Theatre, Saturday, April 28, at 7:15. (111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Brecht and Weill's **THE LITTLE MAHAGONNY**: Thursday, April 19, at 9, and Friday through Sunday, April 20-22, at 9 and 10:30. . . . ¶ From the Eugene O'Neill Playwrights' Conference, Don Flynn's **THE PETITION** and Bob Smith's **A LITTLE DANCING**: Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, at 7:30. (Cabaret 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement that starts Wednesday, April 18, and will run through Sunday, May 6. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"SON" . . . . *John Updike* 33

"AFTER THE CREATION" (POEM) . . . . *Paul Zweig* 35

"THE VIOLIN MAKER" . . . . *Jack Cope* 36

"SPRING SONG" (POEM) . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 40

ANNALS OF LAW (BOSTON CRIMINAL COURTS—II) . . . . *Richard Harris* 44

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 89

THE SPORTING SCENE (SQUASH) . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 92

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 110

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 113

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 114

JAZZ RECORDS . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 120

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 124

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 131

BRIEFLY NOTED 133

COVER: *Raymond Davidson*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, John Corcoran, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Saxon, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Edward Koren, Henry Martin, Charles Addams, Charles Sauers, George Booth, Robert Weber, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Donald Reilly, Frank Modell*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

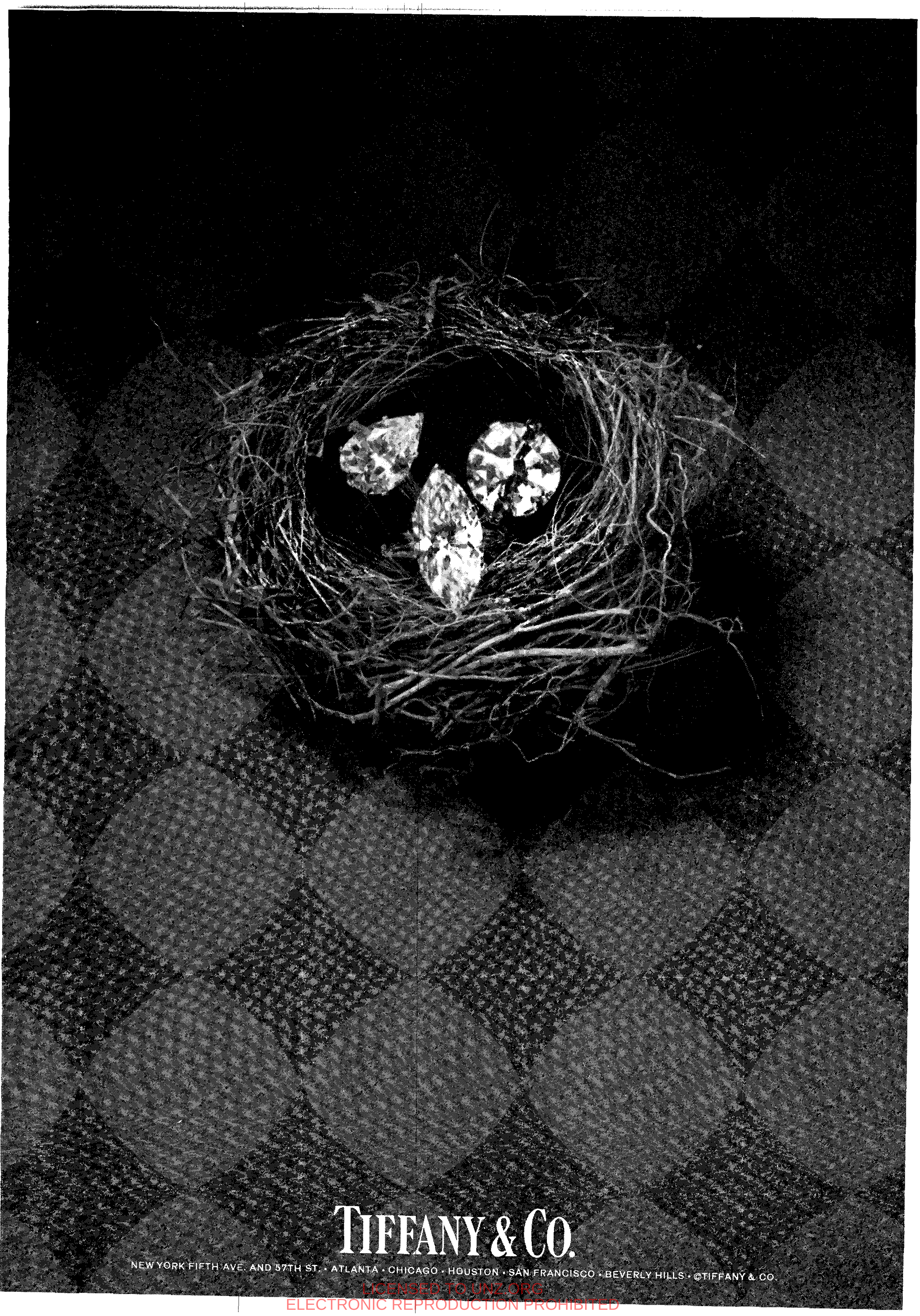
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. XLIX, No. 9, April 21, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $12.00; two years, $20.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $14.00. Other foreign, $16.00.



TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS • ©TIFFANY & CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Orphan—A play by David Rabe, with Tom Aldredge, Rae Allen, W. B. Brydon, and Cliff DeYoung. Opens Wednesday, April 18. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. Previews through Wednesday, April 25, except Thursday, April 19; special matinée Wednesday, April 18. Opens officially on Thursday, April 26, at 7, and will run through Saturday, June 2. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers almost make up for the shaky little lonely-man-and-lonely-girl story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and Ken Howard. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

Try It! You'll Like It!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursday, April 19,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Women—A revival of Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 comedy, starring Rhonda Fleming, Kim Hunter, Dorothy Loudon, Myrna Loy, and Alexis Smith. Morton Da Costa directed. Previews Wednesday evening through Tuesday, April 18-24. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 25. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,398 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. Cathryn Damon is filling in for Miss Barrie, who will return on Tuesday, April 24. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with George Rose and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinées) in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, May 13. "The Sleeping Beauty" will be performed through Sunday, April 29. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—Wednesday, April 25: "Stop-Over," "Small Prayers," and "The Path." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 26-27, and Sunday, April 29: "Small Prayers," "Cut Flowers," "Shadows," and "The Path." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28: "Stop-Over," "Shadows," "Small Prayers," and "The Path." (Exchange Theatre, 151 Bank St. 691-5035. Evenings at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—And then there's the world's smallest man—Michu, two feet and nine inches tall. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of a basketball play-off, the performances on Sunday, April 22, will be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 28. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Negro Ensemble Company Dance and Music Festival—Final performances—Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 8: Holly Hamilton, contemporary singer, and Fonzi, a rock trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 5 and 8:40, and Sunday, April 22, at 2:30 and 7: "Sounds in Motion," a dance group. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 8:30; Thursday, April 19, at 7:30; Friday, April 20, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 21, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call 861-7955, between 2 and 4 and 5:30 and 7:30.)

Magic Show—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave.

Net results, smashing. On the court, a navy Vee meets a softly gathered skirt, $22. Sitting out a set, a green-edged pinafore, $26. Both, white polyester doubleknit, machine washable, for 6 to 14 sizes. Matching panties included. The Active Sports Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

at 69th St. Saturday, April 28, at 8:40. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing of places around* town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Why angry? The inhabitants look pacific enough as they listen to jazz—some of it quite advanced—produced by a trio led by pianist John Foster, which is here Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, tenor-saxophonist George Coleman will join the proceedings, and Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, saxophonist Ernie Wilkins will do the same. No music Sundays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays. pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End. 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Folk singer Terry Reid and a soft-rock group called Batteaux will share the stage through Monday, April 23. Larry Coryell, a quick-witted guitarist, comes in Wednesday, April 25. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—After Wednesday, April 18, the Swing Trio will move out to make room for a trio led by the intellectually glittering piano of Danny Mixon, which will remain through Sunday, April 22. Reggie Moore, another young pianist, will bring in a trio on Tuesday, April 24. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the duo of pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa. The musicians will be on hand through Saturday, April 21, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, pianist Bill Rubenstein plays from nine until one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A well-thought-out establishment with clean lines and a refreshing drugstore elegance—plate-glass windows and croque-monsieur. Also purely functional is the solidly organic piano of Mary Lou Williams, an eclectic who can do no wrong. Fender-bassist Milton Suggs keeps up with her from eight until one, Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, pianist Dick Hyman flourishes. Still another pianist, Roland Hanna, applies himself to the keyboard with forceful dignity from three to seven on Saturdays and Sundays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Through Saturday, April 21, Anita Sheer, who sings and plays guitar in an international manner, will share the platform with a group known as Mule. Beginning Tuesday, April 24, the performers will be an outfit called Oregon and two girl singers named Could and Gewandter. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 22, between five and eight, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Fats Waller songs. On Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Generating its customary excitement, the Dizzy Gillespie quintet alternates with the trio of composer-pianist Junior Mance, who changes the pace somewhat. These musicians play from nine-thirty until three or four. Sundays, from eight until two, Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a big band.

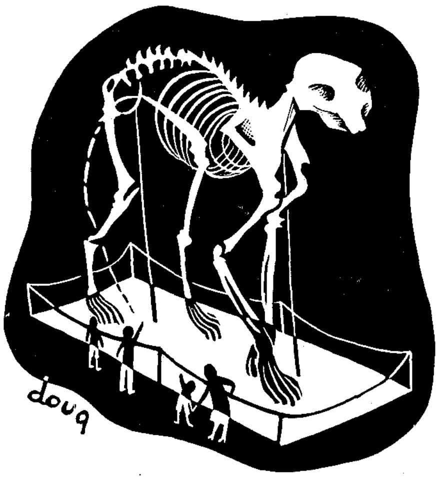
Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) does sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Which came first, the name or the nautical décor? Music of a type never heard on the Mississippi is offered by guitarist George Benson's band through Sunday, April 22. Tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp, who has razed many a consciousness, brings in his quintet on Tuesday, April 24. Mondays now belong to composer-saxophonist Frank Foster and his quartet, and to singer Joe Lee Wilson. Music from nine until three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Larry Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Monday's feature is the trio of singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Upstairs, a lightweight political revue—five performers, two versatile musicians—entitled "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" can be seen Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight and ten-thirty. On Thursday, April 19, the revue will begin at seven. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. Buzzy Linhart, whose voice is like a sabre saw, will sing to his guitar accompaniment through Sunday, April 22. Arriving on Tuesday, April 24, is a rock group called the Magic Tramps and a folk-rock singer named Billy Mermit. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Country-blues singer Charlie Rich will appear through Sunday, April 22, leaving the stage to Tom Waits, a singer, composer, pianist, and nostalgia expert, who will perform through Monday, April 23. Odetta, a woman of many powers, will begin her rites on Wednesday, April 25. She will be sharing the facilities with singer-composer Bill Quateman. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. More contemporary is the sound produced by a quartet led by drummer Bob Rosengarden and consisting of pianist Roland Hanna, reed man Eddie Daniels, and bassist George Duvivier, who play Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On April 23, the Monday-night Dixieland band will accommodate an extraordinary horn—Bobby Hackett's—from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Enhancing this spirit is the lyrical music of the Horace Silver quintet, appearing Thursday through Saturday, April 19-21, from ten to three. Pianist Kenny Barron will lead his trio from Thursday through Saturday, April 26-28. On Sundays and Mondays, from nine until two, the trio of guitarist Roland Prince performs. No live music on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating piano and sings, in company with bassist Perry Lind, through Saturday, April 21. Singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg arrive Tuesday, April 24. Entertainment Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A conscientious cabaret. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, a man of effortless urbanity, turns the stage over to blues singer Christine Spencer and pianist-comedian Edward Morris, both of whom will be performing through Saturday, April 21. On Tuesday, April 24, Novella Nelson will sing the blues, accompanied by pianist Sammy Benskin, who also plays between seven-thirty and one. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. On Mondays, new talent can be seen. Cocktail concerts have been added between five-forty-five and seven-thirty: Mondays through Wednesdays, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet plays baroque and classical music, and Thursdays through Saturdays, singer-composer Kathe Green accompanies herself at the piano. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Reopens on Tuesday, April 24. Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair and does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sam's Jazz Upstairs, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th

©1973 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Photograph: Skrebneski Shirtdress: Kloss-Pruzan

Beyond blushers. Beyond bronzers. Beyond gels.

Now Estée Lauder brings you Color Wash:

a totally new kind of liquid that gives you glowing color over or under or between or without your foundation.

Yes, new Color Wash gives you the glowing color. And new micro-spun, barely-there Fresh Air Powder Film gives you the polished finish. Together these two new beauty firsts work to give you a new kind of glow that just wasn't possible before.

Choose Color Wash in Bronze Glow, Apricot Glow, Soft Rose Glow or Soft Mauve Glow.
Choose Fresh Air Powder Film in Soft Pink, Sunny Peach, Day Beige or Beige Sparkle.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

St. (935-1416)—An unpretentious and comfortable new club installed above Sam's Restaurant. It has already presented such musicians as Marvin Stamm, Roland Hanna, Frank Foster, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Now (Fridays and Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two) it's the turn of the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge Band (do not feed the musicians), led by trombonist Billy Watrous and trumpeter Danny Stiles. Supper.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics but not always prudent in its selection of entertainment, this two-room establishment can, on some occasions, be merely an escape from the rain. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli (one of the prudent selections) and the duo of pianist Charley Cochrane perform from nine-thirty until one. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups play on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, Pete Yellin, a topflight flutist, will present a quartet, and Friday and Saturday, April 27-28, guitarist Mark Elf will head a trio. Snacks.

THREE, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something happens that makes a lot of other singers sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight and Sundays at four-thirty and at six-thirty. She does it concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Nothing much to look at, but the quintet of bassist, composer, and arranger Charles Mingus is a strong reminder of the days when this old establishment was known as the Five Spot. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Ahmad Jamal, a pianist of controlled enthusiasm, directs his trio nightly. Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman trades sets with the other musicians. Music from about ten. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The septet of drummer Norman Connors will be stationed here through Sunday, April 22, along with vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, a twenty-two-year-old pixie whose direct and bright delivery is reminiscent of Joe Williams. The quartet of Roy Ayers, a vibes man often compared with Lionel Hampton, will descend the murky staircase on Tuesday, April 24. On Mondays, which are all too rare, the impressive Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation finds its chairs and lets go with its big-band seriousness. The music begins at nine-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. London Lee will fill in for Mr. D. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Additionally, singer John C. Attle performs at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, trumpeter Bobby Hackett is presenting a hearty crew of musicians, including Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, and Remo Palmier on guitar. They alternate with the George Cort trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays. The Steele trio goes it alone on Sundays. On Monday, April 23, the Urbie Green sextet, with vocalist Kathy Green, will displace the Hacketts. The music begins at five-thirty; dancing from seven-thirty.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The latest troupe is headed by Cuban singer Blanca Rosa Gil and Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE**, there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Jensen and Cathy Carlson, two singers of the day, are making their appearances at eight, eleven, and two Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group named Boogie provide the dance music from seven-thirty to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Through Saturday, April 21, Herb Winner will be in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad will be on duty Sunday through Saturday, April 22-28.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, there are song recitals by Ethel Ennis at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis is on the bandstand, heading up his dance crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Julie Wilson is singing again, in her carefree way, during dinner and supper. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** goes back into business on Monday, April 23, with dinner and supper shows by Danish singer Nina Van Pallandt. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE**, the next-door sylvan glade, reopens Tuesday, April 24, with violinist Jani Sarkozi playing for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

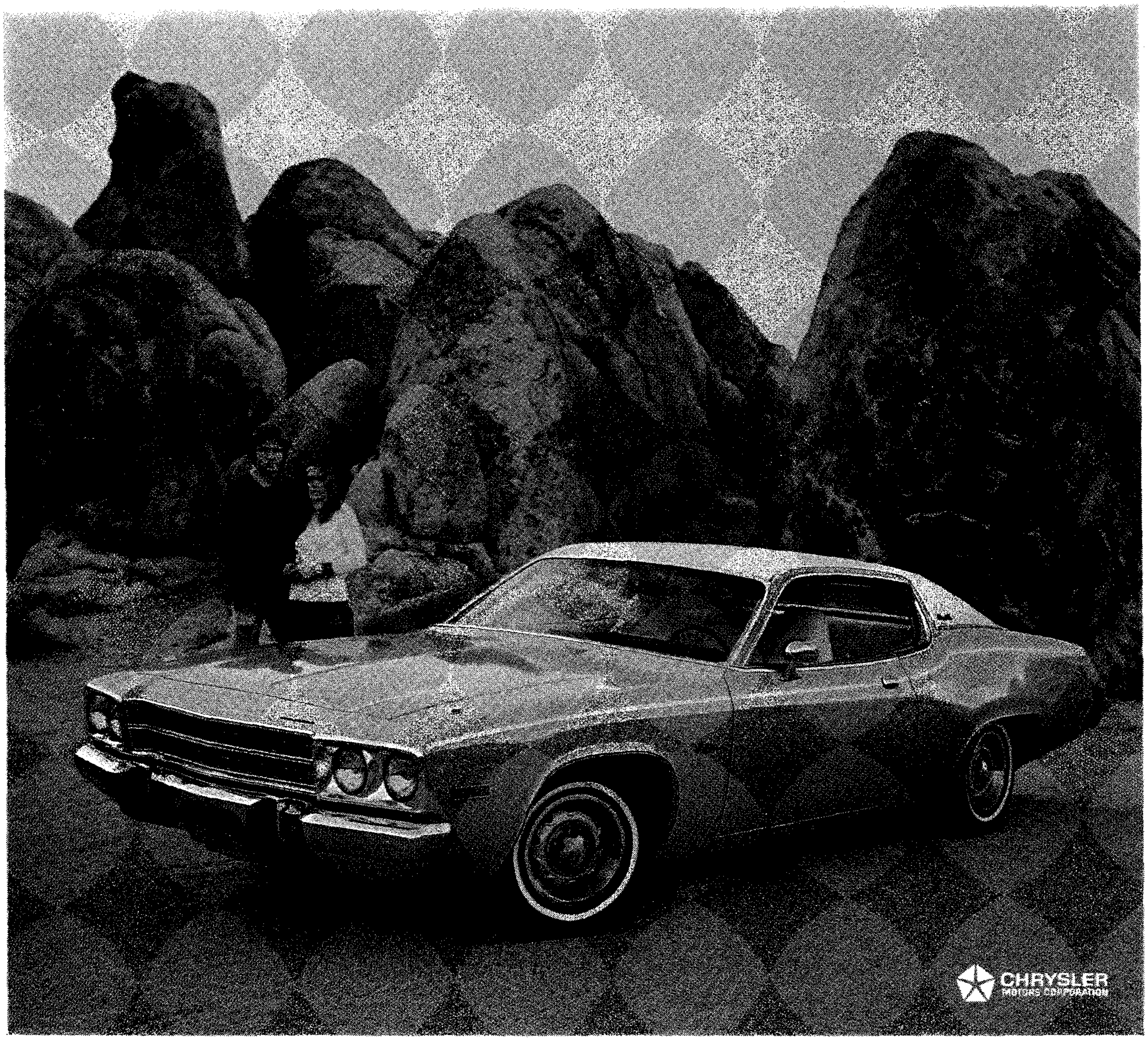
(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Eating, dancing (sometimes to rock), and merrymaking in this shadow of the Acropolis until very, very late. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, from eight-thirty until four. Additionally, every night but Sunday, singer-guitarist Robert Miano performs at ten-thirty and midnight. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table, and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek to the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. Every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri surveys her small domain from the top of a piano, whence she sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): The setting is Roman circa 1975, and the music is the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Moat, armor, medieval architecture. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Richard Wilkins. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): High above First Avenue, wherefore a view. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old stand-



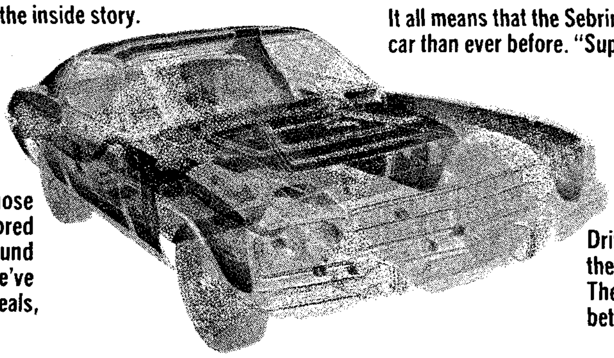
Built to be seen. Not heard.

Take a good look at the new Satellite Sebring-Plus. We've restyled it to give it a look we think a lot of people are going to like.

But that's only the beginning. Here's the inside story.

You know all those irritating little noises your car makes when you drive down the highway? Like windwhistle. Tire noise. Traffic sounds.

Well, we've built a car to quiet those noises. This transparent car has colored areas showing where we placed sound silencers in the new Sebring-Plus. We've added special door and window seals, for example.



And things like floor silencers and roof pads to keep the street noises outside the car.

It all means that the Sebring-Plus will be a quieter car than ever before. "Super-Quiet" we call it.

If Satellite sounds like your kind of car, stop at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Take a good look at our new Satellite.

Drive it, listen to the quiet, experience the new ride and the way it handles. Then decide. We don't think there's a better choice in a mid-size car.

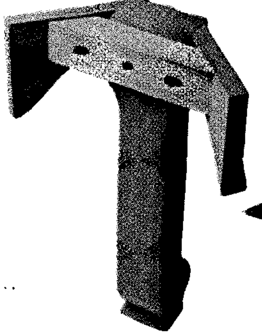
Mid-size Plymouth Satellite

Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

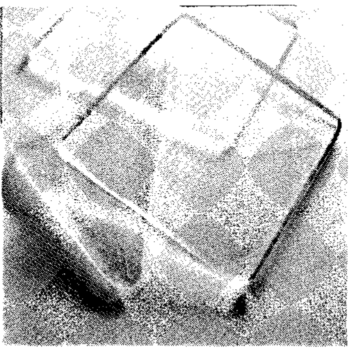
CHRYSLER
Plymouth

When we curve a leg, it's first carved by hand…

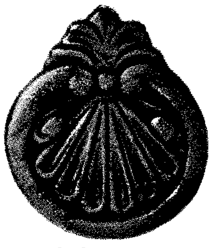
…then double-doweled and corner-blocked, against the wobbles.



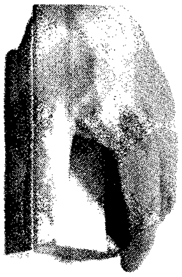
Only brush-blending can bring out the subtler graining.



No other furniture people use hand-poured glass. Just us.

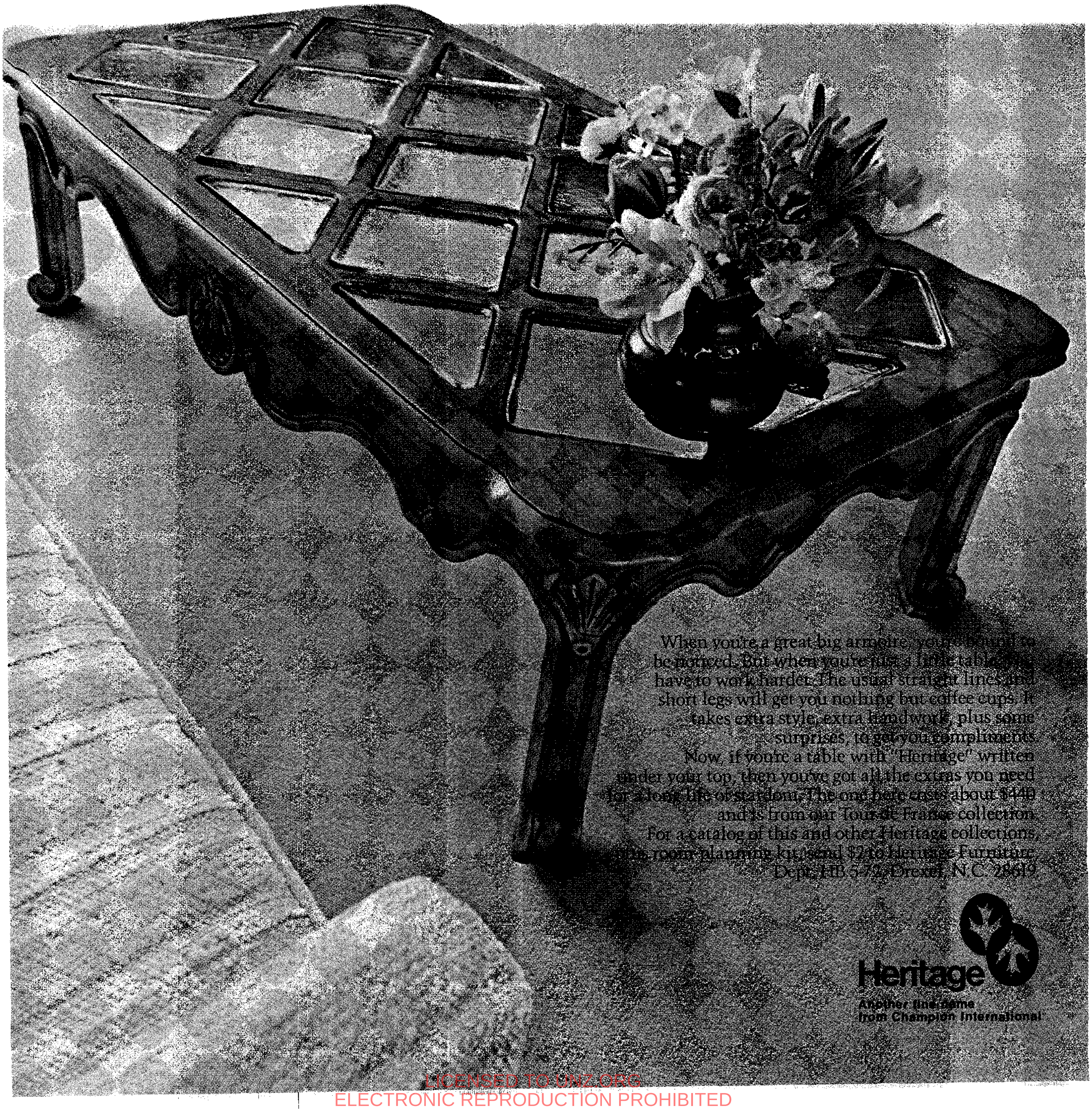


Our flat-scroll design is carved in flush, just as it was done in the 17th century.



We sand by hand… not just once, but three times during our extravagant 25-stage finish.

It takes a lot of our extras to turn a little table into the center of attention.



When you're a great big armoire, you're bound to be noticed. But when you're just a little table, you have to work harder. The usual straight lines and short legs will get you nothing but coffee cups. It takes extra style, extra handwork, plus some surprises, to get you compliments.

Now, if you're a table with "Heritage" written under your top, then you've got all the extras you need for a long life of stardom. The one here costs about $440 and is from our Tour de France collection.

For a catalog of this and other Heritage collections, plus room planning kit, send $2 to Heritage Furniture, Dept. HB 5-72, Drexel, N.C. 28619

Heritage

Another fine name from Champion International by. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-and-grill, every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): The piano practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Gration Oullette, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics can be heard from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Sunday and Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BARBARA ADRIAN—Realistically painted figures in landscapes and looking out of buildings; through Tuesday, April 24. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Crayon landscapes by this influential American colorist; through Thursday, April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored combinations of collage and painting; through Saturday, April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Freely handled oils and drawings by a creator of dynamic fantasies; starting Tuesday, April 24. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

TOM BOUTIS—Painted-cardboard columns, wood reliefs, painted boxes, and Abstract Expressionist canvases; starting Saturday, April 21. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BRADLEY—Sprayed-paint abstractions; through Wednesday, April 25. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD BUCHWALD—Abstractions stressing color and light; through May 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID BUDD—Monochromatic paintings; through Saturday, April 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of New York cityscapes; through Friday, April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NEKE CARSON / ALLAN HACKLIN—Portraits of persons, some well known, and video tapes of the artist at work. / Abstract paintings. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Through Saturday, April 21. Closed Saturday mornings.)

CHRYSSA—Constructions and sculptures in a variety of mediums; starting Thursday, April 19. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

CARROLL CLOAR—Not-quite-naïf works by an artist who lives in Memphis and paints mostly scenes of his Arkansas childhood; through May 5. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHONY DEBLASI—Lyrical abstractions; starting Saturday, April 21. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Polyester figures representing the theme of "The Devouring Mothers;" through May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LAMAR DODD—Abstract landscapes by an older-generation American painter; through May 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

LOUIS MICHEL EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Fifty paintings by this American Romantic; through Saturday, April 28. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors from the artist's sketchbook; through Saturday, April 28. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Paintings that include games with movable parts, plus commentary; through Saturday, April 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON / ROLAND TOPOR—Color drawings of cityscapes with figures. / Realistic figure drawings that aim at black humor. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Through May 12. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Figurative stoneware sculptures and monoprints by a leading young New Yorker; through Saturday, April 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CRISTOS GIANAKOS—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; through Saturday, April 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large-scale paintings by a well-known New York experimentalist; through Wednesday, April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Abstract cast-bronze sculptures; starting Tuesday, April 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Semi-abstract figure paintings and seascapes; through Friday, April 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD GREEVES—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by a Westerner documenting the life of the American Indian; through Saturday, April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Early ink drawings; starting Tuesday, April 24. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St.)

WILL INSLEY—Fragments of walls, drawings, models, and photographs of buildings; through Thursday, April 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. and 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—Watercolors in this artist's free-flowing rich colors; through Saturday, April 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Shaped canvases with a curve painted into them; through Saturday, April 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings, plus drawings and lithographs, with a feeling of landscape; through Thursday, April 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE KRASNER—Recent paintings by this Abstract Expressionist; starting Friday, April 20. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCES KUEHN / MICHAEL JOHNSON—Realistic portraits. / Color-area paintings. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Through Wednesday, April 25. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN LEWIS (1881-1962)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints by an artist whose subjects are far-ranging but who specializes in New York; through Saturday, April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRIETTA LIEBOWITZ—Paintings and drawings of shapes based on rhythmically interwoven flower forms; through Saturday, April 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD LIPPOLD—Sculptures done since 1962; through May 12. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ELEANOR LOCKSPEISER—Abstract paintings with ground eggshells in some; through May 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Paintings based on studies done in the mountains of the Far West; through Saturday, April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY MARINSKY / ALLEN SAALBURG—Bronze sculptures representing everyday life in an Italian village. / Paintings of Americana. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Through May 5. Closed Mondays.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Figure paintings of nudes; through May 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARMANDO MORALES—Paintings of nudes, pears, and apples, by a Nicaraguan; through Saturday, April 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

CLAES OLDENBURG—Lithographs, silk-screens, and photo-offsets of notebook sketches; through Saturday, April 21. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

AMÉDÉE OZENFANT (1886-1966)—Paintings and drawings from 1903 to the year of his death; through Friday, April 27. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

TOMMY PALMORE—Nudes and animals in unusual settings; starting Tuesday, April 24. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by this School of Paris artist who also worked in New York; through May 19. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL PRICE—Sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; through Saturday, April 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Cardboard constructions and sculptures incorporating found objects; through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

SOPHY REGENSBURG—Still-lifes in high-keyed colors, a number using collage; through Wednesday, April 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ROSENTHAL / GLORIA GREENBERG—India-ink gouaches on unstretched folded canvas. / Highly colored abstractions. (55 Mercer Street. Starts Saturday, April 21. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DAVID ROTH—Painted strings arranged according to mathematical schemes; through May 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RYMAN—One large painting done on the gallery wall, plus four canvases; starting Saturday, April 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

PETER SAUL—Two very large paintings in brilliant Day-Glo colors by this specialist in violent historical themes; through May 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

TIM SCOTT—Sculptures of steel tubing and acrylic sheets by a British artist; through May 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Paintings of the Southwest by a well-known Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, April 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD STEVENSON—One huge painting, eight feet by twenty-two, using Greek and Roman allegorical elements on the theme of peace, plus fifty related paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST TROVA—Sculptures in Korten steel featuring circular and rectangular elements, by the creator of the "Falling Man" series; through May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUTH VOLLMER—Mathematical interpretations of

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

seashells, done in Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Walker—A large wall drawing executed at the gallery, plus five small paintings by a Briton; through Tuesday, April 24. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Still-lifes by this painter also known for her landscapes; through Saturday, April 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerome Witkin—Paintings and drawings of people, objects, and interiors; first one-man show here. Starts Monday, April 23. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-sixth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Matisse's observation *"L'exactitude n'est pas la vérité"* is strikingly confirmed by the loan exhibition here of seventy-five flower paintings. On the first floor, in the paintings of formal bouquets set against sombre backgrounds by fifteenth- through eighteenth-century Flemish, Dutch, French, and Spanish masters, the precisely rendered flowers look as if they were made of silk. Ascending to the second floor, where Impressionist and modern masters are represented, is like walking out of a shuttered house into a blazing June garden; one receives a sense of how radical the early Impressionist paintings must have seemed at the time. In Monet's large long painting "Irises," a clump of purple irises stands wild and wind-ruffled under an iridescent, fast-moving cloudy sky, like Shakespeare's daffodils that "come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty." Van Gogh's heavy, luminous "White Roses in a Vase," painted against an apple-green background, express a truth about roses not found in Redouté. Monet's "Garden Scene" puts the flower-lover within the picture, and intensifies its emotional quality: two ladies in long white dresses, one of them holding a parasol, sit on a lawn in early spring, surrounded by trees with pink blossoms and small flowering trees in stoneware jardinières. Georgia O'Keeffe's "White Pansy," Charles Demuth's unfinished watercolor "Zinnias and Red Salvia," Rousseau's "Flowers in a Vase," Pissarro's "Garden at Eragny," Braque's "Table with a Vase of Lilies," and André Bauchant's Surrealist "Vase of Flowers in a Landscape" are other high points of this exhibition, which is not misnamed "Masterpieces in Bloom," and which has been mounted for the benefit of the New York Botanical Garden. Through May 5.... **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the Vienna school of "Fantastic Realism;" through April 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Fifty major Impressionist works by Pissarro, Boudin, Fantin-Latour, Chase, Cassatt, Hassam, and others; through Saturday, April 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, realist paintings by Martin Hoffmann, and slide projections by two other artists; through Saturday, April 21.... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Thirty-six works on paper (drawings, pastels, and watercolors) by nineteenth-century Continental and British artists, among them Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Millet, Lear, Cruikshank, Bonheur, Cabanel, Gros, and Sickert; through Saturday, April 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) ... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through April 29. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Collages, constructions, and shaped and rectangular canvases by three women artists; starting Saturday, April 21. (Closed Mondays.)... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Imogen Cunningham—A hundred and seventeen black-and-white prints made between 1910 and 1973, including nudes, plants, dance studies of Martha Graham and José Limón, and portraits of Gertrude Stein, Man Ray, Theodore Roethke, and Morris Graves by the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday; through May 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... ¶ A retrospective of Miss Cunningham's work opens on Tuesday, April 24, at the Metropolitan Museum.

Walker Evans—Black-and-white prints from the twenties to the present; starting Saturday, April 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Benno Friedman—Subtly hand-tinted, strenuously manipulated prints with a painterly orientation. Abstract Expressionism, Surrealism, and Messing Around are among the modes represented. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Gersh—Quiet, concise New England landscapes and studies of trees, plants, and rocks, which reflect the influence of Ansel Adams, for whom Gersh worked as an assistant between 1962 and 1964. The disciple has learned the exacting technical lesson of the master, and he also seems to share Adams' faith, often unjustified, in nature's ability to do all the artistic work of outdoor photography. Through May 6. (Underground, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Larson—Photographs, if that is what they are, produced with a Dex-180 Sequential Telephone Transmission machine. That is to say, the "photographer" feeds snapshots, drawings, and pictures and diagrams he has cut out of books and magazines into the machine, which emits a Dadaistic collage in black and white. Through Saturday, April 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Prize News Photos—An exhibition of the winners in various categories of the annual New York Press Photographers Association awards. In news photography, a caption is worth a thousand pictures. Example: a photograph of a dog looking out of the window of a police car, which looks like a picture of a dog looking out of the window of a police car until you read "MASTER DROWNS SAVING POOCH" and see another picture entirely. There are a few pictures here that speak for themselves, chief among them Keith Torrie's chilling profile of George Wallace in a wheelchair giving a speech from a platform decorated with posters of John and Bobby Kennedy. Through May 5. (Burlington House, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

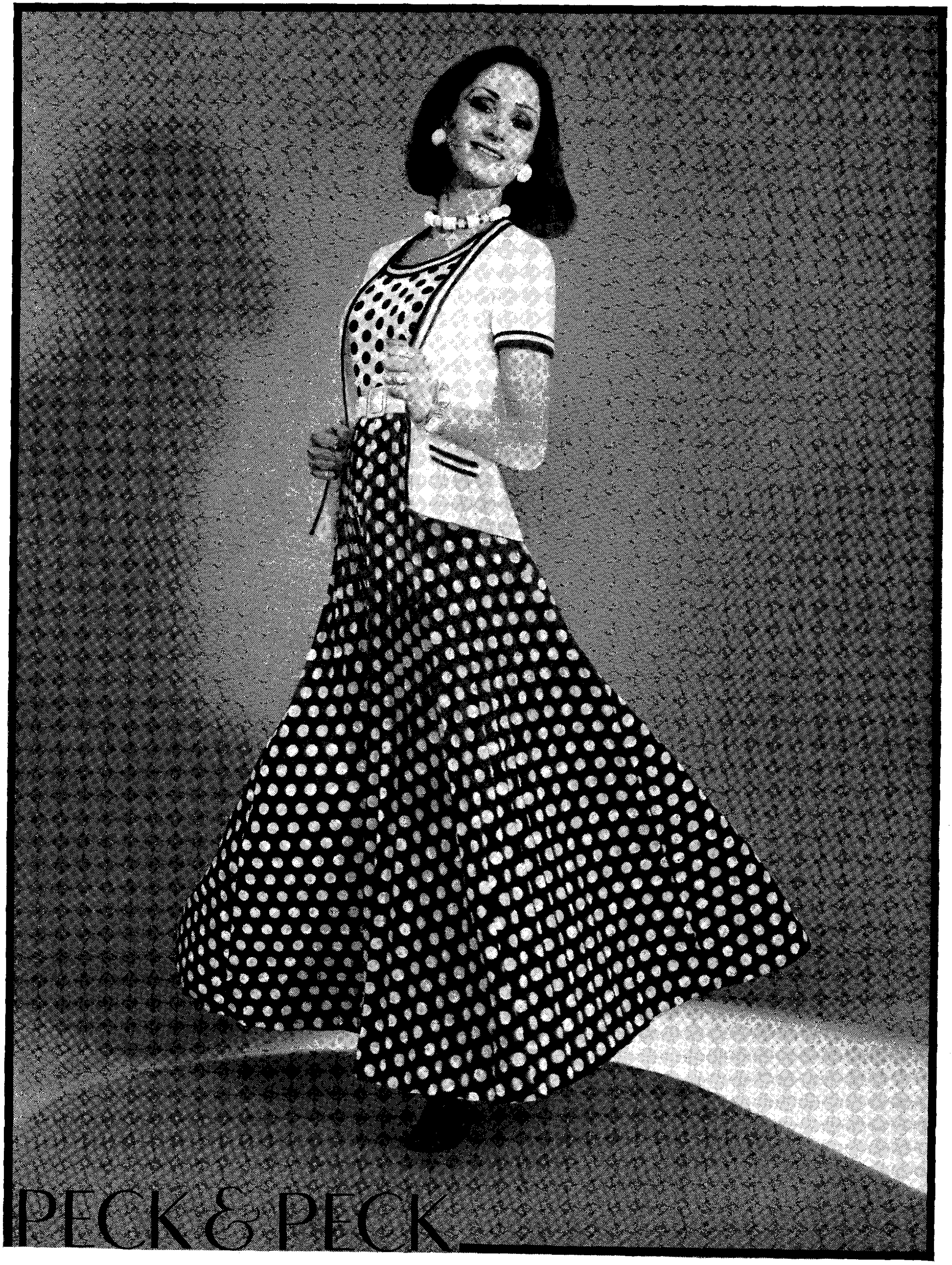
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The youthful fashions of recent years have set many women of a certain age to sighing over the good old days when clothes were made for elegant women instead of for fifteen-year-old girls. "The World of Balenciaga," an exhibition of a hundred and fifty gowns, dresses, suits, and coats by the late, legendary couturier, takes us back to those days (which weren't so long ago: most of the clothes are from the fifties and early sixties), and gives us pause. The evening gowns, replete with lace, ruffles, flower-embroidered and jewel-encrusted fabrics, and strident colors, look overdone, and almost tacky in some instances, while the bulky and voluminous daytime outfits look strained and overwrought. Perhaps we're too close to the period that these clothes reflect to feel anything but discomfited by their Mamie Eisenhower prettiness and, in the case of the coats and suits, their studied contempt for the shape of the female body. The bald mannequins used to display the clothes—some of whom have silk scarves wrapped around their faces, as if they were going to be taken out and shot—don't help matters, and neither does the loud piped-in flamenco guitar music. The exhibition was assembled by members of the Museum's Costume Institute and was "made possible" by the government of Spain and various Spanish banks and enterprises. Through July 1.... ¶ An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; starting Thursday, April 19.... ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through April 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection.... ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29.... ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28.... ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through June 24.... ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 3.... ¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, video tapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; through May 13.... ¶ Seventeen paintings by Gladys Nilsson, a member of the "Hairy Who" Chicago group that exploited comic-strip drawing and color; through May 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by the late Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20. (Wednesdays



A SWIRL OF PLEATS. A fling of dots. And a dashing cardigan to top it all. The dress, tank-topped and cluster-pleated, of silky Arnel® triacetate jersey. The cardigan, ribby polyester knit. Navy/white, 8 to 16 sizes, 66.00

Fifth Avenue and branches. Mail orders to 521 Fifth Avenue, add applicable tax plus .75 handling beyond delivery area. No c.o.d.'s.

through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Italian paintings, collages, sculptures, drawings, graphics, musical scores, and books in which poetry and visual art are combined—all of them influenced by the Futurism movement of 1910; through April 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Camera of My Family" is an affectionate gathering of photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and spanning six generations; the exhibition was assembled by one of the family's naturalized-American members, the photographer Catherine Noren. People who have made pilgrimages to the concentration-camp sites have reported an inability to feel anything as they tour the empty bunkers, torture chambers, and crematoriums. The emotions invoked by this charming chronicle of the weddings, births, friendships, occupations, and innocent pastimes of the members of this typical family who by the rarest chance escaped the fate of others just like them get by one's protective armor, and are almost more than one can bear. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2. . . . ¶ A series of illuminations from an early-twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2. . . . ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A multi-medium exhibit about East Harlem, with paintings by artists from the community (notably Carl Vicars), along with paintings and photographs done by East Harlem children and adults in five community workshops; through Sept. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6. . . . ¶ A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; through May 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 18: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; conducted by Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Jean Kraft, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Tosca," with Hana Janku, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and Vasile Martinoiu; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, April 20, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Ruth Welting, David Hall, and Sir Rudolf Bing; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Harry Theyard, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 22, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Margaret Yauger, Louis Quilico, and José Carreras; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 22, at 7: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marisa Galvany, Muriel Greenspon, Hilda Harris, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, William Chapman, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 24, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Norma French, Alan Titus, Dominic Cossa, and Richard T. Gill; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 25, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Muriel Greenspon, Hilda Harris, Harry Theyard, and William Chapman, and "Pagliacci," with Nancy Shade, Michele Molese, Vasile Martinoiu, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Susanne Marsee, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 27, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Vasile Martinoiu; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, Robert Hale, and David Griffith; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 28, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Johanna Meier, Hilda Harris, Carolyne James, John Darrenkamp, and Michael Devlin; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Aldo Ceccato conducting—Thursday, April 19, and Saturday, April 21, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Stacy, English horn); and Thursday, April 26, at 8:30; Friday, April 27, at 2; Saturday, April 28, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 1, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final concert of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, April 23, at 8:15.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Boris Carmeli, baritone; the Rutgers University Choir; and the Baltimore Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 27, at 8, an all-Mozart program; and Sunday, April 29, at 3, a varied program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a program of Romantic music, with Eleanor Steber, soprano, and David Oppenheimer, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 28, from 6 to 10:30.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus and Mannes Orchestra—A joint concert, with Carl Bamberger directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

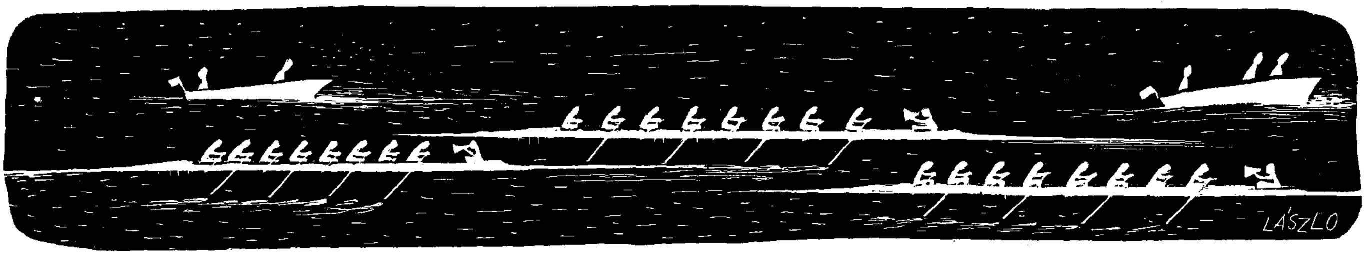
RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of French music. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, April 18, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8, playing Messiaen's "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus." . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 27, at 8, a varied program.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé and Bernabé Martí—Soprano



weil de weil

"You're new here,
aren't you?"

"Just in from Paris"

"What did you
say your
name is?"

"Weil de Weil".

"How do you
pronounce it?"

"Weel de Weel
as in reel (LONDON)
Wile de Wile
as in smile (NEW YORK)
or Vay de Vay
as in day." (PARIS)

ANY WAY YOU SAY IT....
IT'S ONE SMASHING NEW PERFUME!

Nothing you put on . . . nothing you wear . . . will ever make you feel more beautiful. Weil de Weil is floral, woody, green with just a hint of musk; and so long-lasting. It's the newest perfume from the famous House of Weil, Paris. Made, packaged and sealed in France. Stop in at the perfume counter of one of your town's very best stores and try it on. Feel beautiful. Ask for Weil de Weil any way you feel like saying it. Prices from $7 to $60.

WEIL DE WEIL
makes you feel beautiful...beautiful.

Prime Ribs

The best bit of light-hearted sweatering that ever pulled over and turned turtle for spring. This one takes to water, drips dry in a wink. It's by Pringle in black, white, navy, pale blue, shocking pink, beige or violet polyester, S, M, L, **$24.** Please add $1 beyond our area. Country & Casual on Three.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and tenor, in a program of Spanish music, with an orchestra conducted by Eugenio M. Marco. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—In the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concerts of the season, with Eileen Farrell and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Annie Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 22, at 5.)

Ray DeVoll—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla; Lakshmi Shankar, vocalist; and Indrani and her dancers. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 8.)

Leonard Rose and Gary Graffman—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, April 24, at 6.)

Eileen DiTullio—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 24, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 28, at 8.)

Note—William Masselos will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, May 6, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Stefan Wolpe Memorial Program—Music by Wolpe, Ruggles, Cowell, and Ives performed by Jean Hakes, soprano, and pianists Cheryl Seltzer, Joel Sachs, and Philip Corner. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 18, at 5:45: **ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 25, at 5:45: **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**.

Dory Previn—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.

Ferlin Husky, Johnny Paycheck, and Joe Stampley—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.

Paul Kelly and Robin Kenyatta—Town Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.

Helen Reddy & Mac Davis—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.

Slade, Grin, and Black Oak Arkansas—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 20, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Deodato—With Freddie Hubbard, Jack Dejohnette, Ron Carter, the Airto Group, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

Procol Harum and J. D. Souther—Felt Forum. Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 21, at 8 and 11.

Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth—With David Buskin. (Grand Ballroom, Riverside Plaza Hotel, 253 W. 73rd St. Sunday, April 22, at 5 and 8. For tickets, call 265-0425.)

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. *Admission by contribution.*)

Blood, Sweat, and Tears—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 8.

Incredible String Band—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 8.

Benefit Concert for the Blind—Played by blind artists Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder, Al Hibbler, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 26, at 8.

Richie Havens and Jimmie Spheeris—Fordham University Gym, Third Ave. and Fordham Rd. Friday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 933-2233, Ext. 647.

Steve Miller Band, Rick Roberts, and Foghat—Academy of Music. Friday, April 27, at 8 and 11:30.

Rod McKuen with the Stanyan Strings—Carnegie Hall. Saturday through Monday, April 28-30, at 8.

King Crimson, Strawbs, and Spooky Tooth—Academy of Music. Saturday, April 28, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, April 18, at 2:05, and Thursday, April 19, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Saturday, April 21, at 2:15, and Sunday, April 22, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, April 27, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 28, at 2.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, April 18, at 9; Sunday, April 22, at 2:05; and, if necessary, Friday, April 27, at 8.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 21.). . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (New Haven. Saturday, April 28.). . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Syracuse, and Navy. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 28.). . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 28.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 19, at 9 and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 24, at 9.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Friday through Sunday, April 20-22.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 21.). . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 28.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 18; the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21; and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 28. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays and Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 27-28.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **BLUE HILL TROUPE**: A benefit performance of "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call 861-7955, between 2 and 4 and 5:30 and 7:30). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, April 28, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **TOM GLAZER**: Folk singer, in a benefit concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 28, at 2. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Ballet and Dance Program—"Peter and the Wolf," performed by the Boston Ballet Company, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator (James Earl Jones will fill in for Mr. Ritchard on Saturday, April 21, and Celeste Holm will do the same on Saturday, April 28). Also "The Mama Lu Parks Potpourri," performed by Louise Parks and her dancers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Daily, except Wednesdays, at 12:30 and 2:30; through Sunday, April 29. For information about tickets, call 873-9649.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 1 and 3:30; Friday, April 20, at 1; Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 24-25, all at 1 and 3:30; Friday, April 27, at 1; and Saturday, April 28, at 1 and 3:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 1.... ¶ "Pinocchio," Monday and Tuesday, April 23-24, at 1. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice," Saturday, April 21, at 2:30.... ¶ "Behalf of the Laugh," Saturday, April 28, at 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.)... **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "Pepito's Story." (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, April 18, at 1:30.)... **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, April 20, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 19, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Between Sky and Earth," an exhibition of paintings and poems by children of New Zealand; through May 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, April 18, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday and Tuesday, April 23-24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Wednesday through Friday, April 25-27, at 2 and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"The Yellow Submarine," a full-length animated cartoon, with the Beatles, Friday, April 20, at 3.... ¶ "Ring of Bright Water," with Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna, Saturday, April 21, at 3. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Noah's Ark, a turreted castle, and a pond shared by ducks and geese are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and rabbits. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** A child's world, where everything is built to size and where the small visitors may pet the rabbits, lambs, and other friendly animals. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, April 25, at 8.)

Flower Shows—A display of spring flowers and exotic plants. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, April 19, from 1 to 11:30, and Friday through Sunday, April 20-22, from 10 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.)... ¶ The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, April 25, from noon to 4.

Flea Markets—**SOHO FLEAS** (corner of Grand and Wooster Sts.): Open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5.... **MARKET PLACE** (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6. ... **NEW YORK FLEA MARKET** (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.): Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 18, at 2: Primitive art, from a number of owners.... ¶ Tuesday, April 24, at 2: Old Master paintings, from several collectors.... ¶ Wednesday, April 25, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 21.... ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, April 27, at 10:15: Chinese snuff bottles, and Japanese prints, paintings, and screens; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 20.... ¶ Thursday, April 26, at 2: Continental and English pottery apothecary and tobacco jars, including Majolica and Delft; from the estate of Sydney N. Blumberg. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 21.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 18 at 5:30: "The Texas Rangers" (1936), directed by King Vidor, with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray.... ¶ April 19 at 5:30: "Dear Irene" (1971), in Danish, directed by Christian B. Thomsen, with Mette Knudsen.... ¶ April 19 at 8: "Lone" (1970), in Danish, directed by Franz Ernst; recommended for adults only. ... ¶ April 20 at 2: "Give God a Chance on Sundays" (1972), in Danish, directed by Henrik Stangerup.... ¶ April 20 at 5:30 and April 21 at noon: "The Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov.... ¶ April 21 at 3: "The Ballad of Carl-Henning" (1969), in Danish, directed by Lene and Sven Gronlykke.... ¶ April 21 at 5:30: "Dear Irene" (1971).... ¶ April 22 at 12:30 and 3: "I Am Suzanne" (1934), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Podrecca's Piccoli marionettes and Lillian Harvey.... ¶ April 22 at 5:30: "The Ballad of Carl-Henning" (1969).... ¶ April 23 at 2: "Oh, to Be on the Bandwagon" (1972), in Danish, directed by Henning Carlsen. ... ¶ April 23 at 5:30: "Give God a Chance on Sundays" (1972).... ¶ April 24 at 2: "Thaïs" (1918), directed by Frank Hall Crane, with Mary Garden.... ¶ April 24 at 5:30: "Dyn Amo" (1972), directed by Stephen Dwoskin; recommended for adults only. ... ¶ April 25 at 5:30: "Thaïs" (1918).... ¶ April 26 at 5:30: "Pale Flower" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. ... ¶ April 26 at 8: "Assassination" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through April 19: "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon.... April 21-22: "Lady Killer" (1933), directed by Roy Del Ruth.... April 25-26: "Jimmy the Gent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz.... ¶ April 20: "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), directed by Robert Altman, with Sandy Dennis and Michael Burns. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Breer, Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10 (six o'clock only on April 19). No Mondays. On Friday, April 20, at 6, 8, and 10, special screenings of films by Di Bernardi, the Italian Filmmakers' Co-op, and Bachigalupo.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—April 18: "Black Fantasy," directed by Lionel Rogosin; no one under eighteen will be admitted.... ¶ April 19-21: "West Coast Filmmakers Part I," a program of seven short films.... ¶ April 22-23: "West Coast Filmmakers Part II," a program of five short films.... ¶ April 24-25: "West Coast Filmmakers Part III," a program of five short films.... ¶ Starting April 26: "Moonwalk One," directed by Theo Kamecke. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on April 26 at noon, 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

CARTIER IS FOR BEAUTIFUL EARS.

Beautiful earrings make beautiful ears. Here 18K gold loops. Smooth and elegantly simple. Or deeply grooved and dressy. Top pair $350. Other 2 pairs $395 each. See them in the Boutique. Place your order by mail, or call 753-0111. Exclusively Cartier.

Cartier
5th Ave. and 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Palm Beach/ Beverly Hills/Chevy Chase

ONE THING NO COMPUTER WILL EVER MASTER IS TAILORING THE CLUBMAN® SUIT.

©1973

Don't get us wrong.

We have nothing against the computer. In fact, we have a whole building full of computer which goes whirrr, buzz, clickety-click all day and provides us with a lot of valuable information.

But ours is a people business and always will be.

It takes a pair of eyes, and a good pair at that, to look through 10,000 swatches and decide which ones will eventually become CLUBMAN Suits.

It takes good creative judgement to decide whether the bold check ought to have a hacking pocket or a straight pocket. And, of course, for every suit you see on the rack, someone's had to decide on the width of a lapel, how deep the center vent should be and well...maybe we ought to make it with side vents.

We are very fond of our computer. But it doesn't know beans about our forte which is fashion. Or about our other long suit, which is the way The CLUBMAN Suit looks when you try it on...and after you've owned it for a while.

People make a suit. And ours make a suit that we're proud to claim is the best you can buy for the money in America today.

With patience and skill, our people put together a suit that is boldly patterned, like the one on the facing page, so that everything matches. The plaid on the sleeve meets the plaid on the body at just the right places. The left and right lapels match. So do the pocket flaps. And everything else. This is all carefully planned, because if it weren't you'd look lopsided in the coat. Something neither of us would be proud of.

You probably don't know it (you know more about the car you pay $4,000 for than the $125 suit you buy), but there's a welt on the breast pocket of your suit coat and inside of that, silesia. And unless they are put together and into the coat with a jeweler's pride, little crinkles and puckers will develop later on.

And since your arm doesn't hang straight from your shoulder, the arm of your suit coat can't either. It must become part of the suit, with needle and thread, at exactly the right angle and this is one of the most exacting parts of the tailor's craft. No computer, no machine, shows any promise of being able to do the job.

What it all boils down to is that a machine has no feeling. And, corny as it may sound, feeling, heart, pride (call it what you will) is a crucial part of what we do.

You can't buy it. Or learn it. People have it or they don't. And without it a suit is just a suit.

That, briefly, is the story of The CLUBMAN Suit.

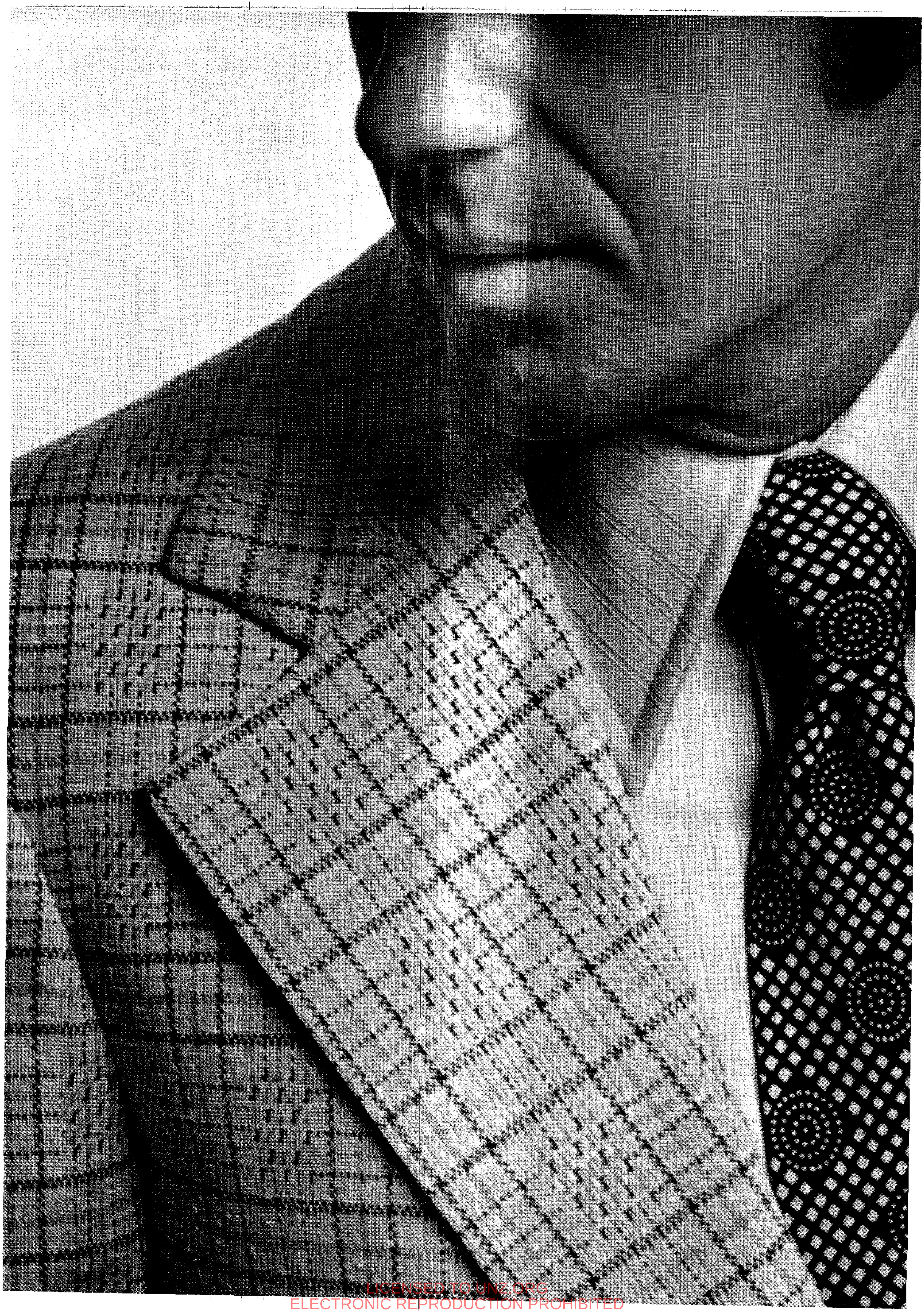
A suit that is made from a collection of the handsomest fabrics at hand. That is tailored by people who care more about what they're doing than about their coffee break.

A suit created with good looks that last, by people who are proud to call themselves The Great American Tailors™— a handle which may sound boastful until you've bought one of our suits and owned it for a time.

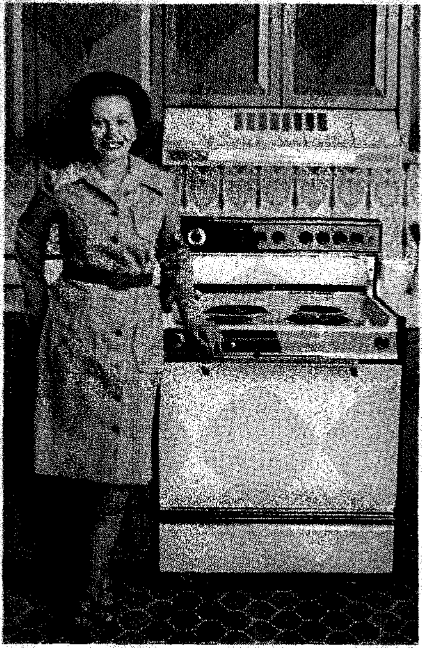
TM

THE CLUBMAN® SUIT.

CLUBMAN,® 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10019



Here's what Myra Waldo wanted to know about her new General Electric microwave cooking center.



Myra Waldo has written more cookbooks than any other person. Some of her most popular cookbooks include: *The Complete Round the World Cookbook*, *Myra Waldo's Chinese Cookbook* and *The Complete Book of Wine Cookery*. Miss Waldo's questions about microwave cooking are part of a continuing series answered by General Electric.

Q. How does microwave cooking differ from conventional cooking?

A. In conventional cooking, the air or liquid surrounding the food is heated and heats the surface of the food. This heat is conducted into the interior of the food and cooks it. In microwave cooking, the microwave energy is absorbed only by the food and does not heat the surrounding air. This energy causes the food molecules to vibrate against each other, resulting in friction and creating heat which is conducted through the food and cooks it faster. General Electric markets two complete microwave cooking centers (Model J896 and Model J856), plus a countertop portable microwave oven (Model JET80). Cooking speed varies with the type of food being prepared, but here are some comparison times:

FOOD	CONVENTIONAL COOKING TIME	MICROWAVE COOKING TIME
Chili	35 Min	15 Min
Thaw Frozen Fruit	10 Min	2 Min
Lasagna	45 Min	17 Min
Stuffed Peppers (6)	60 Min	22 Min
Brownies	25 Min	9 Min
Salmon Loaf	60 Min	14 Min
Scalloped Potatoes	90 Min	21 Min

Q. Can I put something from the freezer directly into a microwave oven?

A. Yes. Frozen vegetables (even those in cooking pouches), frozen package entrees and home-frozen dishes can all be prepared quickly and easily with microwave energy. You can soften ice cream or butter to serving consistency in only a few seconds. Meats, depending on size and thickness, generally take only minutes to thaw.

Q. Can I make pastries in my microwave oven?

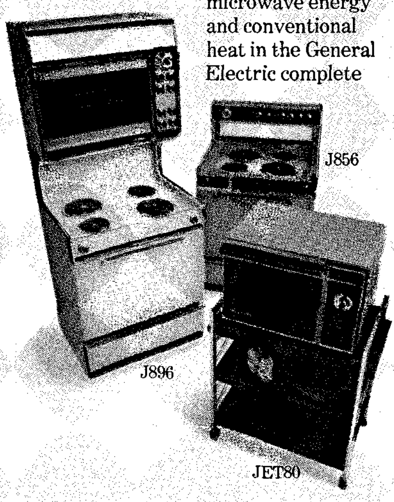
A. Yes. You can expect excellent results with General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers because they have heating elements to provide the conventional heat for browning, while the microwaves provide the speed in cooking. Our portable microwave oven is very effective for pastries which do not require a brown crust for appearance, such as brownies.

Q. When foods are cooked in liquids, does the liquid boil out more rapidly than in conventional ovens?

A. No. There's usually more liquid left because of the shorter cooking time. In a conventional oven, heat and longer cooking time result in more evaporation of liquids and natural juices.

Q. Will a potato skin turn crisp in the baking process?

A. Yes. By using the combination of microwave energy and conventional heat in the General Electric complete microwave cooking centers, potato skins can become very crisp. However, in our portable microwave oven, the natural moisture in a potato keeps the skin moist, and because of the speed of microwave cooking, the skin does not dry out enough to become crisp.



Q. Can I bake a souffle in my microwave oven?

A. Yes. You can create superb soufflés with a General Electric complete microwave cooking center because it supplies conventional heat for browning at the same time the microwaves are baking the soufflé. Because soufflés require delicate treatment, they're not recommended for our portable oven.

Q. Does a microwave oven require any special electrical installation?

A. No. The total connected load of a General Electric complete microwave cooking center is about the same as required by comparable electric range models. Our portable microwave oven requires only a standard 120 volt, 15 ampere grounded outlet.

Q. Is my microwave oven self-cleaning?

A. Yes. General Electric's complete microwave cooking centers feature our P-7® Total-Clean™ oven, because they also have a conventional oven and conventional heat bakes on food spills and splatter. The surfaces inside our portable microwave oven remain cool enough so food soils don't bake on. You can clean them easily with a damp cloth.

Q. Can I get my microwave oven serviced easily, should I ever need it?

A. Yes. General Electric's Customer Care Service Everywhere goes with every microwave oven we sell. It's our pledge that wherever you are, or go, there's a qualified GE serviceman nearby.

CUSTOMER CARE... SERVICE EVERYWHERE

If you'd like to know more about microwave cooking, write: General Electric, Dept. M.O., Ap4-206A, Appliance Park, Louisville, Kentucky 40225.

Microwave cooking... another reason why General Electric is America's #1 major appliance value.

Number 2 in a series.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Save the Tiger."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 21: "Rasputin and the Empress" and "The Royal Family of Broadway."
April 22-24: "For Me and My Gal" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From April 25: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 24: "Fellini's Roma," "Fellini Satyricon," and "Psycho."
From April 25: "Lady Sings the Blues" and "The Threepenny Opera."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 24: "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From April 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 24: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."
From April 25: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Conformist."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 24: "Charlotte's Web."
From April 25: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Scorpio."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Nelson Affair."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Soylent Green."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 24: "Save the Tiger."
From April 25: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
April 18: "The Challenges."
April 19-25: "Ciao Manhattan."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
April 18: "White Sister."
From April 19: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 24: "Cabaret."
From April 25 (tentative): "Deliverance."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 24: "Charlotte's Web."
From April 25: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 24: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From April 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Scorpio."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sounder."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"High Plains Drifter."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Soylent Green."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Charley-One-Eye."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Up the Sandbox."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 24: "Love."
From April 25: "Sleuth."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
April 18: "Help!" and "A Hard Day's Night."
From April 19: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 24: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis"/"Jeremiah Johnson" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" / "Pete 'n' Tillie" and "Taking Off" / "Charlotte's Web."
From April 25: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 24: "El Topo" and "Bedazzled." (Evening performances only on Saturday, April 21.)
April 25-26: "The Wild Child" and "The Bride Wore Black."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 24: "Vault of Horror" and "The Mind Snatchers."
From April 25: "5 Fingers of Death."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Book of Numbers."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Charlotte's Web."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"I Am a Dancer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 18: "Before the Revolution."
From April 19: "Ganja and Hess."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid." (No evening performances on Tuesday, April 24.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Scorpio."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
April 18: "1776" and "Images."
From April 19: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Soylent Green."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 24: "Fellini's Roma" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From April 25: "Samurai Assassin" and "Kuroneko."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Save the Tiger."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 19: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Hour of the Wolf."
April 20-22: "Fat City" and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
April 23-24: "Desperate Characters" and "Downhill Racer."
April 25-26: "Death in Venice" and "Performance."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Up the Sandbox."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
Through April 24: "Vault of Horror" and "Tales from the Crypt."
From April 25: "Sleuth."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 24: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."
From April 25: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Elgin; through April 24. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 21.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Playboy; April 18.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a strained, flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film reeks of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 25.)

Book of Numbers—How a black-operated numbers bank gets started in a small Southern town during the Depression. Directed by, and with, Raymond St. Jacques. (DeMille.)

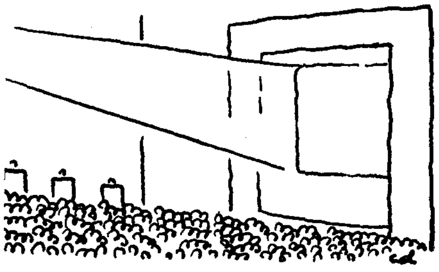
The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Gramercy and Olympia; through April 24.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; April 25-26.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

Fosse. (72nd Street East and Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

The Challenges—A trilogy, with Dean Selmier. Directed by Claudio Guerin, José Luis Egea, and Victor Erice. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 18.)

Charley-One-Eye—A Western drama, with Richard Roundtree and Roy Thinnes. Directed by Don Chaffey. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated version of the E. B. White story. (Guild. . . . ¶ Juliet 1, Kips Bay, and Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

Ciao Manhattan—The story of Andy Warhol's superstar, Edie Sedgwick, who died at the age of twenty-eight. Directed by John Palmer and David Weisman. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 19-25.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Gramercy; starting April 25.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Thalia; April 25-26.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (72nd Street East; starting April 25, tentative.)

Desperate Characters (1971)—A film gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Thalia; April 23-24.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why*, or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Thalia; April 23-24.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Thalia; April 20-22.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema and New Yorker; through April 24.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (St. Marks Cinema and New Yorker; through April 24.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 25.)

For Me and My Gal (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie début here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform, and become a hero. The story is naïvely patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22-24.)

Ganja and Hess—With Duane Jones and Marlene Clark, directed by Bill Gunn. (Playboy; starting April 19.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Greenwich; April 18.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Greenwich; April 18.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Tuesday, April 24.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; through April 19.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

I Am a Dancer—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. (Ziegfeld. Wednesday through Friday, April 18-20, at 2, 5, 7, and 9; Saturday, April 21, at 2, 6, 8, and 10; Sunday through Tuesday, April 22-24, at 2, 5, 7, and 9; Wednesday, April 25, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, April 26, at 8. Reserved seats only.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Embassy 72nd St.; April 18.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

Kuroneko (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting April 25.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 25.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing—With Maggie Smith and Timothy Bottoms, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Columbia I, Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 19.)

Ludwig—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (East 59th Street II.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

The Mind Snatchers—With Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland, directed by Bernard Girard. Also known as "The Happiness Cage." (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 24.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema Village; through April 24.)

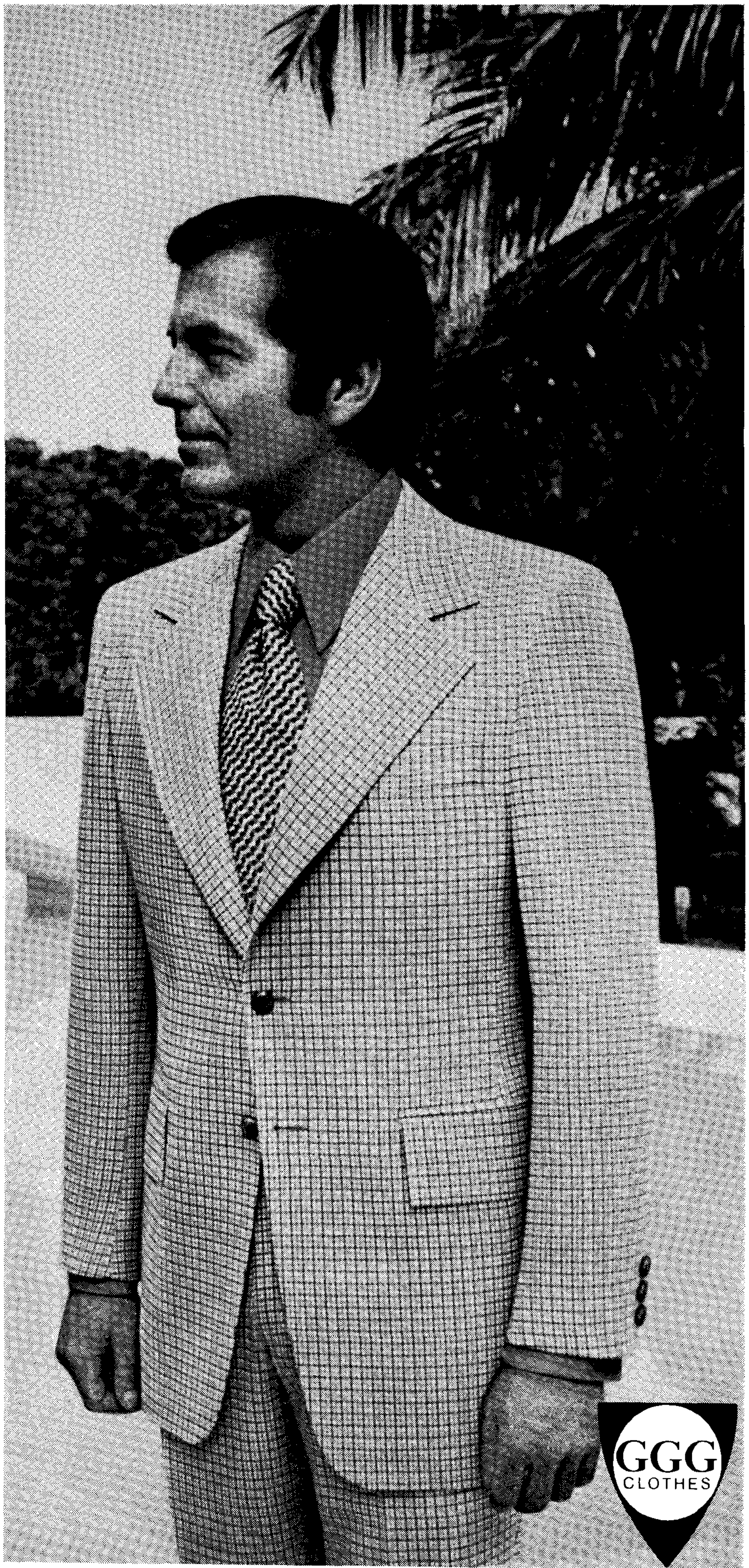
Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Fine Arts.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Thalia; April 25-26.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Mat-

STYLE FOR LIVING...GGG



Write for free Spring style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 East 14th Street, Dept. D, New York, N.Y. 10003

The Happy-Go-Luxury Coat...
Only from Count Romi.

Checks out smashingly any time, any place. This soft, silky houndstooth coat was designed by Max Adler in luscious Qiana* nylon. It jets from day into night free of wrinkle or stain because it's treated with Du Pont **ZE PEL®**. In black with white only. Sizes 8-18. Approximately $150. Slightly higher West.

Available at:
Bergdorf Goodman
Gidding-Jenny
Gus Mayer Stores, Inc—All stores
Neiman-Marcus

*Du Pont registered trademark

thau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Cinema Village and Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia; through April 19.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 24.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 21.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1930)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (codirecting with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. Actors are made out to be childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor said recently, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The film is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully on screen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman, as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 21.)

Samurai Assassin (1965)—The great Toshiro Mifune, in a sombre and powerful study of a Japanese warrior too ambitious for his own good. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting April 25.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Art, Loews Ciné, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; through April 24.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Scorpio—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Embassy 72nd St.; April 18.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (8th St. Playhouse and Riviera; starting April 25.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Baronet.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (U. A. East.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

Soylent Green—A suspense story set in the year 2022, with Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson. Directed by Richard Fleischer. (East 59th Street I, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Gramercy; starting April 25.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Fireman's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Quad Cinema; through April 24.)

Tales from the Crypt (1972)—Five stories directed by Freddie Francis. (Riviera; through April 24.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 25.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; through April 24. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 21.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Green was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Gramercy and Olympia; through April 24.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Lubitsch's favorite picture of his invigorating career. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 25.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Waverly and Riverside.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Riviera; through April 24.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I; April 18.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; April 25-26.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22-24.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Juliet 2; through April 24.)

OUR LIGHTWEIGHT ENGLISH SHOES
that are less than half the usual weight

These remarkable shoes—so ideal for travel and Summer wear—feature a unique construction that combines extreme lightness and flexibility with support and shape retention. Add soft French calfskin uppers and an unlined forepart—and you have shoes that are practical, good-looking and comfortable. Wing-tip model shown is available in dark brown or black calfskin. $45

Also plain front model in black or brown calfskin, $45

We accept the American Express Money Card.

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006
696 WHITE PLAINS ROAD, SCARSDALE, N.Y. 10583

Morning Glories.
A bumper crop by
Bill Tice for Royal.
Pick one, two or three.
And enjoy their
fresh looks all day.
6 to 16 sizes 30.00

I. Magnin

CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX • CHICAGO

JACK COWLEY

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PABLO PICASSO was born and died a phenomenon. "What is a painter?" he once asked, in front of others, while talking to himself. Having asked his question, he then answered it: "He is someone who founds his art collection by painting it himself." Picasso was that kind of painter. Another time, he overheard someone say, "I don't like Picasso," obviously referring to his paintings, and intruded to ask, "Which Picasso?"

During his career, Picasso, according to André Malraux, produced well over six thousand paintings. Of the multiple art styles that were then employed in France, he made use of all, especially those most filled with his own deformations. When he was approaching his eightieth birthday, he decided that, having gone through so many years, he should have the privilege of choosing for the rest of his life the age he preferred. "I have decided," he said, settling the problem, "that from now on I shall be aged thirty." His energies were so great that even in his bogus-thirties period his habitual creation continued pouring out, though it was mostly audible in his wit and visible in his psychological showmanship and legerdemain, all of which were trivialities compared to what he had produced in his previous era. Many of the wittiest things he said occurred in conversations in which he had the opportunity to cap what someone else had said. During the nineteen-thirties, when the fabrication of counterfeit Picassos was at its height—his works being the most often counterfeited because they rated the highest prices—an old journalist friend took a small Picasso painting belonging to some poor devil of an artist to Picasso himself for authentication, so the impoverished artist could sell it. "It's false," Picasso said. The friend took him another little Picasso, from a different source, and then a third. "It's false," Picasso said each time. "Now, listen, Pablo," the friend said. "I watched you paint this last picture with my own eyes." "I can paint false Picassos just as well as anybody," Picasso replied. He then bought the first Picasso at four times the price the poor artist might have hoped it would fetch. When another person took Picasso a counterfeit etching to sign, he signed it so many times that the man was able to sell it only as a curiosity to an autograph dealer.

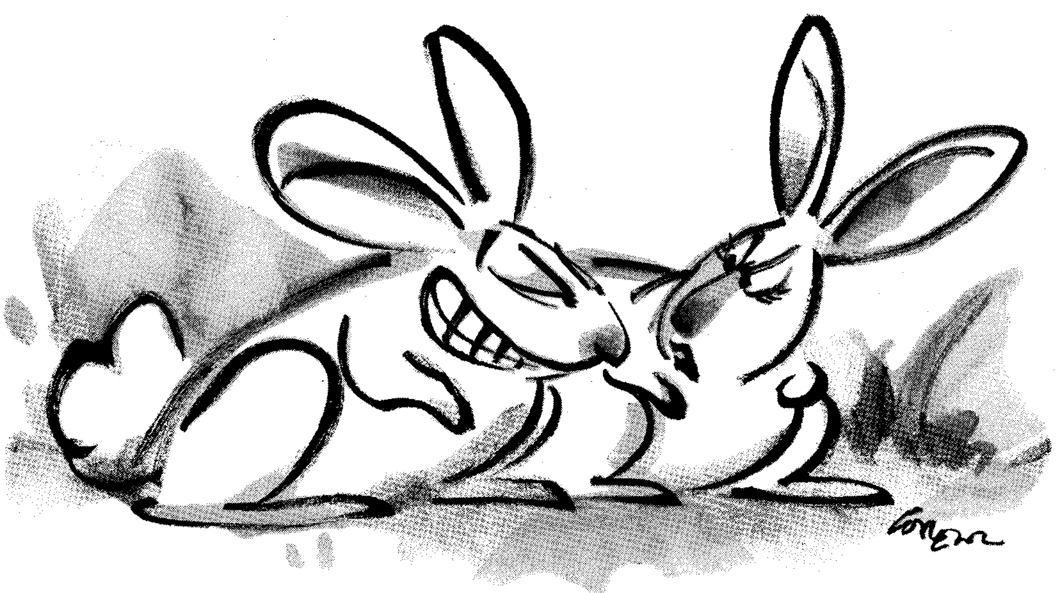
When Stalin died, Picasso, who had by then joined the Communist Party, drew an imaginary portrait of a young Stalin with a neck like a column of steel and a brooding Georgian look on his face, and it was published in the Communist *Lettres Françaises*. It drew a chorus of complaints from the weekly's loyal readers, who sensed that this sketch was unofficial and therefore disloyal. On being asked by a friend who was a French Party member what he would do if France became Communized and he found himself forbidden to continue working as an artist except on Party cultural lines, Picasso answered, "If they stopped my painting, I would draw on paper. If they put me in prison without paper or pencil, I would draw with spit on the cell walls."

A remarkable description of the young Picasso came from the pen of Fernande Olivier, who was a member of the Montmartre Bateau-Lavoir group of artists and writers, to which Picasso belonged. She wrote, "Small, dark, thickset, unquiet, disquieting, with sombre eyes, deep-set, piercing, strange, almost fixed. Awkward gestures, a woman's hands; ill-dressed, careless. A thick lock of hair, black and glossy, cut across his intelligent, obstinate forehead. Half bohemian, half workman in his clothes; his hair, which was too long, brushing the collar of his worn-out coat." With time, his large, impressive head became a bronzed, hairless dome. An artist friend described Picasso's way of beginning a new picture: "His eyes widen, his nostrils flare, he frowns, he attacks the canvas like a picador sticking a bull."

R. MacMillan

Picasso painted his world, and often his people, to suit his own style, which, of course, rarely looked natural to the eyes of others. He said, "We all know that art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth—at least, the truth that is given us to understand. People speak of naturalism's being in opposition to modern painting. I would like to know if anyone has ever seen a natural work of art. Nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing. Through art we express our conception of what nature is not. There is no abstract art. You must always start with something. Afterward, you can remove all the traces of reality; the danger is past in any case, because the idea of the object has left its ineffaceable mark. Academic training in beauty is a sham. When we love a woman, we don't start measuring her legs."

Picasso was a great conversationalist, and especially a noted solo talker. His recollections of his poverty in his early Montmartre days still make warming, valiant tales. Once, he and Fernande Olivier, who lived with him, had had no food for a day or so when some early Picasso admirer rapped on the studio door. Opening it, they found leaning against it a long loaf of bread,



"No, I would not care to come up and see your colored eggs."

• •

a bottle of wine, and a tin of sardines. In a few years, Picasso's pictures began selling at magically high prices. Thus, he was able to fulfill one of his earlier stated desires: "I should like to live like a poor man, with a great deal of money."

Picasso will rank as the most prodigious artist of our time. He was a man fortunately composed in terms of excess. Even as a genius, he had more gifts than he needed.

Working Mothers

TUESDAY of last week was National Working Mothers' Day—a "day" sponsored by numerous child-care groups around the country. The purpose of the event was to protest against some new regulations that the Nixon Administration has published, which may remove federal support for day care for many of the children now receiving it. (In New York City, as many as half the children in group and family day care may become ineligible for their federal grants unless the new regulations are drastically revised.) Working mothers all over the country were asked to bring their young children to work with them, both as an act of protest and as a means of dramatizing their situation, but, perhaps because there had not been enough advance publicity for the event, very few did so. Some related events did take place in this city, and we attended a few of them.

At the Agency for Child Development, on Church Street, a day-care center had been set up in a small, fluorescent-lit room on the first floor. The A.C.D. is the municipal agency that administers all the day-care centers around town, so, naturally, many of its staff participated in the protest by bringing in their children. There were thirty-three kids in all, seated in little pink chairs at tables accommodating half a dozen each. We sat down in a little pink chair ourself, and talked with Larry Andrews, a member of the A.C.D. staff. As Mr. Andrews was telling us about this new center, he was interrupted by a young mother named Joyce Odle, who works as an auditor for the Department of Social Services.

"I have a daughter who's two and a half, and I can't get her into a day-care center," Mrs. Odle said.

"Day-care centers are for children between the ages of three and five," Mr. Andrews said. "There are also after-school programs for children from the first grade through age twelve. We have licensed homes for children between three months and three years old."

"I've applied for that, and they've put me on a waiting list," Mrs. Odle said. "Now I'll have to keep on paying twenty-five dollars a week for a baby-sitter."

Mrs. Odle was called away to go out to lunch with some friends. Hers was the first of many complaints from young mothers we heard that day.

At about twelve-thirty, a small group of feminists held a rally for child care in City Hall Park. The weather was shifting from sunshine to rain and back again, and magnolias were blossoming in the park. The feminists, too few to fill more than a segment of sidewalk, took turns making extremely brief speeches, with the aid of a bullhorn. Jan Peterson, of the education committee of the National Organization for Women, led off the speeches by calling on the city to support those day-care centers that refuse to comply with the new regulations. (The State Legislature has appropriated an additional fifteen million dollars for day care, and the city has said that it will make up any lost federal funds in the next year, so no children are likely to be ejected immediately from our local day-care centers.) Selections from the remaining speeches follow:

Ti-Grace Atkinson said, "A lot of people are against the defense budget, because it's so big. Well, it would take something like the defense budget to provide adequate child care for this country. The reason why the women's movement failed in Russia is that the Soviets had to choose between defending their borders and bringing about progress within their society."

Thelma Hazel, a black mother from Queens, said, "I brought my children to work today, right over there on Park Row. They're usually in a day-care center. If the government cuts back day care, I'll have to either bring them to work every day or stay home and go on welfare."

Alix Kates Shulman, the novelist, said, "Every time a war ends, and the veterans come back home, the government traditionally takes jobs away from women and gives them to the men. This is what happened after the Second World War, and these new regulations are a simple repeat of that technique."

The feminists were accompanied by four small children, each of whom carried a cardboard sign bearing a letter, so that together they read "CHIL." Then five other kids arrived, and they were all lined up to spell "CHILD CARE."

At three-thirty, a crowd of working mothers from Chinatown gathered with their children in Columbus Park, at the corner of Mulberry and Bayard Streets, to begin a march in protest against the new regulations. It was the best-attended event here of National Working Mothers' Day. Thousands of mothers in Chinatown have jobs in garment factories, and the day-care centers that look after their children had prepared for the march well: they had made banners and posters, and brought out their people in well-organized columns. The children were big favorites with the press photographers, who kept shouting, "Let us see your faces! Show us your pretty faces!" The children seemed to enjoy it all. We talked with Jay Mazur, an official of Local 23-25 of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, which was in sympathy with the protest. "We're afraid of two things," Mr. Mazur said. "One, we're afraid that with the cutbacks many of the mothers will not be able to work. And, two, we're afraid that they might bring the children to the factories. There wouldn't be the right facilities there. We wouldn't be able to take proper care of them there. The employers, I'm sure, feel the same way. There's a shortage of workers in the garment industry as it is."

We asked Mr. Mazur if the mothers were paid the minimum wage. He said, "They get *more* than the minimum wage. Seventy-five per cent of these mothers are sewing-machine operators, and they make from three-fifty to four dollars an hour. The lowest pay any of them get—those who are just starting—is two-forty an hour."

The march began, in a cheerful spirit, with the children and parents two or three abreast. They walked down Bayard Street, turned right on Mott Street, and then went down that street, through Chatham Square, up the Bowery, left on Bayard, right on Mott again, and across Canal Street and Hester Street to a garment factory at 128-138 Mott Street, where some more speeches were made. The children began chanting "We need day care! We need day care!" near the start of the march and, amazingly, kept on chanting it until they reached the factory. As they passed the corner of Hester Street where the Fretta Brothers sausage store sends out its mysterious odors, Mr. John Fretta stood in the doorway of his store, smiling, and said, " 'We need day care! We need day care!' We need *everything*. We need schools, we need hospitals, we need no more wars. We need a miracle."

Final Day

WE called on Dr. Frank Stanton, who was president and chief operating officer of the Columbia Broadcasting System for more than a quarter of a century, on his last day in his C.B.S. office. He was retiring, at the age of sixty-five, from his most recent job, as C.B.S. vice-chairman. It was almost five o'clock, and Dr. Stanton was at his desk, on the thirty-fifth floor of the handsome (black-granite-and-smoked-glass walls), Eero Saarinen-designed C.B.S. Building, at 51 West Fifty-second Street, which Dr. Stanton had a lot to do with putting there. He also had a lot to do with the entire development of radio and television broadcasting.

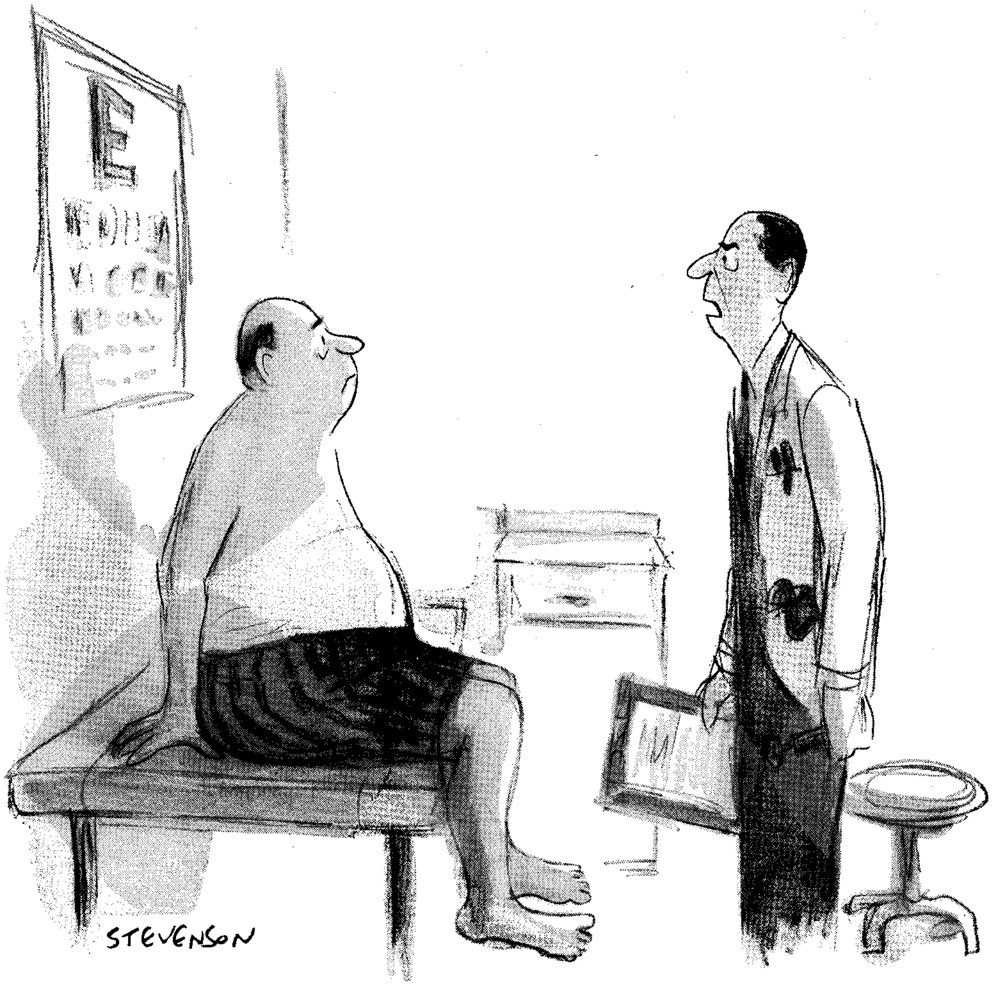
It was a gloom of a day outside, with hours of rain, which was still coming down. Inside, all was calm and quiet. Hardly anybody was about on the floor, which also has the offices of C.B.S. Chairman William S. Paley and a few other top officers. Corridors with thick, bronze-colored carpets were deserted. There was a pleasant, red-haired receptionist named Betty, who had a stricken expression on her face. There was an attractive, reddish-blond-haired secretary named Winnie, who looked glazed and unbelieving. There were several dark-suited C.B.S. officials hurrying out into their weekends after a last ritual drink with Dr. Stanton, leaving half-finished highballs and an ashtrayful of cigarette stubs behind on his desk.

Dr. Stanton looked absolutely terrific. Everybody ought to look like that at sixty-five. Young. Blond-haired. Smooth-skinned. Pink-cheeked. Vigorous. At ease. If he was feeling any turbulent emotions, he wasn't showing them. He was wearing an impeccable dark-blue suit, a white shirt, a black tie, and cufflinks bearing the C.B.S. eye in black marble and chalcedony. He put a pipe in his mouth, lighted it, and puffed at it with what looked like serenity.

"What do you do now?" we asked. "Clean out drawers, or what?"

"Oh, I've a few more things to do," Dr. Stanton said, in no rush. His voice is the kind we hear from trained newscasters—strong, deep, resonant, confident, and to the point.

The office held no hint of imminent change. Except for the highball glasses, everything was neatly and efficiently in place in what must surely be the most splendid and beautiful office in the world—a suite consisting of Dr. Stanton's main office, a secretaries' office, a waiting room, a dining room, a serving



"Good grief! What have you done to the body the good Lord gave you?"

pantry, a dressing room, and a bathroom. Ingenious and beautiful trappings by Florence Knoll Bassett. In the twenty-five-foot-square main office: a floating vaulted ceiling of white plaster; floor-to-ceiling windows, with vertical blinds, bronze bead curtains, and beige silk draperies; English-oak panelling; recessed light fixtures; a hanging Zebrino marble-top cabinet; a large pedestal desk with bronze base and oak top; black-leather-and-steel Brno chairs by Mies van der Rohe; four television sets, behind a wall door; a Henry Moore sculpture ("Locking Piece"); Franz Kline and Mark Rothko paintings. In the bathroom: a shower, a travertine washbasin, a mirror-doored closet lined in oak and white Formica, and theatre-dressing-room lighting. In the dining room: a round marble-topped table, and two windows by Louis C. Tiffany, which came from an old house in Philadelphia. In Dr. Stanton's work cabinet, behind his desk, were his telephone, pens, memo pad, engagement book (which could slide out like a drawer), dictation equipment, books, a light-dimmer, and heat and radio controls. On Dr. Stanton's desk top, in addition to the highball glasses and the ashtray with cigarette stubs, were (1) a nineteenth-century French brass clock with a classically simple face, and (2) a maquette, the sculptured sketch for a large Henry Moore sculpture called "Atom Piece," which stands outside the C.B.S. boardroom. The base of the maquette has the inscription, engraved in William S. Paley's handwriting, "To Frank, with this goes the affection and appreciation of all your friends at CBS. Bill. March 14, 1973."

A waiter wearing a white jacket appeared, took orders for drinks, reappeared, smiling, and served the drinks. We asked Dr. Stanton how much longer he would be on the job.

"Until midnight, technically," he said. "But I'll be leaving in about an hour. I've avoided farewells. After all, I'm not rolling off the edge of the earth. In two days, I start in on a new job—chairman of the American National Red Cross. That will take up about a week's work each month, and I'm looking around to see what else I want to do. I came right from college to C.B.S. thirty-eight years ago, and in 1945 I was asked to be president. I've never worked anywhere else. I'm opening a new office immediately, to have a place to work. But I'm not *going* anywhere. I'm continuing as a director of C.B.S., for one thing. This has been a good job, and fun." He picked up the Henry Moore maquette and held it for a while before replacing it on his desk.

We asked Dr. Stanton if there had been any kind of goodbyes, and he handed over a memo:

> FROM: Frank Stanton
> TO: THE ORGANIZATION
> DATE: March 30, 1973
>
> This will be my final day as an officer of CBS and I cannot let it go by without saying a heartfelt word of thanks and appreciation to all of you who have been my friends and colleagues over the years. To me they have been thoroughly happy and satisfying years. CBS, as one of the principal broadcasting organizations, has helped to knit the nation and the world closer together than it has ever been before in history. . . . It has been a source of great pride and pleasure to me to have had a share in all this. I am even prouder and more pleased to have had you as my associates. Together we have made much of our opportunities, and we have faced some formidable problems constructively and with conviction. I shall always prize your steadfast loyalty and repeated demonstrations of support, especially when the chips were down and basic principles were at stake. To you all, my deepest thanks; and, for the many years ahead, my very best wishes.

"Any messages from colleagues?" we asked. He paused and then handed us a few.

A cable:

> I SALUTE YOU AS A GREAT UPHOLDER OF HIGH STANDARDS IN BROADCASTING AND FREEDOM FOR BROADCASTERS, AND HOPE YOU EMERGE FROM RETIREMENT OCCASIONALLY TO SHARE YOUR WISDOM WITH THE WORLD.
>
> CHARLES CURRAN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL BBC AND PRESIDENT, EUROPEAN BROADCASTING UNION

From Joseph A. Beirne, president of the Communications Workers of America:

> DEAR FRANK:
>
> Your retirement caps a career so complete I know you have a deep sense of satisfaction in the contributions you have made to your own industry and to the Nation. Yet I for one wish that you were not leaving the scene just now. The battle over control of news is just warming up—and we need you. . . .

A letter from a C.B.S. executive:

> I can't believe there is any other company where one individual has had so much impact on the people who worked for that company as you have had on CBS. Through the years you always stood for complete integrity, brilliant competitive moves, and the utmost in good taste. Your battles in behalf of not only CBS but the entire industry are a legend. . . .

A memo from another C.B.S. executive:

> By reason of my longevity (39 years) at CBS and my wide acquaintance over the years with those in broadcasting, I feel qualified to speak to some extent for the "grass roots." If you'll forgive my self-appointment, I'd like to say there is no name in broadcasting that commands as much respect as yours. I have often heard you referred to as "broadcasting's statesman," "the dean of broadcasting," and "Mr. Integrity." Slogans to be sure—but the message is there. . . .

A handwritten letter from still another C.B.S. executive:

> I simply want to tell you how privileged I feel to have served under your leadership for almost 35 years—and to thank you for so many treasured memories, starting with those days when you were working on Listening Area Maps at that stand-up desk. . . .

Another handwritten letter from another C.B.S. man:

> I think no lawyer ever had a better client—for many reasons, but mainly because you established at CBS an absolute standard of excellence. In that climate, the practice of law here has been a particularly gratifying experience—in fact, an exhilarating one.

A letter from the owner of some C.B.S. affiliate stations in the Midwest:

> No other broadcaster in my lifetime has left such an indelible mark upon our craft. When the nation's communicators needed support, Frank Stanton was their most articulate spokesman . . . and when, in recent years, the very fabric of broadcast freedom seemed to be coming apart, Frank Stanton stood up for an entire industry, and in my judgment, by that courageous action almost singlehandedly ushered electronic journalism under the roof of the First Amendment. Your stewardship of the CBS Network has made me proud that my stations are affiliates. . . .

We already had in our possession some remarks made by Richard W. Chapin, chairman of the board of directors of the National Association of Broadcasters, to the Association's members on its fiftieth anniversary:

> Frank Stanton was born in Muskegon, Michigan, and went to work for CBS in 1935 for $50 a week—and you know all the rest. "All the rest" is the reason we have Dr. Stanton with us here today. . . . At any rate, we felt that on the 50th Anniversary of NAB and on the eve of his possible retirement from broadcasting we should seize this moment to honor the man who has brought honor to us all.
>
> I would like to read to you this Special Citation for Highest Achievement: For his leadership, his wisdom, his devotion to the objectives of the American democratic society; for his tenacity, boldness, and courage in furthering broadcasting's capacity to achieve those objectives; and for his uncompromising rejection of encroachments upon radio and television's freedom and capacity to advance the greater public interest, the National Association of Broadcasters

SOYBEANS,
LENTILS & BREW
ACME SIGN CO

proudly pays tribute, unprecedented in our history, to our valiant colleague, FRANK STANTON. We cite you, Sir, for highest achievement in the public interest and in the forward progress of the broadcast media. In particular, we identify you with the words of the eminent Chief Justice John Marshall, recalled by you in your landmark defense of the First Amendment. . . .

"The genius of the Constitution, and the opinions of the people of the United States, cannot be overruled by those who administer the Government. Among those principles deemed sacred in America, among those sacred rights considered as forming the bulwark of their liberty, which the Government contemplates with awful reverence, and would approach only with the most cautious circumspection, there is no one of which the importance is more deeply impressed on the public mind than the liberty of the press. That this liberty is often carried to excess, that it has sometimes degenerated into licentiousness, is seen and lamented; but the remedy has not yet been discovered. Perhaps it is an evil inseparable from the good with which it is allied; perhaps it is a shoot which cannot be stripped from the stalk, without wounding vitally the plant from which it is torn. However desirable those measures might be which might correct without enslaving the press, they have never yet been devised in America."

Dr. Stanton, as a memento of the esteem of your fellow broadcasters, we would like to present you with these three rare First Edition volumes of the American State Papers, 1798, Volume II, from which I just read containing John Marshall's words.

We asked Dr. Stanton what he had been doing on his last day.

He slid the drawerlike engagement book out, took a quick look at it, and said that one of his last appointments had been with Arthur R. Taylor, the new C.B.S. president (thirty-eight years old), about pending legislation for the regulation of television. "It was an upside-down kind of day, and sad, because I flew down to Miami for the funeral of Niles Trammell, who was president of N.B.C. when I became president of this company," he said. "He was a very tough and gentle competitor, very competent, and I had a lot of respect for him. The strange thing about the day was that I spent more time in R.C.A. than I did in C.B.S., because R.C.A. sent me one of its planes to fly me down, and I came back in it, too. The C.B.S. plane was in use elsewhere. I left my house about six-thirty, was in Miami by ten, got to the church in time for the service, at eleven, and was back at my desk by four-thirty. That's what our business is, that kind of life. I've made many trips to the Coast, leaving one night and returning the next."

"How much sleep do you get?" we asked.

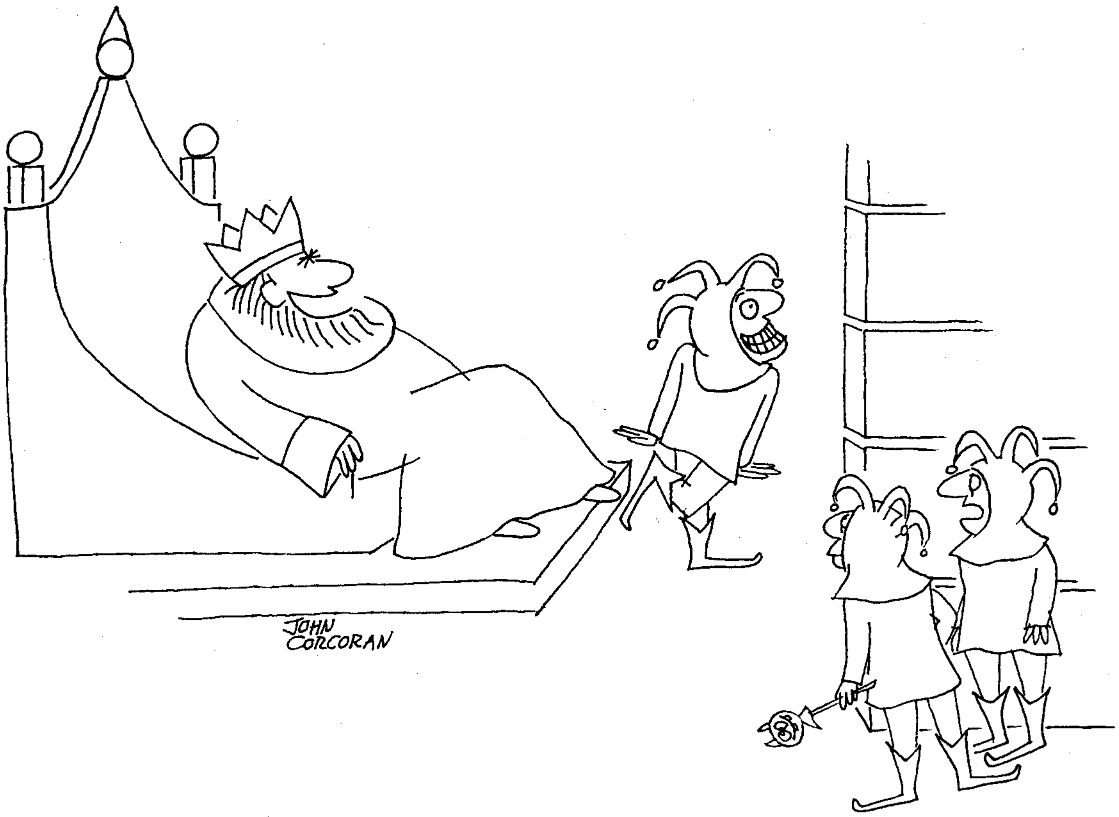
"Five and a half hours," Dr. Stanton said, puffing at his pipe. "I've had the same work habits since 1945—getting to the office at eight and trying to get home in time to see the seven-o'clock news. By the time you read the next morning's papers and see the late news, it's 1 A.M. I suppose the most important thing we do is broadcast news. I watch the morning news, which starts at seven. Those are the things that bracket my day. I have a television set in every room in my house. I can't live without knowing what's going on."

"You going to get more sleep now?" we asked.

"I don't intend to come in at noon," Dr. Stanton said. "It's not my style."

"Whose idea was the retirement, anyway?" we asked.

"Mine," Dr. Stanton said. "I put the rule in when I was thirty-eight, when I became president. I never thought I'd get to be sixty-five, you see. But in business you have to have a yardstick. I.B.M. has now taken sixty as the retirement age, and Westinghouse has talked about fifty-five. There are other societies in which they don't



"What cudgels my sconce is how he ever made the big time."

• •

feel that way. In Japan, in business they go on indefinitely."

"Business seems to be doing all right in Japan," we said.

"Well, it's Japan," Dr. Stanton said. "The demands in this business, in terms of time and energy, all point to younger people. If I could put a piece of litmus paper in people's mouths to determine who is old and who isn't, I'd do it. But I don't know any other way to do it than to have a yardstick. I was going to beat the rap and quit at sixty, but I couldn't make it."

"Well, what are you going to be *doing*?" we asked.

"Right now I want to get thoroughly informed about the Red Cross and what's expected of me," Dr. Stanton said. "It's a little like graduating from school and getting a job."

Dr. Stanton said he had a lot of directorships besides C.B.S. to keep him busy. Lincoln Center. The American Electric Power Company. Atlantic Richfield. Diebold Venture. New York Life Insurance. Pan Am. And he is a trustee of the Rand Corporation, of the Rockefeller Foundation, and of some other organizations. Politics was out, he added, but he might do some writing. "I have a great deal of concern about the efforts on the part of the government to try to control the press," he said. "Anything that interferes with the free flow of news threatens the Republic. The experience I had a couple of years ago, when we were threatened at C.B.S. with a contempt citation by Congress—a citation that was defeated—because we refused to divulge our sources of information in connection with our documentary 'C.B.S. Reports: The Selling of the Pentagon,' was a searing experience and a frightening one. There are people in the government who basically don't want a free press. That's my major concern these days, and I might do some writing about *that*."

Winnie came into the office, still looking glazed. "Izzy Seigal would like to see you for a moment," she said.

"Have him come in," Dr. Stanton said, relighting his pipe. "Izzy is in charge of our still photography," he told us. "He's one of my oldest and most wonderful friends in the company. One of my hobbies is taking pictures. Izzy is the one who develops them and makes them look good."

Mr. Seigal, a man with thinning hair and wearing steel-rimmed eyeglasses, entered, and appeared to be more forlorn than Betty and Winnie put together. He was carrying a square box wrapped in gift paper with a floral design. He put the box down on the desk, took a deep breath, and seemed to hold it. Dr. Stanton removed the pipe from his mouth. Mr. Seigal exhaled very slowly. "I couldn't let you walk out of this office without something," he said.

Dr. Stanton took the gift out of the box. It was a classic white ceramic Early American container for old-fashioned kitchen matches.

"Wonderful, Izzy," Dr. Stanton said, holding the gift as he had held the little Henry Moore maquette. "Where did you find it?"

"In the little town of Honesdale, in Pennsylvania," Mr. Seigal said. He seemed to be holding his breath again.

Dr. Stanton grinned, still clasping the gift. "It'll have a place in my new office," he said.

"I was hoping you'd like it," Mr. Seigal said.

"I'm not going to allow myself to miss you, because I'm going to send some Tri-X rolls over to you," Dr. Stanton said, very quickly. Mr. Seigal took another big breath and held out his hand. "Thanks so much, Izzy," Dr. Stanton said as the two men shook hands.

The time on the clock on the desk was six-fifteen. "You getting ready to go?" Dr. Stanton asked Winnie, as she came in carrying a stack of papers.

"Yes, I am," she said, stiffly. She returned to her office.

"I'll take my daily sheets for the last time," Dr. Stanton said, again pulling out the tricky engagement-book drawer. He then went into the dressing room and returned carrying a framed group of five photographs of a charming, pretty little girl with hair braided and done up on the back of her head ("My wife as a little girl. I had my first date with her when I was fourteen") and a copy of a large book, "Homage to Henry Moore."

"You ready, Winnie?"

"Yes, I am."

"O.K. I'm going to get my raincoat."

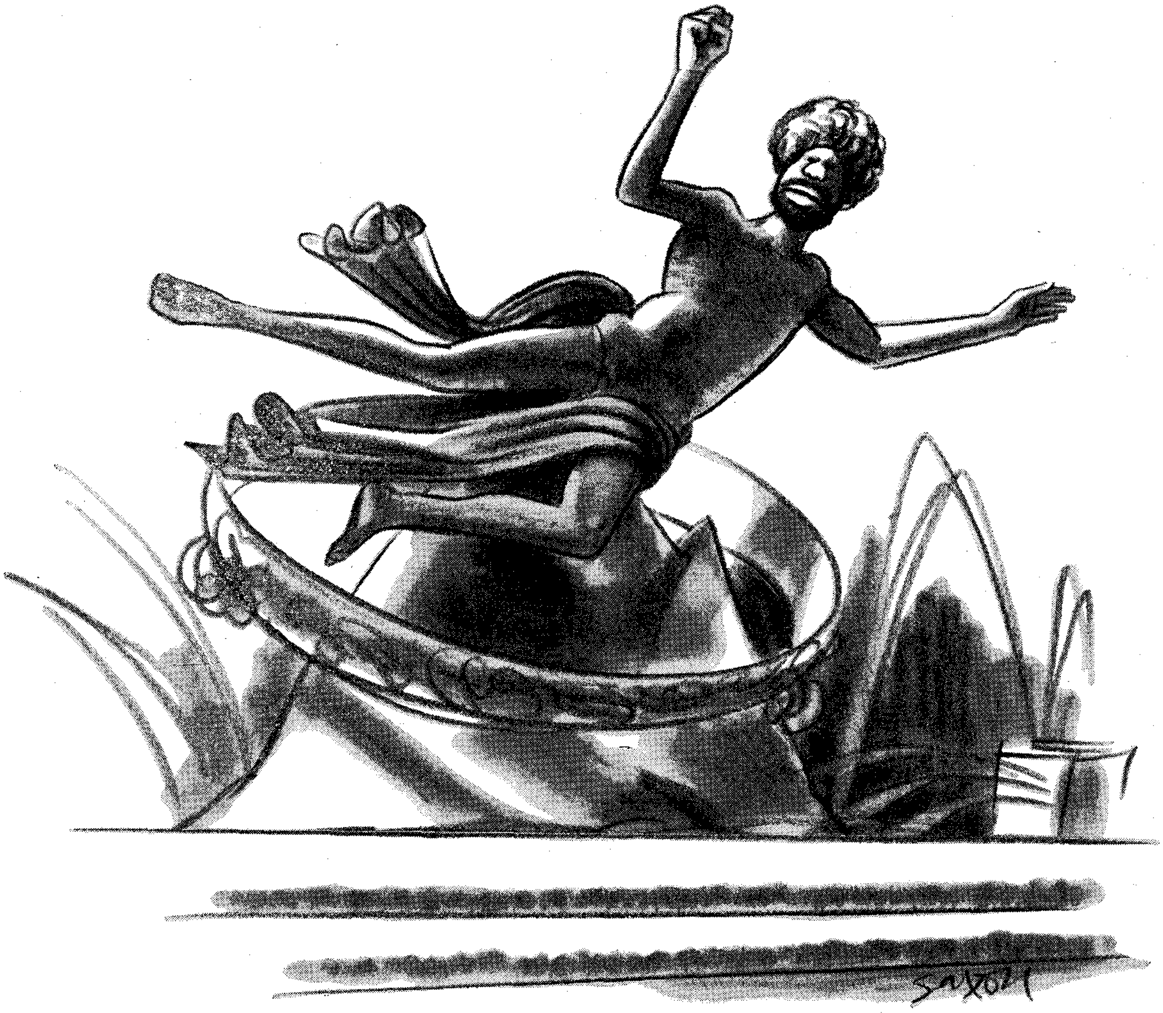
He put on his coat. He picked up the framed pictures of his wife as a child, the Henry Moore book, Mr. Seigal's present, the old French brass desk clock, and the Henry Moore maquette. At the reception desk, he stopped and gave Betty (she was tearful) a hug. Then he got into the elevator, and said, "I think I'll make it home in time for the seven-o'clock news."

SON

HE is often upstairs, when he has to be home. He prefers to be elsewhere. He is almost sixteen, though beardless still, a man's mind indignantly captive in the frame of a child. I love touching him, but don't often dare. The other day, he had the flu, and a fever, and I gave him a back rub, marvelling at the symmetrical knit of muscle, the organic tension. He is high-strung. Yet his sleep is so solid he sweats like a stone in the wall of a well. He wishes for perfection. He would like to destroy us, for we are, variously, too fat, too jocular, too sloppy, too affectionate, too grotesque and heedless in our ways. His mother smokes too much. His younger brother chews with his mouth open. His older sister leaves unbuttoned the top button of her blouses. His younger sister tussles with the dogs, getting them overexcited, avoiding doing her homework. Everyone in the house talks nonsense. He would be a better father than his father. But time has tricked him, has made him a son. After a quarrel, if he cannot go outside and kick a ball, he retreats to a corner of the house and reclines on the beanbag chair in an attitude of strange, infantile or leonine, torpor. We exhaust him, without meaning to. He takes an interest in the newspaper now, the front page as well as the sports, in this tiring year of 1973.

HE is upstairs, writing a musical comedy. It is a Sunday in 1949. Somehow, he has volunteered to prepare a high-school assembly program; people will sing. Songs of the time go through his head, as he scribbles new words. *Up in de mornin', down at de school, work like a debil for my grades.* Below him, irksome voices grind on, like machines working their way through tunnels. His parents each want something from the other. "Marion, you don't understand that man like I do; he has a heart of gold." This father's charade is very complex: the world, which he fears, is used as a flail on his wife. But from his cringing attitude he would seem to an outsider the one being flailed. With burning red face, the woman accepts the role of aggressor as penance for the fact, the incessant shameful fact, that *he* has to wrestle with the world while she hides here, in solitude, on this farm. This is normal, but does not seem to them to be so. Only by convolution have they arrived at the dominant/submissive relationship society has assigned them. For the man is maternally kind and with a smile hugs to himself his jewel, his certainty of being victimized; it is the mother whose tongue is sharp, who sometimes strikes. "Well, he gets you out of the house, and I guess that's gold to you." His answer is "Duty calls," pronounced mincingly. "The social contract is a balance of compromises." This will infuriate her, the son knows; as his heart thickens, the downstairs overflows with her hot voice. "*Don't* wear that smile at me! And *take* your hands off your hips; you look like a sissy!" Their son tries not to listen. When he does, visual details of the downstairs flood his mind: the two antagonists, circling with their coffee cups; the shabby mismatched furniture; the hopeful books; the docile framed photographs of the dead, docile and still as cowed students. This matrix of pain that bore him—he feels he is floating above it, sprawled on the bed as on a cloud, stealing songs as they come into his head (*Across the hallway from the guidance room/Lives a French instructor called Mrs. Blum*), contemplating the brown meadow from the upstairs window (last summer's burdock stalks like the beginnings of an alphabet, an apple tree holding three rotten apples as if pondering why they failed to fall), yearning for Monday, for the ride to school with his father, for the bell that calls him to homeroom, for the excitements of class, for Broad-

"But we're half an hour late already. Couldn't you leave now and sulk at their place?"



NEW YORK LANDMARKS UPDATED

• •

way, for fame, for the cloud that will carry him away, out of this, out.

HE returns from his paper-delivery route and finds a few Christmas presents for him on the kitchen table. I must guess at the year. 1913? Without opening them, he knocks them to the floor, puts his head on the table, and falls asleep. He must have been consciously dramatizing his plight: his father was sick, money was scarce, he had to work, to win food for the family when he was still a child. In his dismissal of Christmas, he touched a nerve: his love of anarchy, his distrust of the social contract. He treasured this moment of proclamation; else why remember it, hoard a memory so bitter, and confide it to his son many Christmases later? He had a teaching instinct, though he claimed that life miscast him as a schoolteacher. I suffered in his classes, feeling the confusion as a persecution of him, but now wonder if his rebellious heart did not court confusion, not as Communists do, to intrude their own order, but, more radical still, as an end pleasurable in itself, as truth's very body. Yet his handwriting (an old pink permissions slip recently fluttered from a book where it had been marking a page for twenty years) was always considerately legible, and he was sitting up doing arithmetic the morning of the day he died.

AND letters survive from that yet prior son, written in brown ink, in a tidy tame hand, home to his mother from the Missouri seminary where he was preparing for his vocation. The dates are 1887, 1888, 1889. Nothing much happened: he missed New Jersey, and was teased at a church social for escorting a widow. He wanted to do the right thing, but the little sheets of faded penscript exhale a dispirited calm, as if his heart already knew he would not make a successful minister, or live to be old. His son, my father, when old, drove hundreds of miles out of his way to visit the Missouri town from which those letters had been sent. Strangely, the town had not changed; it looked just as he had imagined, from his father's descriptions: tall wooden houses, rain-soaked, stacked on a bluff. The town was a sepia post-card mailed homesick home and preserved in an attic. My father cursed: his father's old sorrow bore him down into depression, into hatred of life. My mother claims his decline in health began at that moment.

HE is wonderful to watch, playing soccer. Smaller than the others, my son leaps, heads, dribbles, feints, passes. When a big boy knocks him down, he tumbles on the mud, in his green-and-black school uniform, in an ecstasy of falling. I am envious. Never for me the jaunty pride of the school uniform, the solemn ritual of the coach's pep talk, the camaraderie of shook hands and slapped backsides, the shadow-striped hush of late afternoon and last quarter, the solemn vaulted universe of official combat, with its cheering mothers and referees exotic as zebras and the bespectacled timekeeper alert with his claxon. When the boy scores a goal, he runs into the arms of his teammates with upraised arms and his face alight as if blinded by triumph. They lift him from the earth in a union of muddy hugs. What spirit! What valor! What skill! His father, watching from the sidelines, inwardly registers only one complaint: he feels the boy, with his talent, should be more aggressive.

THEY drove across the state of Pennsylvania to hear their son read in Pittsburgh. But when their presence was announced to the audience, they did not stand; the applause groped for them and died. My mother said afterward she was afraid she might fall into the next row if she tried to stand in the dark. Next morning was sunny, and the three of us searched for the house where once they had lived. They had been happy there; I imagined, indeed, that I had been conceived there, just before the slope of the Depression steepened and fear gripped my family. We found the library where she used to read Turgenev, and the little park where the bums slept close as paving stones in the summer night; but

AFTER THE CREATION

I

Beetle dozing in the moist clay,
Your bright shell
Pumping like a heart;

I watched you crawling
In the striped darkness of the shed;
You resembled an eyelid drooped in the dirt,
A wilted prayer,
Smelling of pepper and dead books.

Rust-colored seed clenched in brightness.

II

From you I inherit my patience
With pure horror;
My faceted eyes, all but one of their gleams
Turned inward;
My dread of footsteps;
My self-knowledge.
It's that simple.

III

Because your scrapes and clicks
Are brothers
To all the small tongues of earth.
Because you outnumber me
In my solitude.
Because, like God, you are everywhere.
Because the world is manna to beetles.

IV

I dreamt my heart was a beetle
With paralyzed bolts for legs.

It brushed my skin
With its bare wires, and I had
The revelation of stone.
It twitched in the passageways
Of my throat, and I knew
The cold fire of need.
It ate me from within, creating hunger
And the seasons of flesh.
It died, and left me with a book of skin,
My only honesty.

V

But when the beetle unfolds its stubby wings,
When its eyes wander like watery pins,
There will be nothing.

No childhood killed over again
Before your eyes.
Nothing to creep wildly in the insomniac streets.
Nothing adrift in the ominous peacefulness
Of work and love.

God's chitinous claw descends
Like a snowflake,
And the beetle of the first day,
The life-lode,
Starts over again its countdown toward nightmare.

—PAUL ZWEIG

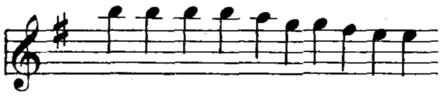
• •

their street kept eluding us, though we circled in the car. On foot, my mother found the tree. She claimed she recognized it, the sooty linden she would gaze into from their apartment windows. The branches, though thicker, had held their pattern. But the house itself, and the entire block, were gone. Stray bricks and rods of iron in the grass suggested that the demolition had been recent. We stood on the empty spot and laughed. They knew it was right, because the railroad tracks were the right distance away. In confirmation, a long freight train pulled itself east around the curve, its great weight gliding as if on a river current; then a silver passenger train came gliding as effortlessly in the other direction. The curve of the tracks tipped the cars slightly toward us. The Golden Triangle, gray and hazed, was off to our left, beyond a forest of bridges. We stood on the grassy rubble that morning, where something once had been, beside the tree still there, and were intensely happy. Why? We knew.

"'NO,' Dad said to me, 'the Christian ministry isn't a job you choose, it's a vocation for which you got to receive a call.' I could tell he wanted me to ask him. We never talked much, but we understood each other, we were both scared devils, not like you and the kid. I asked him, Had he ever received the call? He said No. He said No, he never had. Received the call. That was a terrible thing, for him to admit. And I was the one he told. As far as I knew he never admitted it to anybody, but he admitted it to me. He felt like hell about it, I could tell. That was all we ever said about it. That was enough."

HE has made his younger brother cry, and justice must be done. A father enforces justice. I corner the rat in our bedroom; he is holding a cardboard mailing tube like a sword. The challenge flares white-hot; I roll my weight toward him like a rock down a mountain, and knock the weapon from his hand. He smiles. Smiles! Because my facial expression is silly? Because he is glad that he can still be overpowered, and hence is still protected? Why? I do not hit him. We stand a second, father and son, and then as nimbly as on the soccer field he steps around me and out the door. He slams the door. He shouts obscenities in the hall, slams all the doors he can find on the way to his room. Our moment of smilingly shared silence was the moment of compression; now the explosion. The whole house rocks with it. Downstairs, his siblings and mother come to me and offer advice and psychological analysis. I was too aggressive. He is spoiled. What they can never know, my grief alone to treasure, was that lucid many-sided second of his smiling and my relenting, before the world's wrathful pantomime of power resumed.

As we huddle whispering about him, my son takes his revenge. In his room, he plays his guitar. He has greatly improved this winter; his hands getting bigger is the least of it. He has found in the guitar an escape. He plays the Romanza wherein repeated notes, with a sliding like the heart's valves, let themselves fall along the scale:



The notes fall, so gently he bombs us, drops feathery notes down upon us, our visitor, our prisoner.

—JOHN UPDIKE

THE VIOLIN MAKER

THE centipede is making marks in the red sand—a line left by the body and, along each side of it, the flailing of long pale legs. The trail is shaped like a feather over the smooth windblown surface. Pitjie watches it; his eyes catch things that move in the half-light of the dawn, and nothing else is moving. The wind is still. The centipede goes up toward the crest of the drift and slips back as the sand shifts slightly. It waves long feelers and then makes a little rush that carries it over the top. Now there is nothing living in sight.

The police. They would be coming for him, but not for a long time. Segooa, the black Tswana driver, had gone to fetch them in one of the two trucks because there were no police at Okoab, where they had camped, and it took a day to reach the nearest outpost. Okoab, in the Kalahari Desert of South Africa, was a trading store and an iron shed, a windmill and water tank, two houses and a few huts. Pitjie's place was not a hut; it was a shelter, open on one side and with its back to the wind, a rough-and-ready screen of thornbush and grass—unlike those made by his people in the desert, which had light sticks and cleverly woven reed mats. Not far from his shelter were the tents belonging to the leader of the prospecting team. He was a white man, a geologist from Johannesburg hired to search for diamond-bearing rock in the desert. Kleinba'—"the young chief"—was what Pitjie called him. In one of the tents was Jonkman. He was dead. They had carried him there and laid him down, and he died quietly; he bled at first from the wound, but not much after he had been bandaged. Pitjie had killed him. He did it in a passion, and now he was subdued and not affected anymore. At least, he did not show either that he was glad or that he regretted it. He showed nothing, and his face was dark and unchanging under the hanging brim of his hat.

The police did not know yet. They had still to be informed, and then they would come for him, that was sure. No one stood guard over him. He was not running away. There was nowhere for him to go but into the desert. One of the Damara drillers had been left at the tent to watch over Jonkman's body. Kleinba' sent Segooa for the police in the bigger truck. Jonkman had been the other driver; he should have taken out the light truck that day, but he lay dead and Kleinba' drove out to the day's work himself, with the other drillers riding in the back, going by Pitjie at daybreak. Pitjie watched Kleinba' pass and saw the anger in him; he did not stop, he did not look—not a glance of his eyes toward the shelter. One man's anger was another's death. Kleinba' had left him behind there as if he, too, no longer lived.

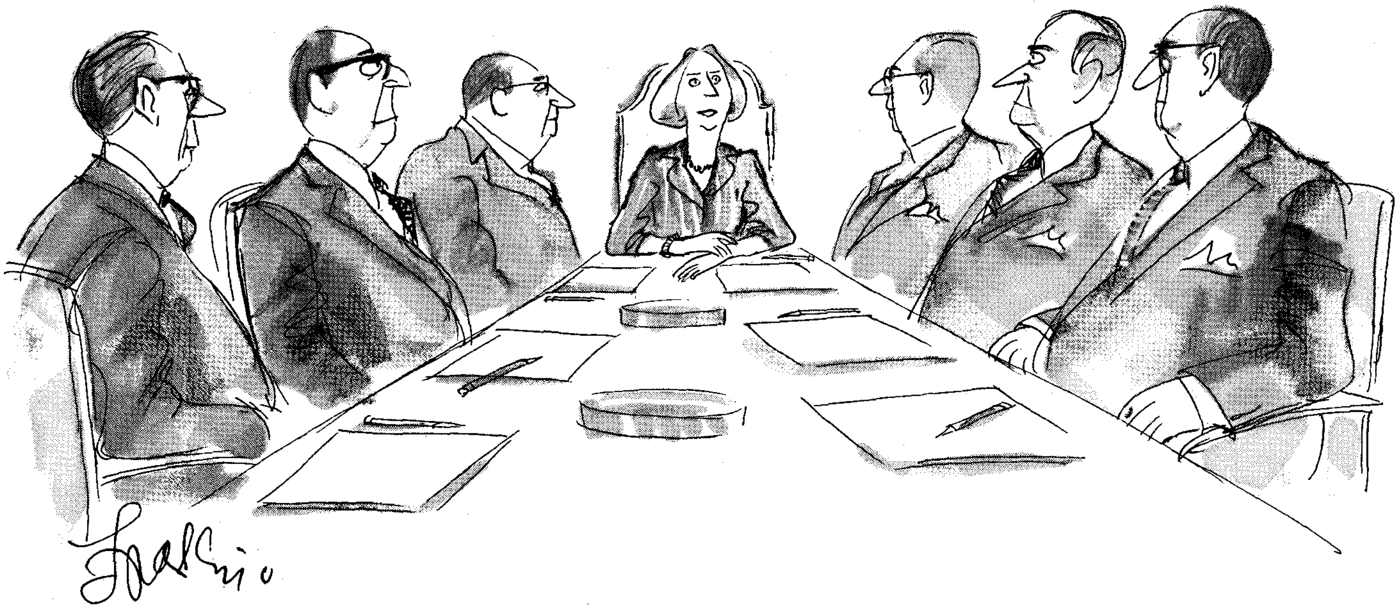
The *dagbreekertjie*, the little fly-catcher, is making its whistling song for the coming day. It is unbearably gay; to it every day is the same. Pitjie listens, but he cannot see the bird from where he sits in the dust of his shelter. The birds speak about the earth and the sky and the wind. They also speak about the rain, which comes seldom in the desert. The bird flies across the opening of the shelter and is again out of sight.

PITJIE took a plain polished stick he had made himself from yellowish tamarisk wood and left Okoab, going along the sandy track. At last, he found where the wheel marks of Kleinba' 's truck turned off, and he followed the trail into the desert. The sun came up and soon was on him, striking with a blind heat. The windmill at Okoab could no longer be seen, but upside down in the mirage behind him was the shimmer of water and tall trees. The trail went on and on over the stony ground, through the spare, leafless blackthorn and raisin bushes, and skirting round sand dunes. In one place, it followed the shallow bed of a river where no water had flowed in years. On its way, the truck had stopped near a stone outcrop that rose to a low kopje. Kleinba' had got out; by his footprints, he had gone to look at the crumbling bluish stones. The drillers had also walked about here, and one had thrown down a cigarette butt that burned out to ash.

"My country right or wrong, or in any of the gray areas that lie between."

Pitjie found the team outspanned for the midday heat. They had slung a kind of awning to a bush and the black drillers lay under it asleep. Kleinba' stood at the back of the truck in his khakis and helmet, bent down over something. What he was doing Pitjie could not see from where he stood some way off, silent, unseen, the color of the scrub and the veld, wearing the rags of an old coat which had turned reddish like the dust. For a time, he stood and kept his eyes fixed on Kleinba', and his small hand chafed slightly on the shaft of the stick. He made the sound of a buck snorting—the soft, curious noise it makes when unsure. He saw the man raise his head; he looked straight at Pitjie but did not see him—not until Pitjie moved, and made his shape break silently away from the bush and sticks and rock, and become himself.

The man went on with his work. He was sorting specimens of stones and attaching labels to them. He had charts and made exact records of the site positions. Pitjie had known him for nearly two years, though it seemed longer, working with him over thousands of square miles of the most lonely territory. Pitjie approached; he had a loose way of walking, with short, almost staggering steps that looked clumsy, but he moved fast and made no sound. He had the remnants of some



"I want you to know, gentlemen, that at this moment I feel I have realized my full potential as a woman."

• •

kind of shoes on his feet, with no soles and tied together with bits of skin. When he was about ten steps away downwind, he stopped and squatted on his heels, with the stick over one shoulder. He pretended not to look at Kleinba' and waited.

For a day and a half, he had eaten no food, only drawing up his leather belt tight against the feeling of hunger. The men sleeping under the shade of the tarpaulin had made a fire and cooked something and boiled coffee, and Kleinba' had opened a can of meat and thrown the tin under a bush. After a while, Kleinba' turned to Pitjie and nodded, and Pitjie closed his black agate eyes the way he did swallowing the dark fire of brandy. It was the recognition that he had come for. He might have gone away then into the thirst of the northland, of his own will choosing the death that lay at the end of it. No one there would have stopped him. Only he sat, waiting, and did not move. He hoped for something more.

"All right, Pitjie," Kleinba' said gently, and gestured toward the truck. He was a very tall man and had a fleshy face, a mustache, and long eyebrows that made his eyes look like water down a pit, blue water. "All right, I say. Come along with us."

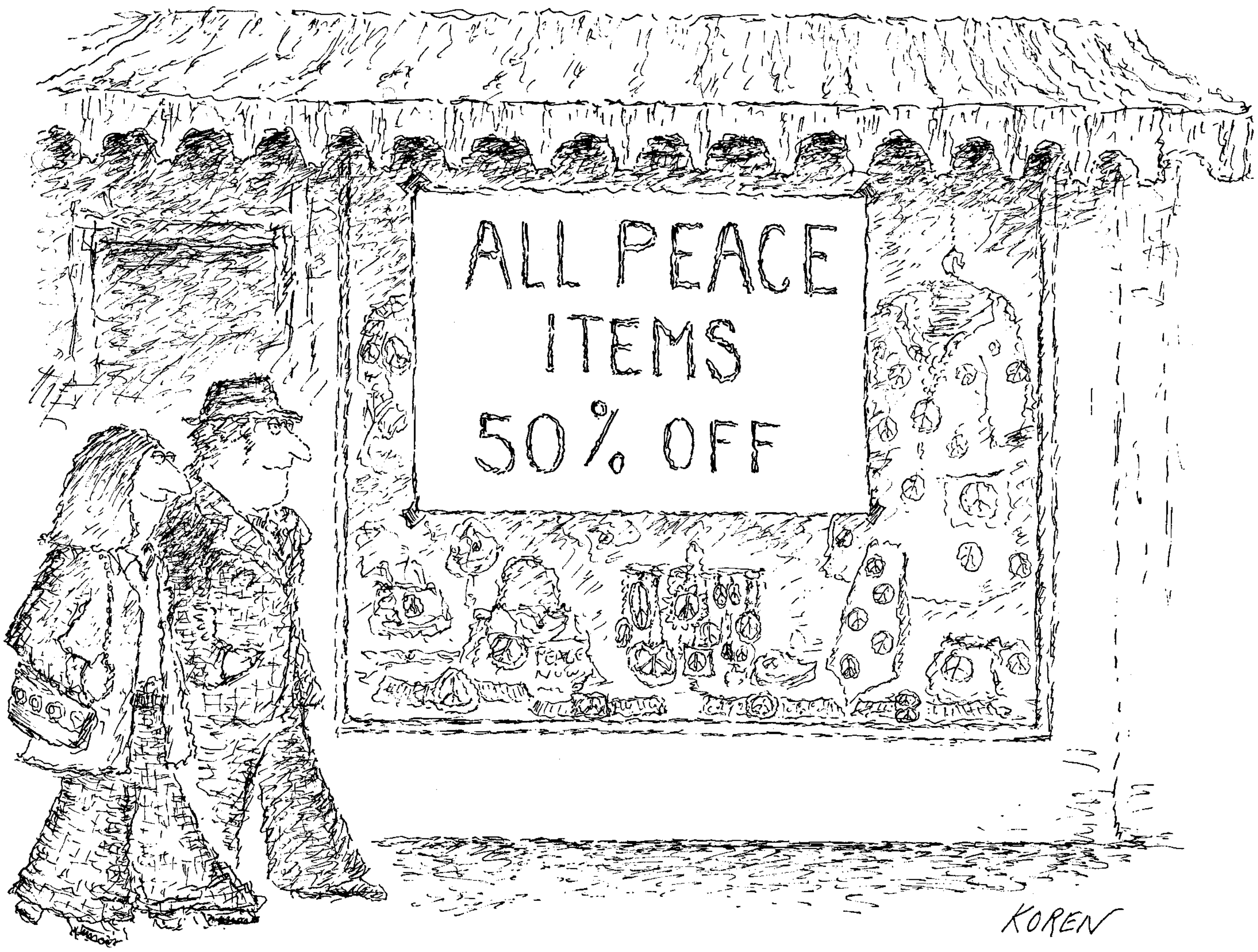
Pitjie got up and went to put his stick in the cab under the driver's seat, in its customary place. He looked in the back of the truck, which had a double roof for protection against the heat and sides covered with wire mesh. There, among the water tanks and drilling gear and stores, was the flat box he rode on; the sack had been thrown down, but nothing else was changed since yesterday. When he was not driving, Jonkman used to ride on a seat at the back, hold on to the rails against the bumping and rocking, and let his laugh ring out with the cackle of a hornbill. Pitjie climbed in and put the sack on the box, and once more was ready to go. It was not the same, it could not be, because Jonkman's place was empty and no one would sit in it.

Kleinba' sounded the hooter and the men got up in a daze and went about dismantling the awning and packing up. They looked at Pitjie, a little surprised, though they did not speak to him and what they whispered to each other he did not pick up.

The sun seemed to stay directly overhead, and Kleinba', at the wheel, steered by compass. He had a good eye for country, and the terrain was accessible, dry and flat for great distances, broken in places yet not too deeply channelled. He checked direction on the swinging disc of the compass, measured the mileage and barometric height. When he stopped, once every hour or so, he would make detailed comparisons with charts and aerial photographs. He was prospecting the volcanic pipes that stretched in a long chain from Kimberley into the Kalahari. Some had no diamonds, but others certainly had; diamonds from the obliterated volcanoes lay bedded in the moraine of ancient glaciers, in the gravels of younger streams, and belowground in the blocked but undisturbed throats that had once erupted. Though the wealth was scattered or hidden, it remained forever indestructible, and the task was to find and recover it. The survey had taken a good time, extending now into years. To the searchers, the desert had become a home.

Late in the afternoon, they began looking for a place to stop for the night. They did not look for water or for shelter; there was neither. Only the monotony of thorn scrub, ribs of pocked stones, and the red sand "watered" in soft ripples by the wind. Crouched as if with ears back against a known cruelty, gray-leaved makhonna bushes clung on ridges half buried in the drifts. The wheels of the truck crunched over vestiges of spear grass yellowed in the sloping sun. Another low kopje lay to the west of their course, and the sinking sun moved toward it, red and swollen in the monstrous warp of heat. Kleinba' peered through dark sunglasses. One of the men climbed up from the back and crouched on the roof. Pitjie looked out; his eyes were wrinkled to slits. This was the place to camp, a place with an outlook, a footing to lift one's eyes above the eternal presence of the northland.

The men lay beyond the truck in the light of their fire and talked quietly. There was no moon. The stars alight in every inch of the sky came nearer as the earth cooled. Kleinba' sat on his sleeping bag before his fire, with his back to a rock, thinking. . . . Day and night, in savage heat and cold, on a trail dotted with countless small fires that were wiped out by the wind



to leave not a trace, he and the men came and went, spaceless and timeless and meaningless, the latest of all those who had left nothing behind them—not a footprint—for half a million years.

Pitjie, sitting near Kleinba', leaned forward and pushed into the fire a stick of scented camel thorn; sparks flew up, blue and red flame. A jackal's howl far off under the tail of the Scorpion and the duller moan of wolves. It was the last camp, the last time he and Kleinba' would sit together. The sky flowed with light. . . . "Ja, the man walks with the wind. The wind is also a man; they go together. Then the wind walks alone." Pitjie knew it was not given to a man to walk very far, but each day was a gift to him, and he took it with silent joy.

Pitjie had met Kleinba' nearly two years ago outside the town of Rietfontein. The team's trucks had stopped there, and Pitjie stood beside the trail unmoving and silent, with a silence inside himself, so the others could feel even his thoughts were stilled. He did not ask anything or plead. He simply stood there, washed up on the shore of the desert. The men shouted questions at him, and his eyes went to them and returned to the one with the dark glasses. "Do you want to ride?" the man said, and he did not answer. "Get in if you want to ride."

He had nothing—no food, not a match. The wind fluttered the rags of his coat, and he looked out under his hat brim. Blood from his back was on his coat, crusted with sand and dust. He walked stiffly to the rear of the truck and climbed in, and he curled himself up in a little knot, lying on his side with a shiver and a sigh like a dog. His skin was brown, and he was about up to an average man's armpit, being a Naron, among the smallest of the desert people.

The cuts on his back scabbed over and soon healed. Pitjie had lost his past, though he did not forget it. He had for years drifted to farms and cattle stations and had lived on the outskirts of dusty towns dotted on the plains, so that he had become almost ageless. He picked up languages, and to get food he learned the indignity of work. His memory of the past served him badly at times; while he was working on a cattle station, he had killed a young ox for himself, singling it out and driving it under cover of darkness to the edge of a pan, where he stabbed it in the neck with a borrowed spear. He was caught before he could eat any of it. The police took him, and he was tried for stock theft; at the end of the hearing he was tied up in the compound and given lashes with a knotted whip. Set free after the lashing, he had walked on until he met with the trucks.

Pitjie came to an understanding with Kleinba'. He discovered what the geologist was doing, and in this he could have no part, yet he found a place for himself on the fringe of the team, and little by little he moved in toward the fire. In stops like Okoab, he built his own shelter of thornbush and grass, but when moving he was on his box behind the cab of Kleinba' or, sometimes, curled up on the floor to sleep.

Memory served him in making his own spear. Out of a light bolt and with the help of fire, he tapped and honed a narrow tapered blade and fitted it in a haft of thorn wood. He knew how to bind in the shank of the blade with thin strips of wet hide, and he shrank over the join a piece of skin slipped from the leg of a small buck. It was a well-fashioned light spear, balanced for throwing. He did not attempt to make a bow. Perhaps he had forgotten or was afraid, for with a bow and poison arrows came temptation—to go back into the northland where he knew no people of his blood and he no longer was sure of the signs and the meaning. To be alone there was death.

He did not know the country they traversed, and it opened up new to him as to the others; only, once seen, he remembered it. No two trails were to him the same, and this was of value to the expedition. Sextant and theodolite and map recorded the desert with a crisscross of lines; aerial photographs unrolled in strips the tracks of dead rivers and dry pans, ancient rifts and the sheared-off dikes and sills of eruptions in extinct ages. Pitjie saw nothing of them. He saw the earth before his eyes, the scars of its secret life. He could tell where water lay under the sand, and he smelt rain a long way off.

To the others, there was in him a mystery they did not wish to understand and which made them uneasy. They were superstitious, though Jonkman, a Bondelswart, half white, prayed and read his Bible by the fire at night, and Segooa, the Tswana, laughed at the fears of the talkative Damaras. Pitjie's silence worried them, and also the way he was consulted by the geologist—he did no work, yet was always there. He was, they said, a small shadow that grew longer in the days that passed by. They got used to him in their own different ways; there were other things to be afraid of, and not every omen came true. There was the Bird of Death, the bright-colored little *diedrikkie* with its crisp three-note call that sometimes struck fear into the camp. Segooa grabbed up stones and rushed out to chase it off, and for a day or two an undercurrent of anxiety ran while they waited to see if the bird's message was for one of them.

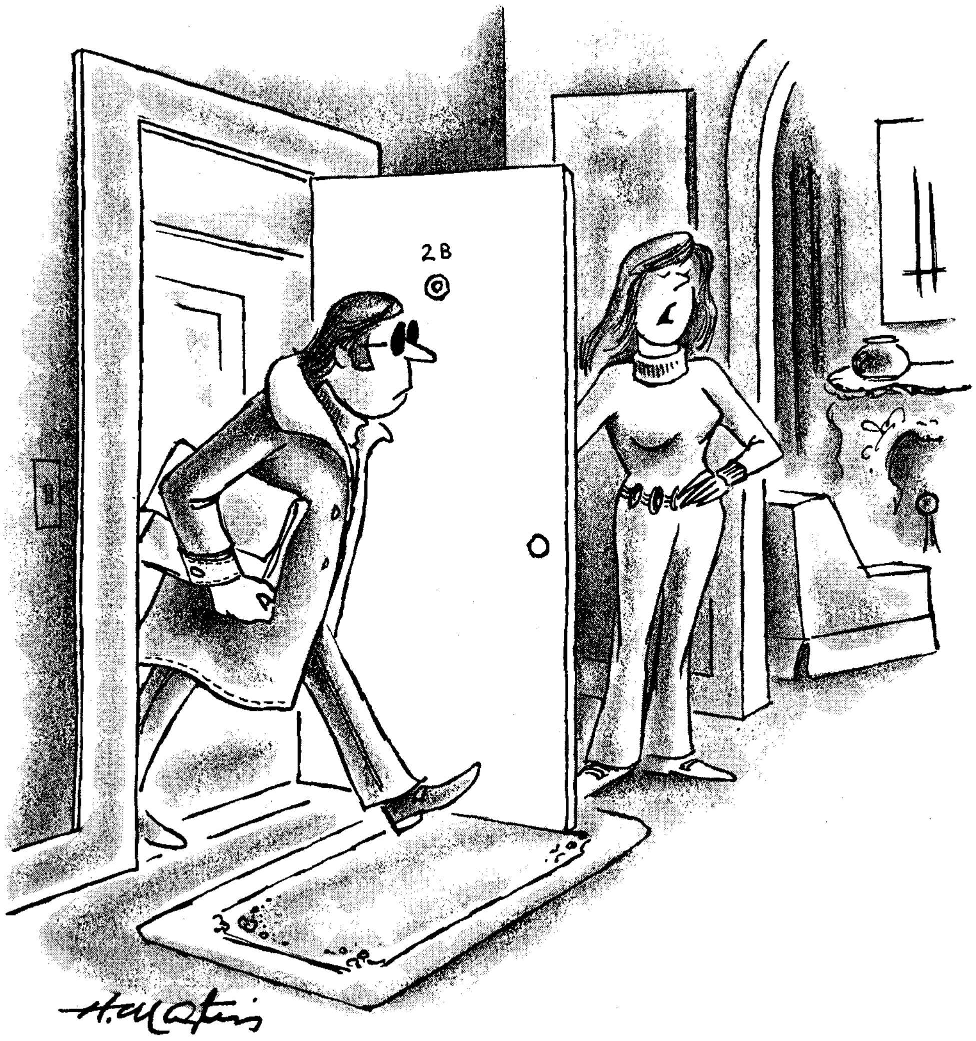
With his spear, Pitjie hunted small things that he brought in for his own food—a hedgehog or a dassie. Once, he speared a hare that he stalked to its lying place. The big animals—blue wildebeest, and giraffes, and the great buck—he stared at from a distance, with his nostrils quivering and a tense ripple in the muscles of his stomach. He had no hope of stalking or bringing down one of them—not with the throw of a light spear. The police did not allow it, either, even while they shot buck themselves and permitted Kleinba' to kill for food on the long treks, when there were weeks between stopping places. Pitjie and his spear were useful to Kleinba'. When killing, he went alone with Pitjie, and it could happen that they followed a hartebeest all day before he got a chance for a shot. If it was wounded only—for Kleinba' was not a deadly shot—Pitjie would follow it for as much as two days until he could finish it off with his spear.

There was no question of Pitjie's being worth his keep. He and Kleinba' had not discussed pay or food or work or anything of that nature. Pitjie belonged, that was all. Food and water were sufficient, work an absurdity to him, and between them there was only the glow of the moment but no future.

THE scars on Pitjie's back, losing their livid color, slowly merged into a yellowish brown little darker than his skin. He began to go about without a coat, then shed his hat and was naked but for his small loin skin. If he missed his place on the trucks, he followed on foot and caught up with them at the night's outspan. He was becoming himself, a small brown cicada splitting out of the beetle shell of its winter chrysalis.

He started to make a violin. Speaking in Afrikaans, he called it a violin—*viool*—though it was a ramgyib in the Hottentot style, with a long bow neck of blackthorn wood and a flat gourd for a belly. The single string was drawn over the mouth of the gourd and tuned with a crosspiece that served for a peg. He took a long time smoothing and polishing the wood. The gut he twisted carefully, like a bowstring, from the back sinew of a buck. The violin produced a scale of soft humming notes when the string was struck or scraped with a short bow of hair stretched round the notches of a bent stick.

He played the *viool* to himself in the desert alone. In camp and on the trucks, he kept it wrapped in a softened steenbok skin, and he sat over it, close and guarded. All the same, the sounds he made travelled through the



"And here he is! Rip Jenkins, rising young performer and frequent guest on the late-night talk shows. Please welcome him!"

desert silence, and the men knew of his secret and spoke among themselves with a touch of envy.

One day in the truck, Jonkman kicked the instrument with the point of his boot, and out of the buckskin came a muffled note. "What bird have you caught there?" Jonkman taunted.

"Violin," Pitjie answered. "I made it."

He unwrapped it and showed it to the men, and they passed it around. Each man turned it over admiringly in his hands and rubbed the polished wood.

Segooa plucked the string gently and stopped the note with one finger. He laughed. "Ja, Pitjie, who taught you to make such a violin—the old, old people?" he said.

"The little desert lark," Jonkman said, laughing too.

Pitjie shook his head, and he took the violin back. He did not want them to steal its music. "I have made violins before," he said in a voice they could hardly catch over the noise of the truck.

In the camp that night, Pitjie sat at the edge of the firelight with Kleinba'. "What is that music I hear you playing?" Kleinba' asked. Pitjie took out the violin and tuned it; squatting, he held it between his knees and played. The men at the fire on the far side of the trucks stopped talking to listen. Through the scattering of quick notes, Pitjie sang in a high monotone. At the end of the song, he laid down the violin and placed sticks carefully on the fire. "No, the story has blue in it," he said, looking aside, "and the ants hear it, the little ones. The voice of the stars and the rain."

"What story is that?" Kleinba' asked him.

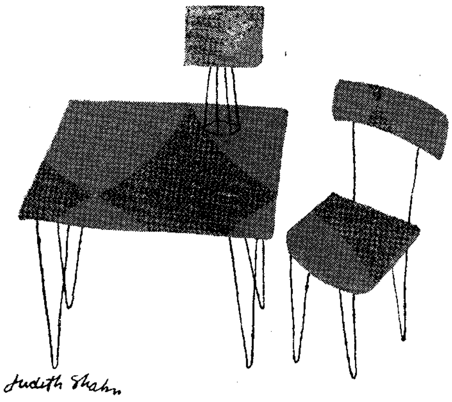
Pitjie was silent for a time. He struggled to find the words in Afrikaans, in the language that was not his own. The man had died long ago, he said. He was a *towenaar*, a keeper of magic. He went about at night in the shape of a leopard. As a leopard, he was shot and died. The singer in the old times was the friend of the magician, whose life was the string of a violin and filled the sky with sound. They broke the string for him when they shot his friend. Broken, it no longer made the blue sky blue, lying in the dust, the blood-soaked mud. He did not feel anymore the open daybreak, and nothing was the same after that.

"That was long ago?" Kleinba' said. "And today is today." He went on talking.

Pitjie sat shutting and opening his eyes in the firelight. When the talk stopped, he took up the violin and began playing again. Kleinba' said that was enough. He could not bear it—not the music but the loss that it brought up, the loss of everything and the loneliness. Enough, he said. He did not want to go crazy—the stupidity of what he was doing and the emptiness of the world.

Music meant things, but it had to be your own. Pitjie seldom played at the fireside again—only when Kleinba' asked him to. He did not play for the others; they jeered at him, or they wanted to grab his violin and strum on it, take out its music for themselves. He got it locked in one of the empty specimen boxes, and there it stayed except at times when he had it out to play to himself.

THE red is still on the skyline in the west, and the young moon and the evening star following each other down. Pitjie is a long way from the camp, down the wind that brings the scented smoke of the firewood and of meat. It is too far for voices to reach him. The desert is jealous of sounds, like a woman. A wolf makes a single dark groan. Pitjie thumbs the string of the *viool* and turns the crosspiece slightly to tighten it. Squatting on his heels, he plays for a long time and closes his eyes. Doof! A stone lands and sends over him a fine spray of dust. The hornbill cackle of Jonkman's laugh. "*Kak!*" he jeers.



PITJIE came back with Kleinba' from a hunt for meat; it had been a long walk, the wind had got up, and they were red from head to foot with the fine dust. They had found nothing, but on the way back they heard guinea fowl, and Kleinba' got one with a lucky shot. The heavy truck, driven that day by Jonkman, had gone forward to an arranged meeting place and it was too late to follow, so they camped, meaning to move at dawn. The wind died and the dust filtered down silently out of the sky; the stars looked dim. Pitjie went to the box for his violin. The lock was hanging unfastened and the box was empty. He climbed out of the truck and squatted near Segooa, the tall black Tswana, at his fire. "The box is open and the violin has gone," Pitjie said.

"Yo!" Segooa said.

"Who has done this?"

Segooa sat for a while. He was a man of a peaceable temper and he had

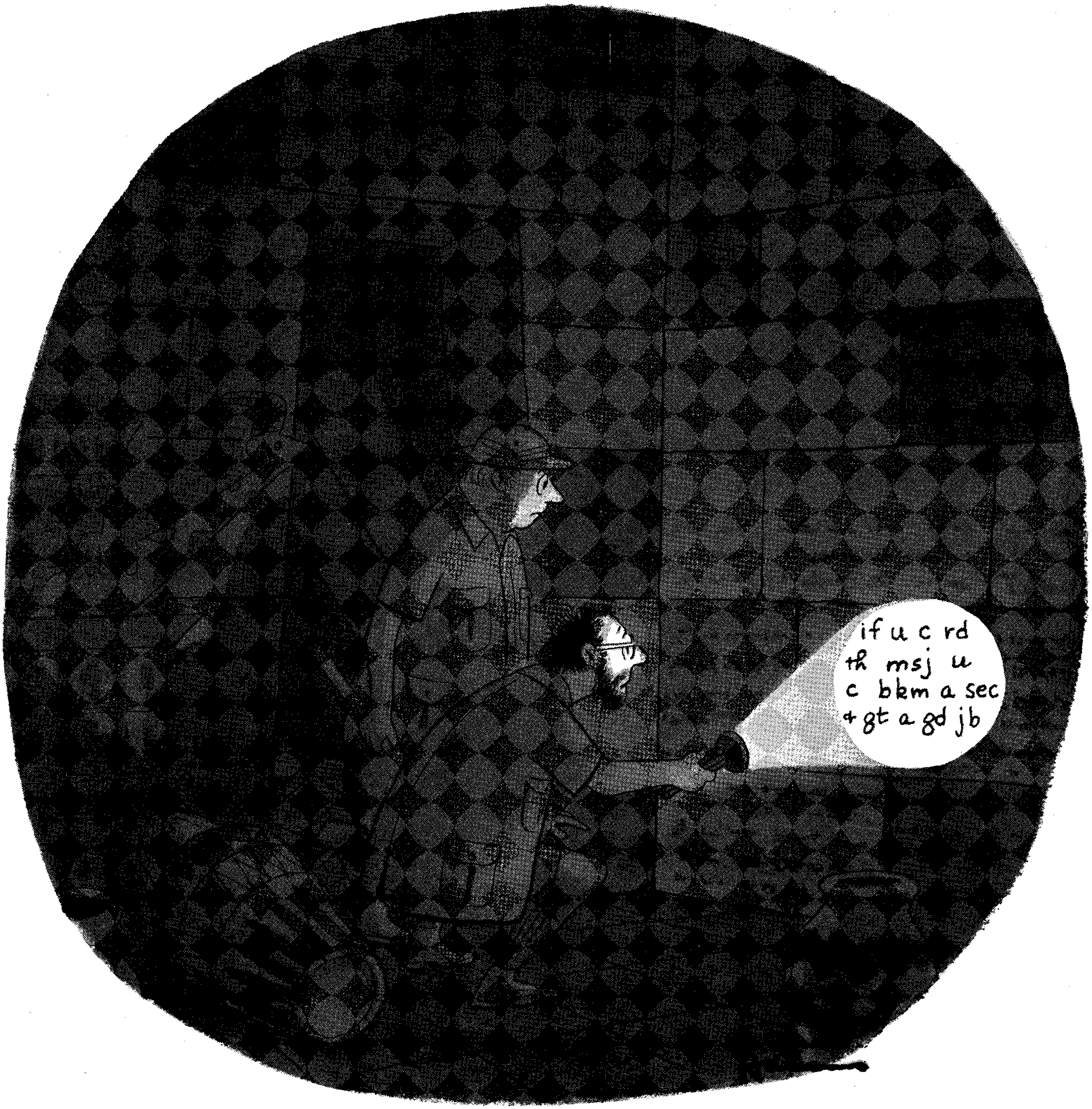
---

SPRING SONG

Life is so long the passage of the seasons
Blurs like a carrousel before the static
Eyes of the onlooker who, rising fifty,
Grows slow and oaklike, dying in his fashion
Of imperceptible progress to the autumn,
While grasses spring in unison from the meadows
Full-blown in seconds, lilacs bloom and blacken
In minutes, apple blossoms shuck their petals
And grow green fruit in hours, ashes open
Fistfuls of leaflets, whose light-green veins darken
To forest green, lighten to tones of copper,
And fall down in a day to usher winter
Into his complex of spare silver branches,
His winter palace, in a growing silence.
I hate, as agent for my slowly failing
Senses, my withering sinews, drying juices,
And hardening heart, these hasty evidences
Of what I'll come to in the coming season
Of reckoning, when all the green will vanish
From expectation, all anticipation
Of folly to be rectified tomorrow
Will perish, and a leafless log of body
Will be cast on the wood fire of December.

—L. E. SISSMAN

• •



said at the time it was taken that it was wrong to touch the violin. "No, it will be given back to you, when we are with the other truck," he said.

"Who took it?"

"Look, the wind makes men miss their aim. It makes them angry and also sad."

"This is so," Pitjie said.

"They say the wind blows past their ears and they hear nothing—no good words, not the storyteller's voice and the song."

Pitjie listened to the man's talk at the fireside. "Why do you say this to me? I know it."

He waited for Segooa to add something, but Segooa took his time, stopped his pipe, and then lifted out a live coal to drop in the bowl. He had endless tobacco and he was generous with it. He handed across his pouch, and Pitjie made a heap in his palm and rolled it into a chewing quid.

"The music in your violin can fill the sky," Segooa said. "It will not be empty when you get it back; it will never be empty."

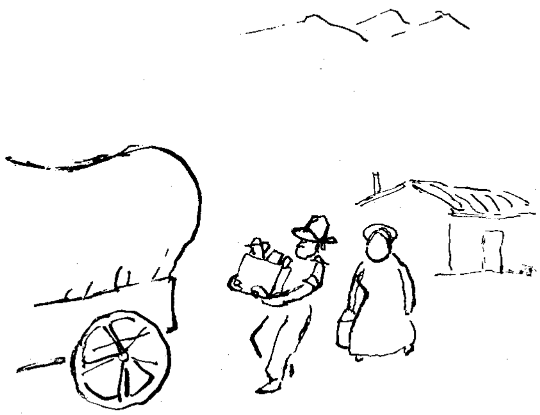
"But can I hear it?" Pitjie said.

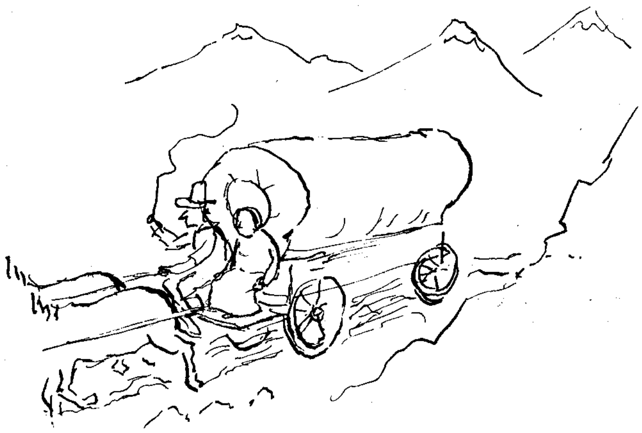
The other smiled and then drew again at his pipe.

"Jonkman took my violin," Pitjie added almost to himself, and Segooa shook his head uneasily.

Pitjie went and squatted on the far side of the truck. Kleinba' was leaning against his sleeping bag. He had let his fire die low, listening to the night and to the men talking. He reached for his water bottle and took just enough to moisten his mouth and lips. The water was tepid and brackish, and the only way Kleinba' had found to make it tolerable was to camouflage it in coffee. He hung a billycan of water over the fire and began throwing sticks on the coals, until Pitjie took over and remade the fire, keeping it down to the smallest size needed, a hot center of flames under the billy—as if the fuel or man's energy might run out, and a million square miles of desert become as bare as a stone.

The smell of coffee bloomed in the





night. Segooa rolled over in his blanket; against a truck wheel Pitjie sat still, as if he were propped up asleep. The acrid foreign scent of the rubber tire spoke to him of distance and dust.

They were on the move before daybreak, with the stars still scattered in the sky. Kleinba' picked a way by the headlights, steering on his compass, for the wind had obliterated the trail. Not until midday, with the sunlight still lurid as if during an eclipse, did they join with the men in the larger truck. Jonkman and the Damaras had the camp laid out and firewood gathered and bush screens built for a stay of a week—beyond that, they would be down to the emergency water tanks.

Pitjie did not look Jonkman in the face. He stood at some distance from the tents, holding his hunting spear and his stick, with a buckskin pouch dangling from one shoulder and his toes worked slightly in the hot sand. Segooa found him, after some time, in exactly the same position and brought him the violin with the wrapping around it. Pitjie glanced sharply at the bundle but did not accept it from his hands, and Segooa left it there near him on the ground. Music enough in it to fill the sky, Segooa had said.

Pitjie put his spear in the truck and went away with the violin to play to himself. The sun had set. There was a quiet sky over the desert and the air was like a bubble before bursting, luminous and charged. Had Pitjie walked half the night, his violin could still have been heard at the camp. He followed a low outcrop of sand-polished rocks until he came to a place where larger boulders rose half out of the sand, looking in the dusk like a herd of elephants asleep.

From the camp they heard him. Kleinba' had a gas lamp swung under the canvas awning, and papers pinned down on his table. The sound of Pitjie's violin hung in the air; it insinuated itself into the shelter like an echo, at times carrying only the lower harmonic of the notes—now above his head, now from behind. It disappeared but returned, startling him, and then seemed so full and clear it might have been a yard or two away in the darkness. He stopped to listen, and could not account for the distortion or carrying power of the anguished, rapid music, putting it down to the air and magnetic currents. The men on the mats around the fire heard Pitjie's playing with a special agitation. Recklessly, they threw on wood and the fire grew, reaching up one flame over another. A Damara stood up to straighten himself and threw back his head to stare into the night. Then he folded down into a ball and drew his blanket round himself. "He is playing for the rain," he said.

"Rain?"

"The rain is coming."

They all were silent. The rain—that was the feeling which pierced one like an old wound. In a torment, the desert night hummed with Pitjie's triumph—over and over the same cascade of sounds falling, sliding, fading away as if on antelope hoofs, the dance of the rain.

"It is enough!" Jonkman said. "Enough, ENOUGH!"

"He is not playing against us—against you," Segooa said.

"Listen to it. To kill us is the *diedrikkie* worse?" Jonkman stood up and cupped his hands to shout, "Shut up, stop—STOP!" It had no effect. He pulled on his boots and went out from the circle of the firelight. . . . The playing came to an end.

The fire had burned down to coals. Kleinba', at his table, had turned off the lamp and sat in the darkness. Jonkman came back, his feet sliding in the sand and then crunching in hard gravel. At the fireside, he dropped the violin and sank into his place. The others stirred and looked toward him through the slits of their eyes. "The poor old fool," he grumbled to himself. "What does he know?" He threw on sticks, and, turning into the darkness, he shouted, "Clear off!"

"Give me the *viool*," Pitjie said, coming up to the edge of the firelight and standing behind Jonkman.

"We had enough, we had enough," Jonkman said, without turning around. "To make the whole land sick with your row!"

"Give me back the *viool*."

"Get out. We don't want to hear any more."

"Give me back—"

"Give it him back, Jonkman," Segooa pleaded. "He did no wrong."

"No, it drives me mad."

"He has finished for the night—Pitjie, go sleep," another voice said. "Give it him."

"He has been smoking, he's drunk," Jonkman said.

"What have I drunk?" Pitjie demanded.

"Jonkman, let go, man. You will get no good out of this."

"Give him back his *viool*."

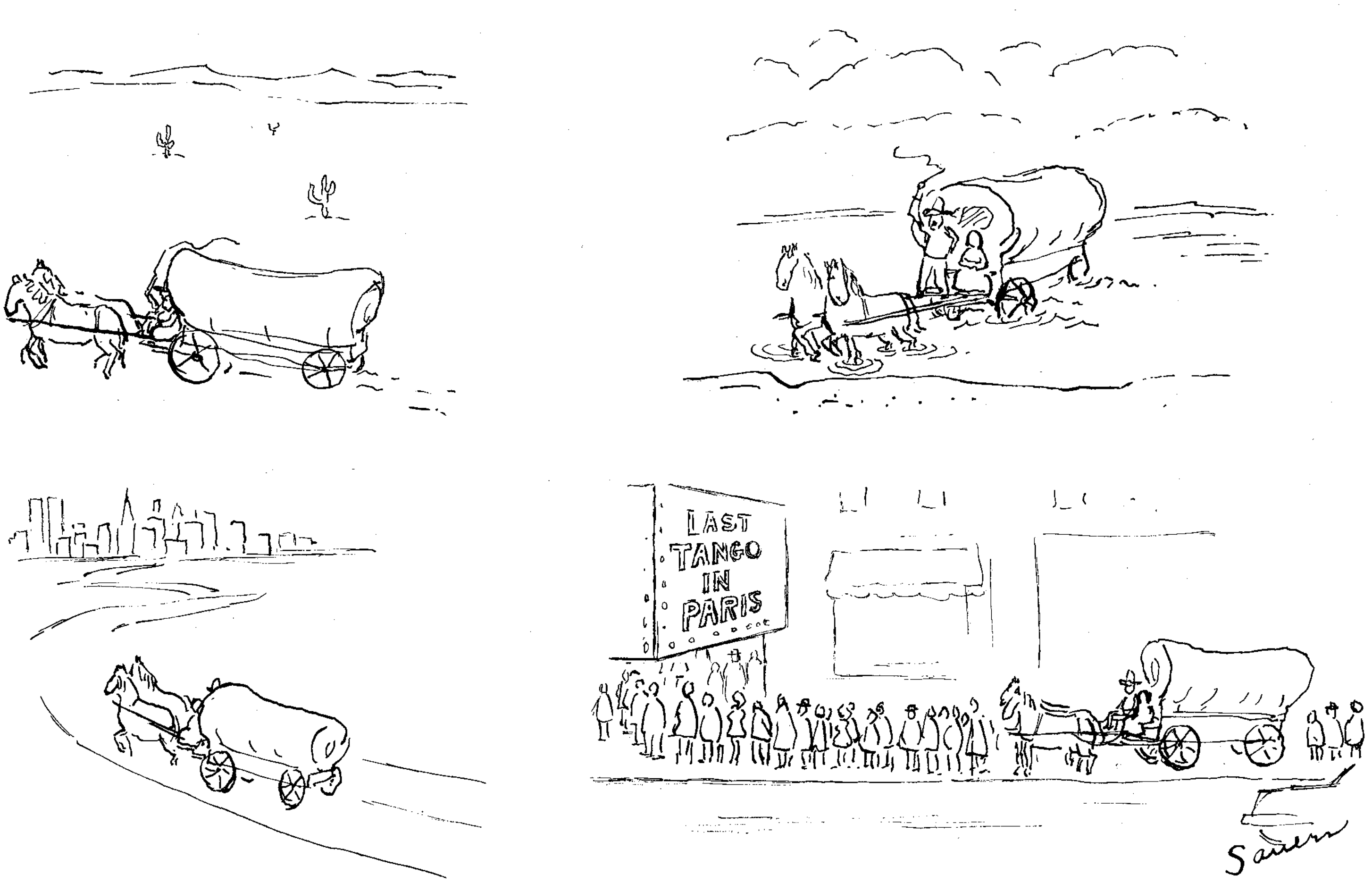
Jonkman took up the violin from the ground near his feet and plucked the string, to draw from it a clear, resonant note. Then, sliding a finger up and down the string, he made wailing glissandi of sound and sang in a strained voice, imitating a woman, "O my heart, my sugar bokkie, I love you so . . ."

One of the men at the fire stifled a laugh.

Jonkman stopped and held out the violin without looking behind him at Pitjie. Pitjie did not move. "Here, take it, take it and get out," Jonkman said. "And I don't want to hear it, not again, and go mad. When I am thirsty, I drink water."

"Take it, Pitjie, and let us end this," Segooa said.

"Take it—fool!" Jonkman said.



• •

Then, suddenly, he jerked the violin back. "No!" he said. "He will begin playing it again, all over again."

Holding the violin in both hands in the firelight, Jonkman crooked two fingers under the string and jerked fiercely. The string snapped with a harsh twang, and, laughing, Jonkman tossed the violin over his shoulder into the darkness. It fell in the sand.

The flames dart one behind the other and lick over the sticks, and a crack sends up a few sparks. Pitjie, standing in the darkness, watches the men around the fire. Against the light of the flames is Jonkman's flattish head and thick neck and the broad bulk of his shoulders; he is quick and easy in his movements and does what he likes. To one side, nearer the truck, the light is on Segooa, the dark face and short black beard and a shine in the corner of his eyes. There is the smell of rain. There is a far sound of rushing as the wind comes and a lightning streak runs fire around the rim of the earth. Pitjie picks up the violin with the broken string and stands with it in his hands.

Later, the men woke and heard Pitjie making a strange sound like sobbing. He went to the shelter where Kleinba' lay in his sleeping bag in a hollow of the sand. Kleinba' raised himself on one elbow and struck a match, and he saw Pitjie naked to the waist, holding in one hand his stick and spear, as if going out to hunt.

"What's the matter, Pitjie?"

"They broke the string."

"Uh?"

"They broke the string."

"Pitjie, get in your blanket. It's a long time to daylight. Nothing can be done now, dammit!"

Pitjie swayed on his feet, and he did not seem to hear. Another match flare and he was no longer there. He went among the stones round the tail of the long truck and stood over Jonkman.

"What did you do?" Pitjie raised his voice.

"Clear off." Jonkman glared up at him.

"What did you break it for?" Pitjie screamed.

"Don't come and shout at me. You are nothing, you are a flea. No one wants you here. Leave me now—before I get up and twist your neck."

Then Pitjie struck him, one stab with the spear. The short, thin blade cut in above his collarbone and went deep. Jonkman cried out and jerked the weapon from his body, and he rolled on the ground.

Jonkman lived through the long trek back the next day, lying wrapped in blankets, with the rain falling, as they started, on the roof of the truck. Not long after they reached Okoab, dry and hot beyond the edge of the rain clouds, he died in the tent where they laid him.

AT the trial, the geologist and Segooa and the others repeated their evidence. Pitjie said nothing in his defense. He had listened to all that was said, and he shook his head to their questions. He could not change anything. Jonkman was dead, and he said, after thinking, "I meant to kill him."

—JACK COPE

•

SWINGER. Evangelist Billy Graham a teen-aged swinger? In more ways than one, says his boyhood teacher, Dr. W. T. Watson, now president of the former Florida Bible Institute in Tallahassee, Fla.

Watson said that at 17, Graham's chief interest was baseball and girls, including a striking brunette.

"He even proposed to her, but she turned him down," Watson recalled. "She didn't think he was serious enough."

Subsequently, Watson said, Graham "got down to business and started preaching to tree stumps along the Hillsborough River."—*Hartford Courant.*

He *still* doesn't sound serious.

ANNALS OF LAW

IN CRIMINAL COURT—II

PRESIDENT NIXON recently spoke to the nation over radio on the problem of crime, which he blamed on "permissiveness" in general and on "softheaded judges" in particular, and he stated that "the only way to attack crime in America is the way crime attacks our people—without pity." Many Americans seem to share the President's harsh reaction toward anyone who offends society, and they also place judges high on their list of those who are hellbent on "coddling" criminals. One of the main ways in which criminals have been coddled, this interpretation holds, has been by means of judicial decisions that provide defendants in criminal cases, who are more often than not young, black, and poor, with the kind of procedural safeguards that adult, white, and reasonably well-off defendants have all along taken for granted as inalienable rights. One of these decisions was the Supreme Court's order, in 1963, that anyone facing a serious criminal charge and a prolonged stay behind bars must be given free legal counsel if he wants but cannot afford it. Although this rule of the Warren Court seemed long overdue if Americans believed in the sort of fair play that they claimed to believe in, it was met with widespread denunciation, largely on the ground that it would drastically hamper prosecutors and slow down the criminal-justice system. Then, last year, when the Burger Court enlarged this protection by ordering that anyone facing imprisonment for *any* length of time must be given the same opportunity, the outcries were even more bitter, for now the public felt betrayed by the new justices, who, President Nixon had promised, would usher in a firm law-and-order reign. But very little of the clamorous criticism (or, for that matter, the quieter praise from some other quarters) seemed much concerned with the effect that these decisions would have in practice on the people they were designed for: most defendants in criminal cases.

As it happened, one jurisdiction in the country had anticipated both of these decisions by several years. In 1958, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts ordered that all indigent defendants in felony trials there be offered free legal counsel. And in 1964 the court gave defendants facing imprisonment on misdemeanor charges the same choice. Since Massachusetts had been far ahead of the federal government in these aspects of criminal justice, I decided, shortly after the Supreme Court handed down the second of its unpopular decisions on legal representation, last spring, to pay a visit to the Commonwealth to see what effect rulings like those made by the Supreme Court had actually had locally and might be expected to have on the rest of the country when other jurisdictions followed suit. And since Boston is one of the nation's most civilized cities, I chose it as a suitable place to see how ordinary criminal defendants can expect to be treated—politics and rhetoric aside—in ordinary metropolitan criminal courts as a result of these attempts to make American justice more just.

ONE effect of the Supreme Court's orders, I learned from various people I talked with before visiting Boston, was that they had overwhelmed most private efforts to provide lawyers for poor defendants in criminal cases, and, in consequence, many state and local government agencies had been created across the country to take over most of the burden. Today, government-financed legal-assistance organizations, which are generally known as public defenders when they handle criminal matters, have been set up in all the states, by most major cities, by a number of private organizations using federal funds, and by some purely federal outfits. In general, I was told, large, federally sponsored public-defender groups offer comparatively higher salaries, which enables them to recruit, and keep, graduates of the best law schools. Small, locally supported public-defender groups, on the other hand, ordinarily have less impressive reputations, largely because of the limitations imposed by patronage policies, by the penury or stinginess of state and local legislatures, and, most of all, by special-interest pressure from unofficial forces that so often influence officials in our society. Massachusetts turned out to have examples of both federal and state approaches, as well as of the kind of legal representation that is commonly provided everywhere by private lawyers, some of whom I had already observed in action in the Boston Municipal Court.

On my second visit to Boston, I stopped in first at the agency that was then financed entirely by the state, the Massachusetts Defenders Committee, which, I had been told, was fairly typical of such agencies in the rest of the country. Its headquarters were in a dingy building on Boylston Street, across the Boston Common from the statehouse, and my first meeting there was with the lawyer who served at the time as the M.D.C.'s chief counsel—Edgar Rimbold, a middle-aged man with wavy brown hair and a hawk nose who jingled coins in his pocket as he talked. He told me that the M.D.C. had been set up a dozen years before to meet the greatly increased need for legal counsel after the state ordered free legal aid for indigent defendants in felony cases, and that the M.D.C.'s defense of misdemeanants had followed six years later. He went on to explain that the M.D.C. currently had a staff of seventy-five lawyers—part-time and full-time—who had handled forty-two thousand cases the year before. All but thirty-four hundred, or about eight per cent, of the cases, he added, had been in district courts, which are the lowest courts in Massachusetts. M.D.C. lawyers in rural districts might handle only a few cases a week, but in busy urban courts an average case load was twenty to twenty-five a day. That kind of case load struck me as being insupportable for any lawyer, and when I said as much Rimbold nodded and replied, "All we need is more money to hire more attorneys. Without them, we can't do the job that's expected of us. For instance, over in the Dorchester District Court, which is among the busiest jurisdictions in Boston, we can afford only one full-time attorney, and he handles a thousand cases a year." I assumed that a lawyer faced with that kind of calendar

"Woonk doesn't know any words, but he's the best there is when it comes to the grunt, the snort, and the howl."

• •

would be less tempted to urge clients to go to trial than to suggest that they accept the usual plea-bargaining way out—that is, to urge their clients to plead guilty if the state would reduce the original charges—but when I brought this up Rimbold frowned and said sternly, "Our men know the system. They know the judges, the prosecutors, and the best way to get a good deal for their clients. That's what attorneys from this office do—get the best possible deal for their clients." He fell silent, then added suddenly, "And we have one cardinal rule: If a client insists that he's innocent, we go to trial—no matter how we feel about him." I asked what proportion of the M.D.C.'s clients he thought were guilty, and he answered, "Pushing on a hundred per cent."

Afterward, I talked briefly with the M.D.C. supervisor for the district-court system, a tall, amiable man named Bernard Bradley. Bradley explained the procedures that anyone arrested for a crime in Massachusetts went through: a suspect was arrested and booked at the police station; he was either released on his own recognizance or put on bail, and if he was unable to raise bail he remained in jail; he was arraigned in the next session of district court, usually the following morning; if he had no lawyer and didn't want one, he was ordinarily tried immediately; if he wanted but couldn't pay for a lawyer, the judge might assign a private lawyer present in court, who in some situations might speak to his client for a few minutes and go to trial immediately; if the judge assigned the M.D.C., a continuance of one week would be granted if the defendant was in jail and two weeks if he was at liberty; if an M.D.C. client was not in jail, he visited the committee's office to be interviewed about the facts in the case by one of a dozen or so student volunteers attending local law schools and colleges; if the client couldn't get out of jail, the M.D.C. interviewer talked with him there; finally, the lawyer assigned to the case looked over the interview in the office if he had time, or, as happened more often, he read it in district court shortly before the client's case came up. I asked Bradley whether the M.D.C. had a working arrangement with any social-service agencies in the state, and he answered, "Yes, there's a very effective one—I can't remember its name offhand—that is made up of ex-convicts. They generally get in touch with us when they are interested in a particular client—usually someone that one of their people already knows. If they agree to take him on, they come to court and ask for leniency, and then they get the defendant a job and ride herd on him to see that he keeps it. But there's not much of that. Usually, when we get a client he's past that point. The first time, his family gets him a private attorney, and the second time the same thing happens. By the time we get the client, his family and friends have usually given up on him. Most of our clients are the repeaters who are lost."

I also talked briefly with one of the M.D.C. interviewers—a blond young man of about twenty who told me that he was a senior at Boston College, that during the school year he put in fifteen hours a week at the M.D.C., and that during vacations he worked there full time. The average interview, he said, took half an hour or so, a good bit of which was devoted to trying to get the client to tell the truth. I asked what kind of tie-ins with social agencies he used, and he answered, "On some of the drug cases, I try to make contacts. If I have time and can think of an agency, I'll give the client a telephone

"I briefly coveted my neighbor's Cadillac Eldorado, but apparently they didn't count that."

• •

number to call. I don't know if the other interviewers here do that or if it's part of M.D.C. policy, because no one has ever said anything to me about doing that in the year I've been here." I asked if he had a list of such agencies, and he said, "I don't, but the switchboard operator has one. If an interviewer knows the name of an agency, he can call her and get its telephone number."

On my way out of the M.D.C. office, I saw Rimbold standing in the middle of the large main room looking absently off toward the windows at one end. I asked whether it was all right for me to visit the M.D.C.'s busiest operation, the one at the Dorchester District Court. "Sure," he said, with a smile, and jingled his change. "That's a real zoo."

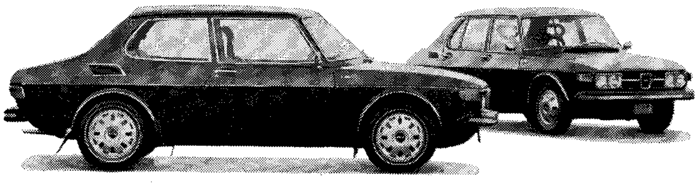
THE Dorchester section of Boston is a drab, sprawling place made up largely of small private houses, multiple-family three-story clapboard or shingle houses (known locally as "three-deckers"), and one- and two-story cinder-block and brick buildings, many of them boarded up, in the various business sections of the area. The district is heavily black, and is said to be the toughest part of Boston except for Roxbury, which is almost entirely black. At a little after nine o'clock one morning about a year ago, I arrived at the Dorchester District Courthouse, a dun-colored building with a tall double-door entrance and a colonnaded portico. I climbed a long flight of steps to the portico, where a couple of burly black men were talking with a white policeman in uniform who had on a navy-blue windbreaker with an insignia on the breast saying "America Is Better." Inside, the first-floor corridor was about fifteen feet wide and eighty feet long, and it contained a noisy crowd of perhaps seventy people—mostly blacks, with a scattering of whites. I went on into a courtroom on the right-hand side, a chamber about thirty feet by fifty that had little of the oppressive air one usually associates with criminal courts. In fact, it was rather elegant, in a faded way, with pale-blue walls and buff woodwork, including fluted columns that framed the doorways and broke up long expanses of wall space, and half a dozen wrought-iron chandeliers and four tall windows. A dozen people were present in the courtroom—a few anxious-looking young Negro men and three white girls seated at the rear, and near the front of the room a couple of uniformed court officers and two white men in business suits. One of the last was the court clerk, who was busily arranging the cases on the day's calendar, and the other was the M.D.C. lawyer, a tall man in his late twenties with thick black hair and a sharp nose who was wearing a dark-gray suit, a pink button-down shirt, and a red-and-blue striped tie. His name was Michael Mellen, and he looked like a man who had a lot to do. I introduced myself and said that I would like to watch him at work, whereupon he grinned self-deprecatingly and pointed to a tall stack of manila folders on the table beside him. "There it is," he said. "I picked up today's cases after court adjourned yesterday afternoon, and I've barely had time to glance through them. The batch is about average—twenty-five cases."

A moment later, Mellen took several of the folders, said, "Well, it's time to go to work," and walked back to the rear of the court. He called out three names, and at once the three girls I had noticed rose and came up to him. "Out here," he said, and led the way to the noisy corridor. Finding an open space a few feet from the door, Mellen stopped and asked each girl her name and the date of her birth, and checked their replies against the interview forms in one folder. They were all Irish and ranged in age from nineteen to twenty-one. It turned out that the eldest girl, who had short-cropped hair and wore glasses, had until recently worked as a checkout cashier in a local department store, where, according to the charge against her, she had rung up a total of fourteen dollars and ninety cents for sixty-seven dollars and forty cents' worth of goods brought to her counter by the two other girls, who, the state claimed, were her accomplices. After glancing through the interview form for each girl, Mellen shook his head and said, "What a damn-fool thing for girls like you to do." The oldest one smiled nervously, and the others looked away self-consciously at the milling crowd. Mellen then asked

Bored people build bad cars. That's why we're doing away with the assembly line.

Working on an assembly line is monotonous. And boring. And after a while, some people begin not to care about their jobs anymore. So the quality of the product often suffers.

That's why, at Saab, we're replacing the assembly line with assembly teams. Groups of just three or four people who are responsible for a particular assembly process from start to finish.



Each team makes its own decisions about who does what and when. And each team member can even do the entire assembly singlehandedly. The result: people are more involved. They care more. So there's less absenteeism, less turnover. And we have more experienced people on the job.

We're building our new 2-liter engines this way. And the doors to our Saab 99. And we're planning to use this same system to build other parts of our car as well.

It's a slower, more costly system, but we realize that the best machines and materials in the world don't mean a thing, if the person building the car doesn't care.

Saab. It's what a car should be.

There are more than 300 Saab dealers nationwide. For the name and address of the one nearest you call 800-243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

them if they were currently living as the interviews stated—two of them, including the former cashier, at home with their parents and the third at Boston University, where she was a sophomore. They nodded, and he asked the student, a short, slender girl with a snub nose, what subject she was majoring in. She told him that she was studying education, and he grimaced and said, "Some model!" With that, he closed the folders and told them, "The judge will find you guilty, but he'll continue the case without a finding for six months. That's something like probation, except there's no record at the end if you don't get in any more trouble. If you stay clean, the judge will dismiss the case at the end of six months. If you get in trouble, he'll sentence you for this crime, and then you'll have a record. Understand?" They nodded, and he said, "O.K. Go back inside and wait until your names are called."

As soon as they left, he called out an Irish name, and a tall boy who had a mop of brown hair over his eyes and was wearing a brown sports jacket and an open-necked green sports shirt hurried over to him from across the hall. Mellen opened the next folder and asked, "Were you speeding when the cop stopped you?" The boy gulped nervously and shook his head. "Were you drunk?" Again the boy shook his head without speaking. "Had you been drinking?" Mellen asked, more sternly. The boy nodded, and said that he had consumed perhaps half a dozen bottles of beer over a period of several hours before driving the car. Mellen asked whether the police had taken a Breathalyzer test, and when the boy said that they had, Mellen asked what the score was. The defendant answered that he thought it was eleven or twelve. "You know that fifteen or over is considered evidence of drunkenness, don't you?" Mellen demanded. "If it was really no higher than twelve, you ought to be O.K. on that charge." He closed the folder and told the youth that if the judge found him guilty he should appeal and go to trial in superior court. "The jury might believe you, but the judge has seen thousands and thousands of such cases and might not be as sympathetic," he explained. The boy appeared confused, whereupon Mellen asked him what grade he was in and what school he went to. The defendant told him that he was in the eleventh grade at Boston Technical High School. "Are you doing all right there?" Mellen asked. The youth nodded and shrugged simultaneously, and Mellen told him to wait until his name was called.

Mellen turned and walked rapidly back into the courtroom. He put the four folders down next to the stack and took the top one off that and opened it. "This is a serious case," he said. "Armed robbery of a taxi-driver. The maximum penalty is life. The court assigned him to us, but the office goofed and nobody interviewed him, so he's been in the Charles Street Jail for eight days not knowing what was happening or whether anyone even knew about him. I have to do the interview right now." Considering the gravity of the charge, it seemed that a request for a continuance of the case would have been in order, but when I brought this up Mellen said, "That would mean that the defendant would have to stay in jail, because obviously he can't raise the bail or he'd be out now." He went on to say that the bail in this case was a thousand dollars, which was quite low for such a charge, and that the actual cash required for bail bond was only fifty dollars.

Turning to a court officer beside the dock, a chin-high enclosure to the left of the judge's bench, Mellen asked to be let in. The officer unlocked the gate, and the two of us entered the dock, which, I was surprised to see, contained five men, who had not been visible from the courtroom, since they were seated on a low bench against the wall. One was an elderly white man who seemed to be drunk, and the others were young black men. Mellen read the name on the folder aloud, and a slender, dark-skinned man in his early twenties who had a thick mustache and was wearing a trim brown twill suit with a short jacket of military cut and brown suède shoes quickly got up. "Out here," Mellen said, jerking his head toward a door at the opposite end of the dock. Immediately beyond the door was a small landing, which led to a narrow flight of metal steps descending between walls of tan glazed brick. At the bottom I could see a bare concrete floor and the bars of several cells—the lockup, as it is called. Mellen went down three or four steps, stopped, and turned. When the man joined him, Mellen opened the folder and asked his date and place of birth. The answer was January 1, 1951, in Memphis. "Are you working?" Mellen asked.

The man shrugged, and replied after a moment, "I want to work, but I can't get a job."

"How are you living?"

"I stay with a friend. He's on welfare, and he hustles some."

"Do you hustle, too?"

The man lowered his eyes and nodded. "Some."

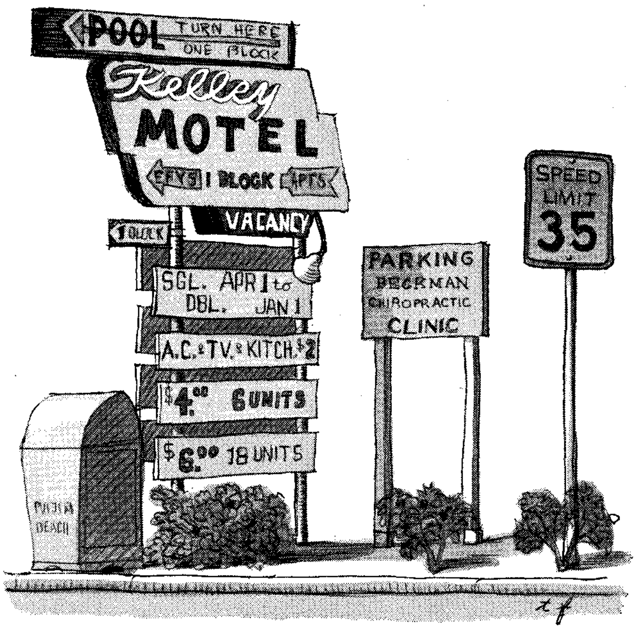
Just then, a loud voice from the courtroom called Mellen's name, and he told the prisoner, "I've got to go. I'll be back soon," and started out.

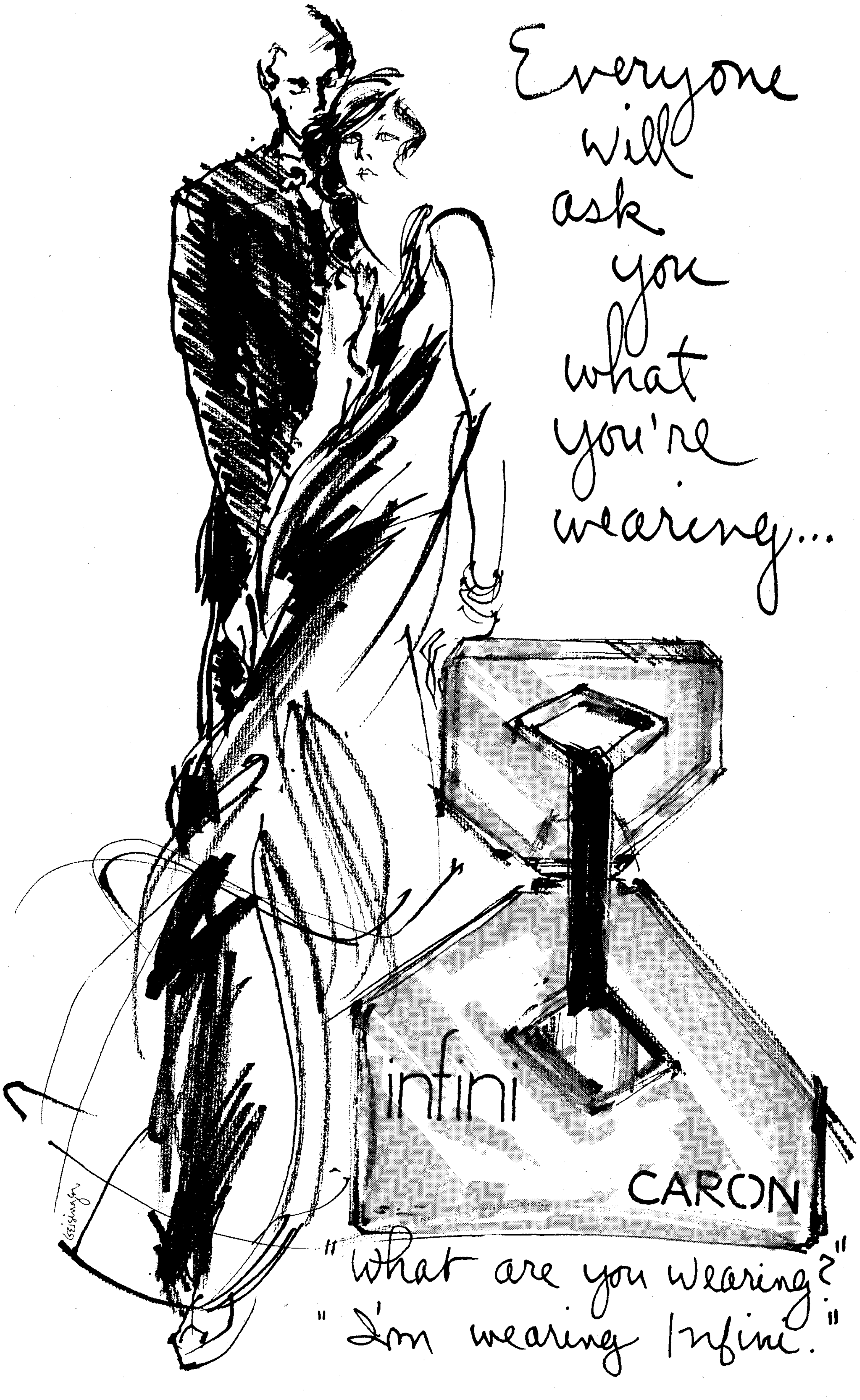
The man stopped him with a hesitant tug at his elbow. "Say, can't you get me out of here?" he asked imploringly. "I can't raise the bail. I been locked up eight days."

"It's only a thousand dollars," Mellen said. "That means fifty dollars in cash is all."

"I tell you, man, I can't raise it. That jail is hell."

The court had convened in our absence, and Judge Paul King—a middle-aged man with dark, wavy hair and a wide, mobile mouth—was presiding. Before going to Dorchester, I had been told by a severe critic of the criminal-court system that Judge King was one of the most decent and able judges on the bench in Boston. The case Mellen had been summoned for concerned a man who had been arrested for committing an assault in 1964 but disappeared before he could be tried. Recently, he had been arrested again, and Mellen explained to the court that he was then in the jail hospital, and asked for a continuance of two weeks. The Judge granted the request, and at once another M.D.C. case was called—




Everyone will ask you what you're wearing...
infini
CARON
"What are you wearing?"
"I'm wearing Infini."
Geisinger

this one charging negligence and asking two thousand dollars in damages against a man who had been driving a dump truck when a boulder rolled out of it and hit a house. Mellen told the Judge that since the defendant—a tousle-headed young white man, who took the stand looking both indignant and bewildered—had been unaware that the boulder fell off his truck and that the company he worked for had agreed to pay the damages claimed, the prosecution was willing to dismiss the charge. The Judge nodded, and dismissed it. Immediately afterward, a charge of petty larceny, a misdemeanor, which was lodged against another M.D.C. client was announced. Mellen informed the Judge that the defendant had failed to keep an appointment with him, and asked for a week's continuance. In Massachusetts, policemen—either the arresting officer or another officer on special duty—serve as prosecutors in almost all misdemeanor cases, while the district attorney's office handles all serious felonies. In this case, the police prosecutor, a tough-looking man of about fifty with black hair, who was wearing a double-breasted sky-blue coat and gray trousers, asked that the case be dismissed, and explained that the police had arrested the wrong man.

The court clerk called a case that did not involve Mellen—as many cases that day did not—so he hurried back through the dock to the stairway leading to the lockup, and resumed his conversation with the prisoner. "What do you take?" Mellen asked.

"I snorted for a couple years, but I didn't start shooting until I come up here from Memphis last year," the man answered.

"You on it now?"

"No, I kicked it."

"When?"

"This week—in the Charles Street Jail. I'm off, man, and I'm staying off."

Mellen fired a rapid series of questions about the circumstances of the arrest, and the man explained, "I was walking along Monday night on Washington, and the cops stopped their car next to where I was walking and grabbed me and took me to the car. They shoved me up against it and searched me, and one of them kicked me and called me a nigger. Then a guy in the back seat looked out and said I was the one."

"Was he black or white?"

"White. Then they took me in and booked me. They said I held up a taxi with a gun."

Mellen nodded and said, "Now, I want you to tell me the truth. I can't help you the way I should unless you tell me the absolute truth. Are you—"

Before he could finish, the prisoner broke in and said, "I didn't do it, I swear."

"If I'm going to defend you, I've got to know the truth," Mellen went on, his voice more insistent. "I'll defend you, innocent or guilty, but I've got to know what really happened."

"I swear I didn't do it," the man said, his chin trembling. "I swear."

At that, Mellen relaxed a bit. "Where were you that night?" he asked.

"I was home, with my roommate."

Mellen looked irritated—because, I gathered, the claim was the flimsiest kind of alibi—and asked, "You didn't go out all evening?"

The man shook his head. "We stayed in."

"You didn't go out *all* night?"

"No."

With a curt nod, Mellen explained that since the crime was a felony the court's disposition that day would almost certainly be a probable-cause hearing, to determine whether the case should be sent on to a grand jury. "That's not important, except as it provides information to us for the trial in superior court later," he added. The prisoner appeared incapable of grasping that anything that was happening to him was not of the utmost importance. "Anyway, the Judge will probably bind you over to the grand jury," Mellen concluded. "That means you'll have to stay in jail. It could be for a couple of months. I hate to see you rot there. Can't you make the bail?"

"I can't make it, I tell you," the prisoner retorted, for the first time raising his voice. "I *can't*, that's all."

"It's going to be harder to prepare for your trial if you're in jail."

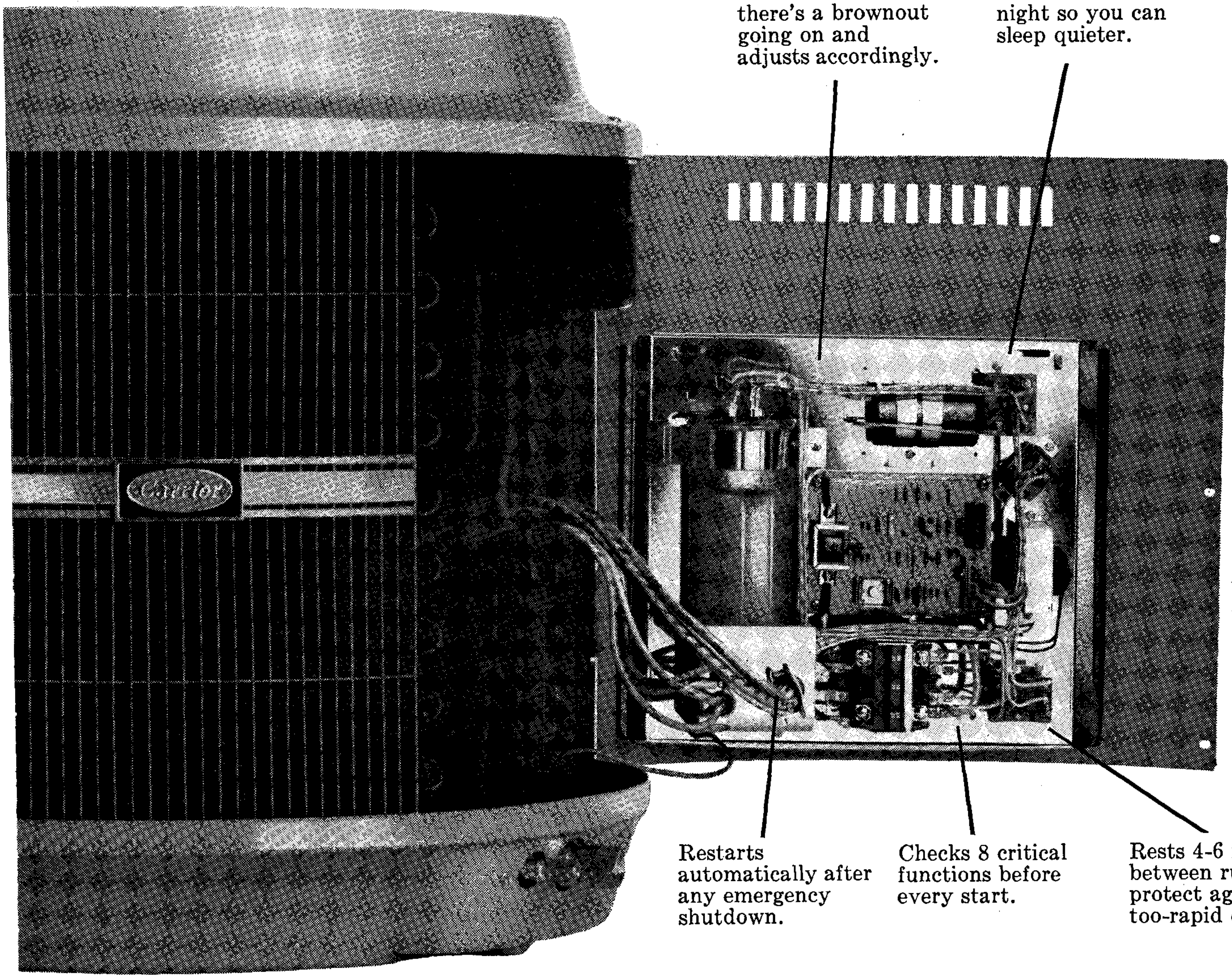
The man shook his head despondently. "I can't make it," he repeated.

"O.K.," Mellen said, and he left.

We sat down at the defense table below the bench, and I asked Mellen what proportion of the people he represented claimed to be innocent. He thought for a moment, then answered, "About half, I'd say." I asked how many he thought were guilty, and he said without hesitation, "Ninety-five per cent—maybe more. I don't know yet about that last guy. It's hard to tell, but I'm inclined to think he's innocent."

The clerk tossed a folded docket onto the table in front of Mellen and told him that the Judge wanted it disposed of as soon as possible. Mellen glanced at its contents briefly, and then rose and headed for the corridor. He called two Spanish names, and a plump man in his mid-twenties with long hair, a mustache, and a goatee, who was wearing a red-white-and-blue shirt decorated with stars and stripes, waved to him from a few feet away and started toward us. He was followed by a thin, bony-faced man of the same age

CARRIER'S ROUND ONE COPES AS IT COOLS.



Knows when there's a brownout going on and adjusts accordingly.

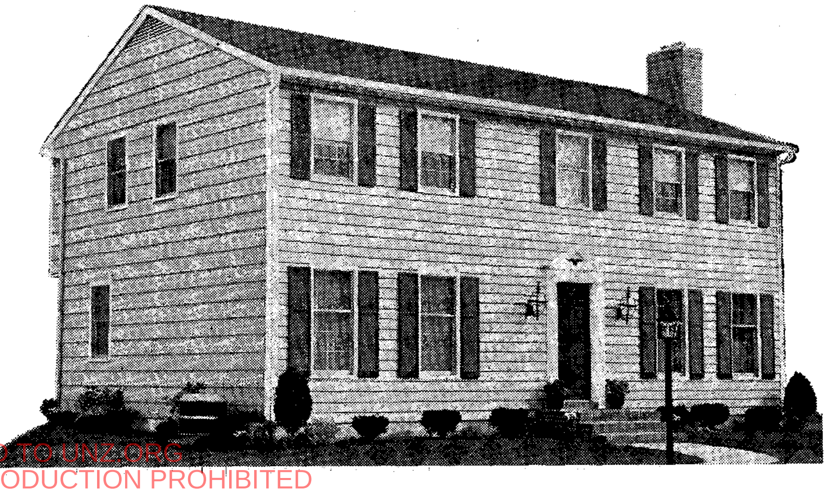
Slows its fan at night so you can sleep quieter.

Restarts automatically after any emergency shutdown.

Checks 8 critical functions before every start.

Rests 4-6 minutes between runs to protect against too-rapid cycling.

Carrier's Round One has the brains to cope with just about any threat to your cool. Mounted on its door is the most advanced solid state control system ever built into a central air conditioning unit. To reduce service calls. To extend its life. Yet the Round One costs little if any more than others. Check that with your Carrier Dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.



Carrier®

No.1 air conditioning maker

who was wearing a T-shirt and a pale-green suit that was too big for him. The two were laughing as they stopped beside Mellen, who ignored their hilarity and quickly went through the usual procedure of checking names, dates, and places of birth. Then he asked about the circumstances of their arrest. The plump man explained that they had been stopped in his car late the night before and asked for the automobile's registration and his driver's license. He had forgotten his license, he went on, and the officer had arrested him and proceeded to search the car, where he had found a "roach"—a burned-out end of a marijuana cigarette—under a seat and a single cannabis seed in the ashtray. "I didn't even know they were there," the man said. "I lend the car all the time. They weren't mine."

"Where'd they come from?" Mellen demanded. The man shrugged, and his companion looked blank. "O.K., go inside and wait," Mellen told them. "Your case will be called up very soon." When they walked off, he told me that the two had records of drug use and were currently on probation. I asked why the Judge wanted the case disposed of at once, and Mellen explained that he apparently suspected the arresting officer of playing a game he called "twenty-two skiddoo"—an unjustified attempt to collect the twenty-two dollars automatically paid to night policemen for appearing in court. "Witnesses get only three dollars and twenty cents a day, but night cops get twenty-two dollars for an appearance, and if they have to hang around longer than three hours they get an additional eight dollars an hour," he said. "Some cops make it a practice to arrest someone at the end of their shift, when they're on their way back to the station house. They take a guy in and book him, and then come to court the next morning to collect their twenty-two dollars. You see cops who play that game here day after day. Some of them must make three or four thousand dollars a year extra. Judge King knows what they're up to, and he hates it. All he can do, though, is make sure they don't collect any overtime." I asked how policemen could book someone at random without risking a false-arrest suit, and Mellen replied that they usually stop motorists on one pretext or another—for a dirty license plate, say, or dim headlights—and check their licenses and registrations. "In half a dozen tries, there's likely to be one person with defective papers or no papers at all," he added. "That's worth twenty-two bucks. We have half a dozen cases like that a day in this court alone."

The case was called a couple of minutes later, and the arresting officer, a swarthy young man in uniform, faced the bench with an air of defiance—presumably because he was well aware of the Judge's suspicion about him—and described the arrest. Mellen asked no questions, but when the state rested its case he rose and told the court that no evidence had been offered to show that the two men had known that marijuana in any form was present in the car, that there had been no odor of marijuana smoke to indicate that they had been using it themselves, and that, accordingly, the state had failed to make any case against them. Judge King considered the case for a few seconds, and then continued it for ninety days without a finding and ordered the defendants released on personal recognizance. When they left, grinning and poking each other, Mellen explained to me that the Judge had apparently wanted to keep them under court jurisdiction when their current probation ran out, to make sure that they continued working with a community-service program they had joined after their previous arrest. "They're in the Boston Court Resource Project," he went on. "It's a great outfit and really does a tremendous job. The project takes on carefully selected first offenders who look promising, and counsels them about everything from trouble with their girl friends to deficient reading skills to finding jobs. The counsellors in the project stick close to the clients and really ride them hard." I asked Mellen if he had made the initial contact with the project, and he shook his head and pointed across the courtroom toward a long-haired youth in a tan double-breasted suit who, he explained, was the project's full-time screener in the Dorchester District Court, one of five district courts in Boston that the project handled. "He usually finds his clients on his own," Mellen added. "Maybe the court probation officer recommends someone, or a relative comes to ask for help. Once in a while, I'll suggest a client to him, if someone really impresses me, and if I think about it."

Mellen picked up the next couple of folders on his stack and walked to the back of the courtroom and called two women's names. Two black girls of about eighteen got up and made their way toward him. Without speaking to them, he nodded toward the hall and walked out. They joined him in the middle of the corridor, which was now slightly less crowded. He asked if any relatives were on hand, and one of the defendants, a slender, pretty girl, nodded toward a nearby bench. At the signal, a plump and handsome light-skinned Negro woman rose and came over to introduce herself as the girl's mother. Mellen did not introduce himself, but asked how the girl behaved at home. "She's all right," the woman answered. "I keep a good house, and there's enough money—enough so she don't have to steal a three-dollar umbrella. She won't do it again—I guarantee!" She glared at her daughter, who stared at the floor. Mellen asked the girls if either of them had a criminal record, and both shook their heads. He told them that the Judge would probably continue the case for six months without a finding, and explained that if they didn't get into more trouble during that period the case would be dismissed. He asked if they understood, and they nodded, looking blank. "Don't you do *that!*" the mother cried. "You say 'Yes' and 'No' and 'Sir'—you hear?" Then, turning to Mellen, she said, "I'll make sure they understand. There won't be any more trouble."

Mellen called out another name, and a tall black man with an Afro and a long scar across one cheek sauntered over. "Why didn't you come in for your interview?" Mellen asked, scarcely glancing up from the next folder. "Armed robbery and assault are serious charges." The man explained that he had recently moved and that the post office had failed to forward his mail as instructed. Mellen nodded and asked, "What's the situation now? Is your girl still mad?"

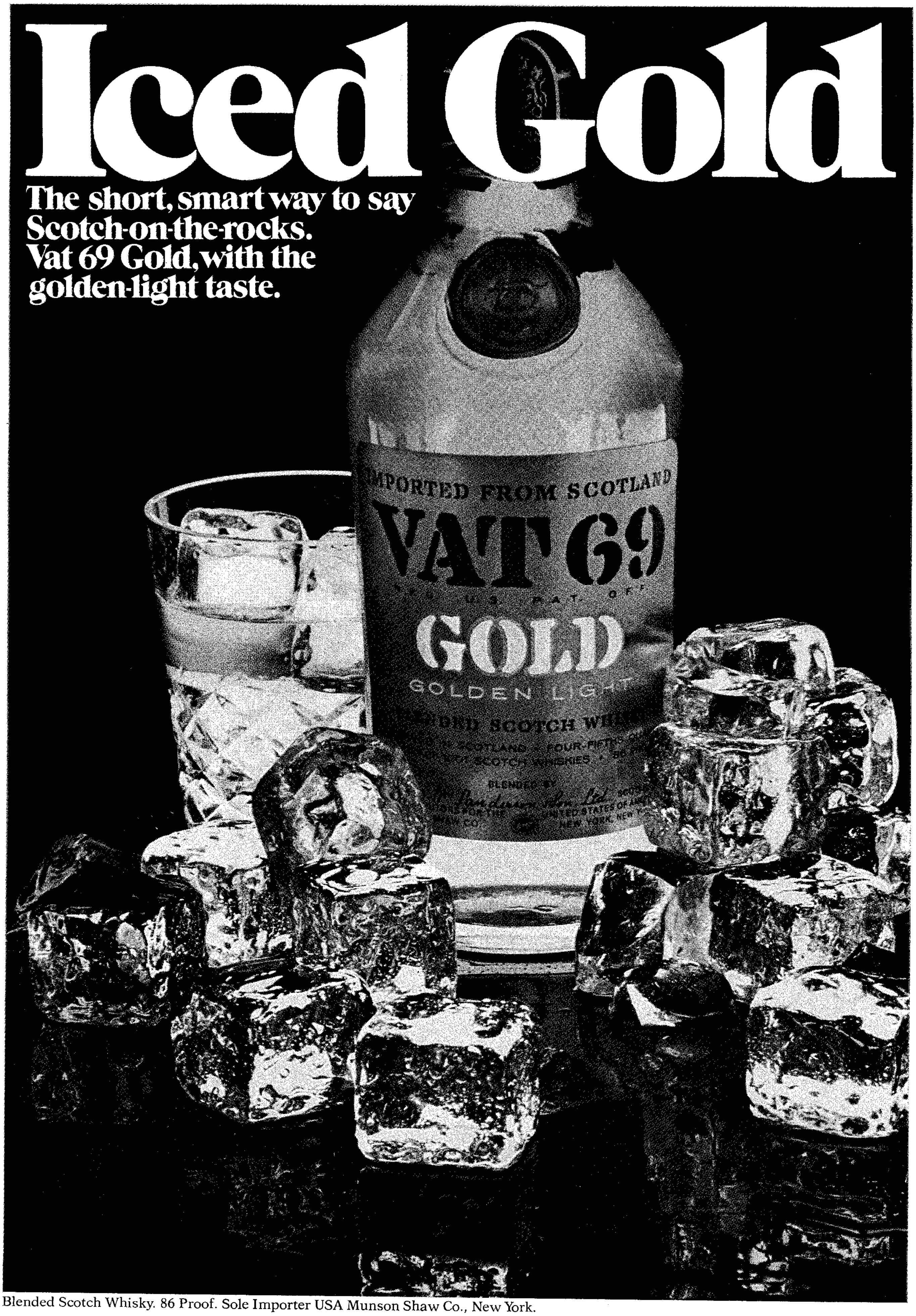
"She say she won't testify or nothing against me," the man answered. He grinned suddenly and added, "She won't say I hit her."

"Or stole her money?" Mellen demanded.

The man's smile crumbled slowly, and he shook his head. "That neither," he mumbled.

Mellen told him that the Judge would probably grant a continuance without a finding or might dismiss the case altogether. The defendant grinned at that, and nodded eagerly when Mellen told him to wait until his name was called.

After that, Mellen took the next folder and called out a Spanish name. No one answered. He tried again, and


Iced Gold
The short, smart way to say
Scotch-on-the-rocks.
Vat 69 Gold, with the
golden-light taste.
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED BY

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Sole Importer USA Munson Shaw Co., New York.

SONY. NO

Only Sony's Trinitron system has one gun with one big lens for a better-focused, sharper picture. And that's a fact.

What you see here, magnified inside the circle, is the single gun of a Trinitron picture tube.

One gun needs only one lens, so there's room for a big one.

Everyone else—even the new "in-line" tubes—must fit in three lenses, so they have to be smaller.

Why is a big lens such a good thing?

A big lens has a correspondingly big central portion. And the center is the most distortion-free part.

So you get a better-focused, sharper picture from Sony.

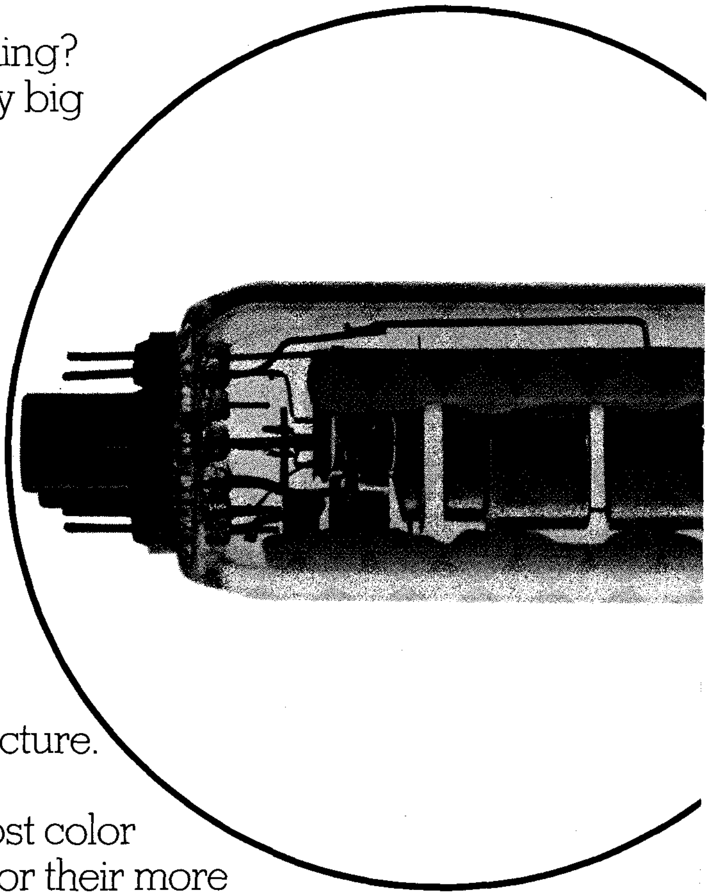
No baloney.

You also get a brighter picture. That's because of something else only Trinitron has—an Aperture Grille.

It lets the electron beams hit the screen in unbroken stripes—not in isolated dots, or ovals.

That way more electrons get to the screen. And you get a brighter picture.

From Sony. No baloney.



How about reliability? Today, most color TV manufacturers use all-solid-state for their more expensive models.

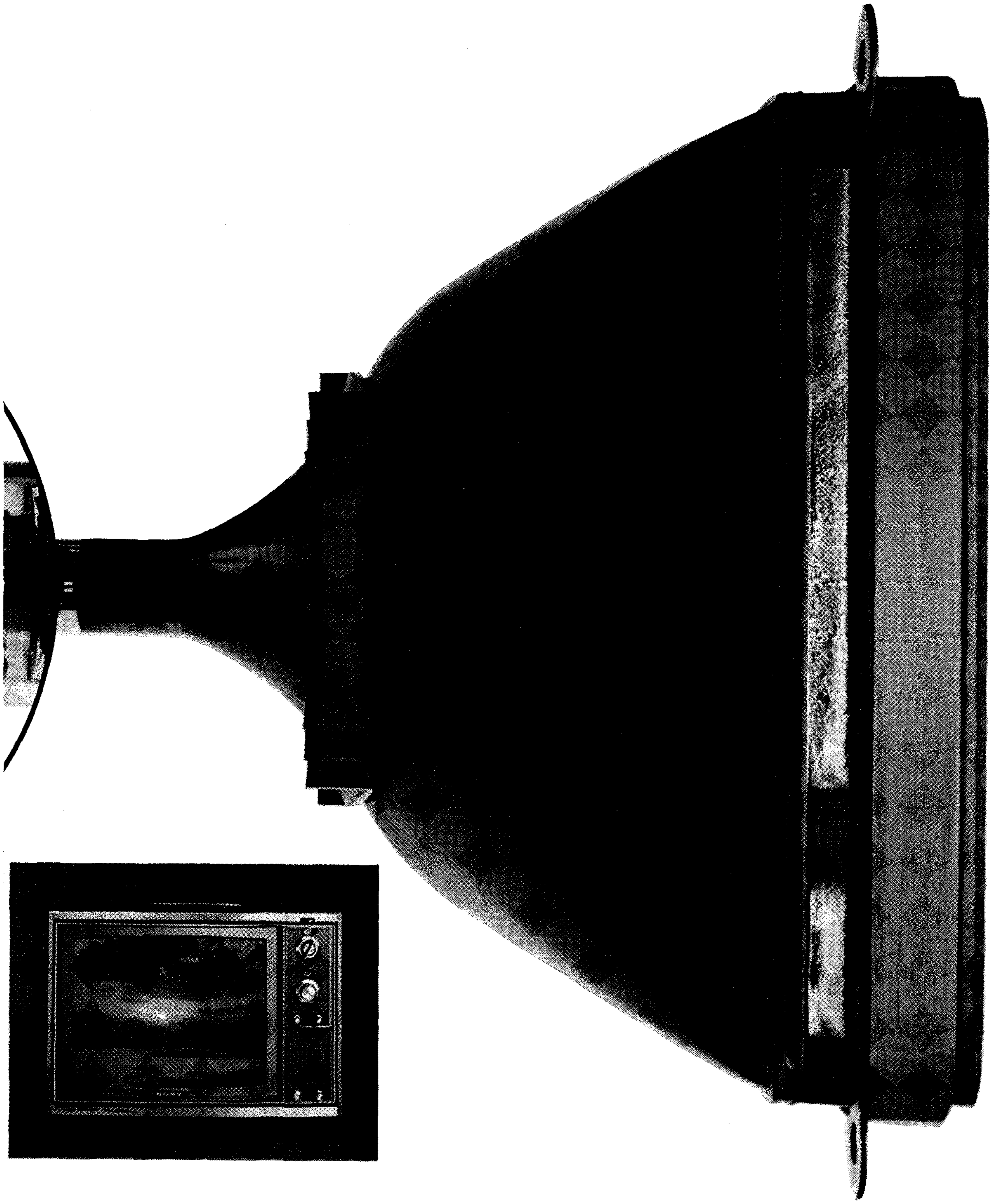
Sony uses all-solid-state for all their models.

If you're technically inclined, write for our 12-page Trinitron pamphlet. Or simply stop in at any Sony dealer's.

Once you've seen our Trinitron picture, you'll know we're not giving you any baloney.

SONY.
TRINITRON®

BALONEY.



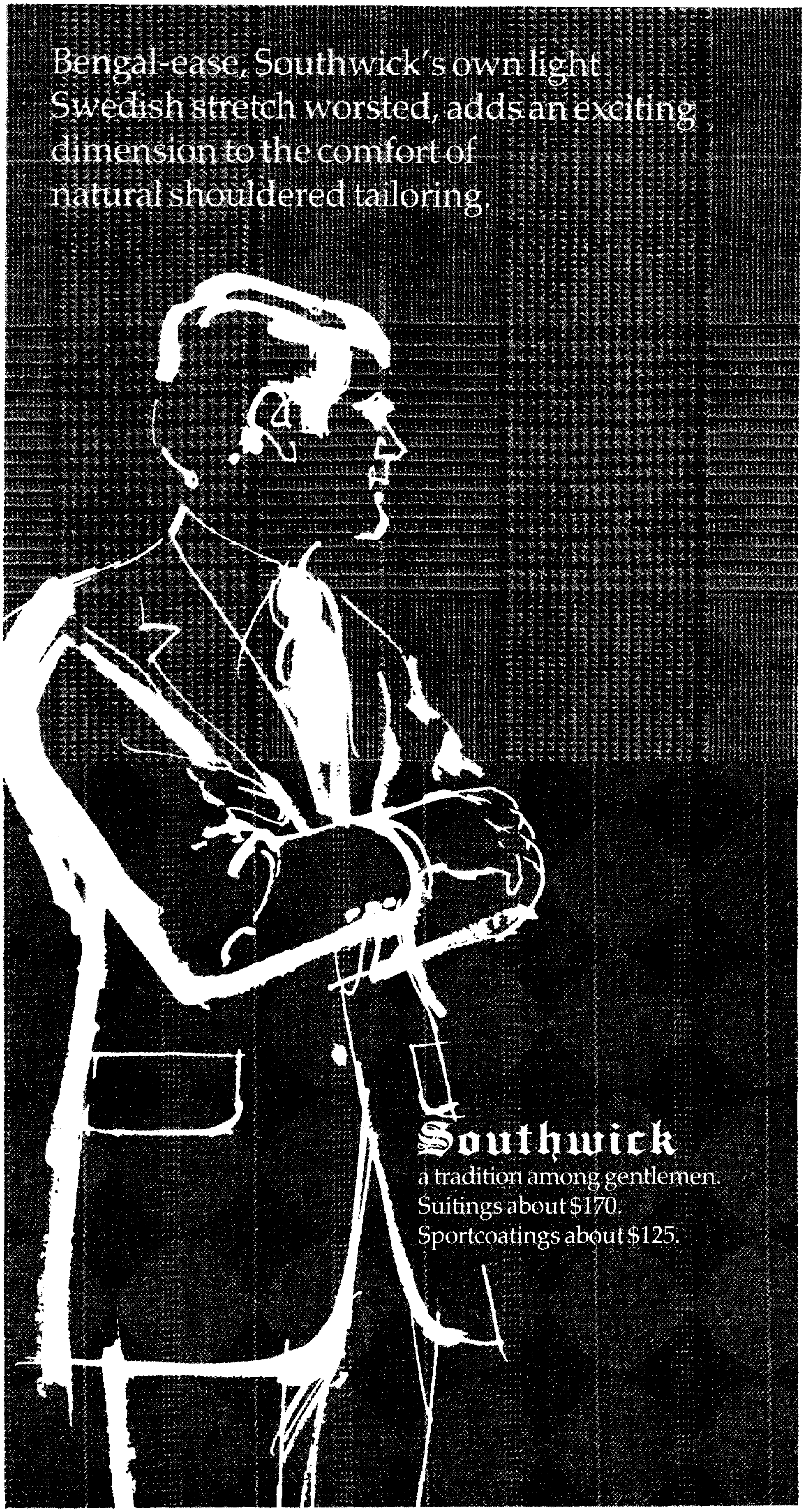
Write: Pamphlet Offer, Sony, 47-47 Van Dam St., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101. © 1973 Sony Corp. of America. TV picture simulated.

Southwick
by Grieco Brothers

DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.	Lew Ritter & Co.
Albany, N.Y.	Dall's Ltd.
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry, Inc.
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	H. Stockton-Atlanta
Asheville, N.C.	Bell's Traditionals
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md.	Eddie Jacobs, Ltd.
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Berkeley, Cal.	George J. Good
Birmingham, Ala.	Sons & Harwell
Birmingham, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	*Arthur L. Johnson Co.*
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Charlottesville, Va.	Ed Michtom's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry, Ltd.
Chevy Chase, Md.	Arthur A. Adler
Chicago, Illinois	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
Clarksburg W. Va.	Kaites, Ltd.
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Brothers
Colorado Springs, Colo.	London Shop
Columbia, S.C.	J. Patrick Treadaway, Inc.
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Varsity Shop
Dayton, Ohio	D.H. Peer, Ltd.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Detroit, Mich.	Claymore Shop
Flint, Mich.	James, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Heider, Ltd.
Fort Worth, Texas	Clyde Campbell
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	*MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe*
Greensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Harrisburg, Pa.	C.J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edward Miller
High Point, N.C.	Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Texas	William Richard
Huntington, N.Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	May Cohens
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kalamazoo, Mich.	James Beal, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Knoxville, Tenn.	M.S. McClellan & Co.
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lawrence, Mass.	Kap's
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter & Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	S.H. Franklin Co.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Manhasset, N.Y.	David-Barrato
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.	Harry Ketchel
Newport, R.I.	Narragansett Clothing Co.
Newport Beach, Cal.	Atkinson's
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
New Britain, Conn.	N.E. Mag & Sons
New London, Conn.	Benoit's
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden
New York, N.Y.	Paul Stuart, Inc.
New York, N.Y.	Walker & Florio
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph's
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal.	Atkinson's
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	1888 Shop
Portland, Ore.	Albert, Ltd.
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N.C.	Womble's
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Red Bank, N.J.	Roots
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y.	The Red Barn
Rocky Mount, N.C.	Rosenbloom-Levy
Sacramento, Cal.	Irwin Clothing Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	John Horan
San Francisco, Cal.	Tearney's
San Marino, Cal.	Bill Winn
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	A.O. White
Stamford, Conn.	Van Driver, Inc.
Summit, N.J.	Roots
Swampscott, Mass.	Judd
Tarrytown, N.Y.	John Charles, Ltd.
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
Wellesley, Mass.	Ara's
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamsburg, Va.	Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write
Southwick
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019


Bengal-ease, Southwick's own light Swedish stretch worsted, adds an exciting dimension to the comfort of natural shouldered tailoring.
Southwick
a tradition among gentlemen.
Suitings about $170.
Sportcoatings about $125.

when there was still no response he frowned and told me that the missing client was a young Puerto Rican who was accused of serving as a lookout while a companion broke into an apartment. The accomplice escaped—with a child's coin purse containing fifty-odd cents—but the defendant was caught by a detective who had thought he was behaving rather suspiciously. "The guy already has one default charge against him for not showing up in court," Mellen said. "It seems to have been due to a misunderstanding. A year ago, he was to appear here to be told that the charge against him—possession of heroin—was being dropped. He didn't realize he had to show up just to be told that, and he didn't come to court, so technically the charge is still standing against him." A minute later, Mellen called the name again, and this time a fat young man wearing green slacks, a bright-red shirt, and multicolored sneakers pushed through the crowd toward him. A sudden hubbub in the hall drowned out their conversation, and they moved off toward a quieter spot.

I RETURNED to the courtroom to see what was happening, and found that the Judge had left the bench and the court was in recess. His clerk was still there, so I introduced myself and said that I would like to speak with the Judge if he had a few minutes. The clerk nodded, disappeared through a door behind the bench, reappeared a couple of minutes later, and gestured to me. I followed him through the door and rapidly down a corridor, on through a room to another door, and into a large, bleak room. Judge King was seated at a small desk in one corner, still wearing his robe as he ate a thick hero sandwich. He motioned me to a chair opposite his desk and bit a large chunk off the sandwich. "Sorry," he muttered through it, "but everything has to be done on the run around here."

I asked what effect Supreme Court decisions on criminal-law procedures had had on his court, and he chewed reflectively for a minute or two. Finally, he answered, "There are those who would like to break up the system—delay, delay, delay—and they have used the Court decisions to further that end. They consume time, and time is one thing we don't have enough of. Another thing is money, and such delays waste a fantastic amount of money. But the Court hasn't limited our ability to catch and to prosecute and convict criminals. I try forty to fifty cases a day, and I would say that ninety per cent of the defendants are guilty, at least technically, of whatever they're charged with. I think that in my courtroom defendants get a fair shake."

Judge King tore another chunk out of the sandwich, and I asked him for his views on the age-old problem of the inequities in justice for the rich and for the poor. He waved a hand in dismissal. "In a rich neighborhood, a guy who does something wrong will get harsher treatment than his counterpart will here," he said. "In this neighborhood, everyone is used to crime and violence, and it's treated as a matter of course. But in the better neighborhood a judge will get maybe one case like our typical cases a month, and he's likely to overreact and throw the book at the fellow. Over here, on the other hand, I try to continue cases without a finding in order to give everyone a chance to straighten himself out without ending up with a record." He finished his sandwich and turned to a paper container of coffee, and a minute later we got on the subject of the M.D.C.'s work. "They do a creditable job here—as good as one can expect, I suppose, under the circumstances," he said. "But no attorney can handle twenty cases a day. A lawyer's prime function is to put a case as favorably as he can. If the M.D.C. had half as many cases or twice as many lawyers, it would improve in its basic function. But there's another, and more important, part. If a person is brought here in the first place, there's probably something wrong with him, and he needs help. There's no help in a place like this." I mentioned the Boston Court Resource Project, and he shrugged and said, "Sure, it's a fine outfit, but we need twenty, a hundred outfits like it. We're not even scratching the surface."

Back in the courtroom, I found Mellen talking with the clerk, and when they were through Mellen turned to me, grinning broadly, and said, "The armed-robbery charge against the guy accused of robbing a taxi-driver is being dropped. The police now say they arrested the wrong man. The taxi-driver has identified two other guys. Come on." I followed as he hurried out of the courtroom, down the length of the hall to a rear set of double doors under a sign saying "Judges' Lobby," and into a sizable, book-lined room with a large conference table in the center. A court officer, a policeman, a representative from the D.A.'s office, and a bald, bespectacled man of about fifty who turned out to be the taxi-driv-

Everyone talks about the weatherbee®

On the move with Weatherbee's versatile A-line topper to round out any wardrobe. Great for over slacks. Tailored with distinctive features like raglan sleeves and roomy slash pockets. In handsome fabric of 50% **DACRON®**, 50% cotton. Washable, durable water repellent. In a variety of colors. Sizes 6-16. $55.00*.

At these and other fine stores:

Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Derek Rayne, Ltd., Carmel, Calif.; Pogue's, Cincinnati; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Lazarus, Columbus; Ed Behan's Tweed Shops, Ft. Lauderdale & Naples, Fla.; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Watt & Shand, Lancaster; Miller & Paine, Lincoln; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Jos. Horne Co., Pittsburgh; The Globe, Scranton; Levy's, Tucson; Montaldo's, All Stores.

Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018

®DUPONT REG. T.M. *HIGHER FAR WEST

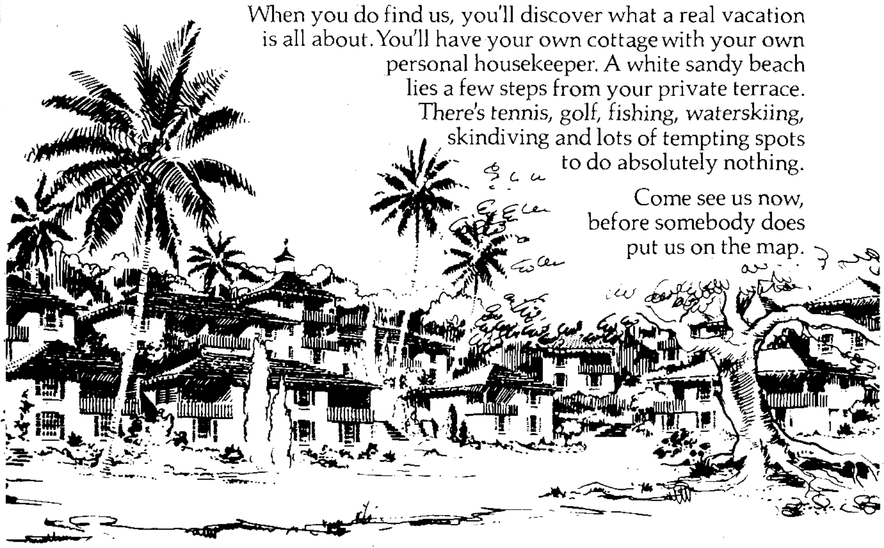
Dragon Bay
isn't even on the map.

You won't find it easy to find us. That's what makes it so great for the people that do.

We don't think a vacation spot should be right off U.S. 1 (or Jamaica 1) so we built our lovely village of cottages on the most beautiful hideaway cove in Port Antonio.

When you do find us, you'll discover what a real vacation is all about. You'll have your own cottage with your own personal housekeeper. A white sandy beach lies a few steps from your private terrace. There's tennis, golf, fishing, waterskiing, skindiving and lots of tempting spots to do absolutely nothing.

Come see us now, before somebody does put us on the map.



For more information, write William Bancroft, Dragon Bay, 964 Third Avenue, New York, call (212) 838-2902 or ask your travel agent. Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica

Fairways free swinger

Our classic golf jacket sports a knit collar, is pure polyester with a nylon mesh yoke inside for ventilation. In navy, beige or British tan for small to extra-large sizes, $35. Active Sportswear. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

THE ACTIVE SPORTS SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

er were on hand. In a moment, two other court officers brought in two young black boys—the new defendants in the armed-robbery case—and then Judge King entered. The defendants were sixteen years old, legally juveniles, and they were dressed in tattered pants, T-shirts, and leather jackets. Neither of them bore any resemblance to the nattily dressed man with a mustache who had been charged with the crime. The police officer explained that the two had been spotted the night before by the taxi-driver, and the driver nodded eagerly in confirmation. The Judge glanced quizzically at him, then arraigned the two on charges of armed robbery, set bail at three thousand dollars each, appointed the M.D.C. to represent them, and sent them on to juvenile court for trial in one week.

Afterward, Mellen went back to the courtroom and into the dock to tell his client the news. "Yeah?" the man said, grinning for the first time. "I'll take that rap."

After the prisoner was released, Mellen said to me, "It was tough, his *having* to spend eight days in jail like that. But at least he kicked his drug habit while he was there. He's a lucky one, but he could have been unlucky so easily. If the taxi-driver hadn't changed his mind, that fellow would probably be on his way to prison."

ON most court days, Mellen had no time to eat lunch, for there was no standard recess; ordinarily, the Judge had a quick sandwich in his chambers, while the clerks and other court personnel went off one by one for a few minutes each. Today, however, Mellen decided that he could manage a brief respite, so we left the court building and went to a small Italian café a block down the street. Over sandwiches and coffee, Mellen told me that he had started out with the M.D.C. as an interviewer while he was waiting for the results of the bar examination after graduating from Boston College Law School. A few months later, he said, a man he had seen around the M.D.C. office asked him what he wanted to do in the future, and Mellen said that he wanted some trial experience. A little later, an M.D.C. vacancy in juvenile court opened up, and he was given the job. I asked if there was much supervision of his work from the head office, and he said, "There's none. That's the way I like it. The job suits me, for now at least. I'm in no rush. The pay's bad—I started at seventy-eight hundred a year—but I live with my parents, so I

Titleist golfers of America: You are about to hit the longest drive of your life.

The first time you start getting back into the groove this year, it's going to happen. You're going to put some wood behind that ball. And you're going to hit it farther than you've ever hit a golf ball before.

It won't be your winter isometrics that did it. It'll be us that did it. After 7 years of research, we came out with a new Titleist golf ball that has extra yards built into it.

The new Titleist's dimples are larger and shallower. This lets the new Titleist bore through the air farther to give you extra yards.

You've read some ads about long distance balls. We want to *prove* to you that the new Titleist is the longest ball made today—*right on your own course.*

Is there a fairway trap somewhere on your course that's been driving you nuts? You're going to clear it more often this year. Many Titleist golfers will find that, instead of playing a safe shot short of a brook, they can now easily carry *over* the brook to the green. You will find that some wood shots have now become iron shots. That some big water hazards have gotten smaller. And that some impossible par 4's have become possible par 4's.

You've got some very satisfying weekends coming up, Titleist golfer. Because you're about to play the best golf of your life.

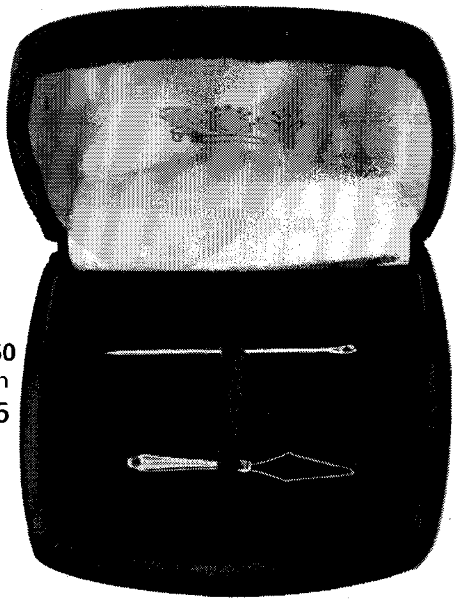
ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

Titleist: It will improve your game.

manage. A married man couldn't really afford this job. But it's interesting work, and I find it enjoyable. Where else would I get to meet people like these?"

I asked how he felt about the people he met, and he fell silent for a few moments. "When I started out in juvenile court, I kept asking the kids why they had done whatever they'd done," he said, finally. "Then I discovered that it usually doesn't make any difference, because they don't even know why they do what they do, so I stopped asking. I've become pretty toughened in the year I've been doing this. In fact, I don't see how a judge like Judge King preserves his compassion when I don't feel that for most of these people, and I'm supposed to be helping them." He was silent again for a time, and then went on, "I don't like most of them, I guess. It's gotten so I take what they've done pretty much as a matter of course. Even stabbings. When I hear testimony about somebody being stabbed, I just look for the weak spots in what's said. I've never seen a stabbing. If I did, I'd probably faint." He chewed on his sandwich for a few minutes, and drank some coffee. "It's terrible to watch those kids in juvenile court," he went on. "I hated the work. What can you do? If you get them off, they go back to the same life. Usually, there's only one parent, and there's no real upbringing like the rest of us think of the word. I'm one of twelve children, and we were all brought up pretty strictly. Anyway, when you send these kids back to the streets, the same thing is almost certain to happen again. If you send them away to a reformatory instead, they get even tougher. You can't do them any good either way."

We got on the subject of law-school training, and Mellen remarked that he had not had any training in courtroom work. "I took the job because I wanted to gain the ability to speak up in court," he explained. "I spent one day with an M.D.C. lawyer here, and the following day I was on my own. At first, I was afraid to make decisions, because I knew that somebody might go to jail if I made the wrong decision. But then I got used to it. Anyway, not many clients actually go to jail. Defendants do pretty well here." The defendants who seemed to do best, I had concluded, were those who were tied in with one or another of the various community-service agencies, so I asked how much he used these groups to give clients a better chance and judges an alternative to either total freedom or total incarceration. "Not



Rotten kids: needle your mother.

(Once more, with feeling. In solid gold.)

For Mom, on or off her Day. For Grandma, any day. For a mother to pass on to her daughter when she grows up. For anyone whose love you want to sew up. Nestled in a sentimental Victorian red velvet jewel box, our 14K solid gold needle, **$10**; threader, **$7.50** or the heart-of-gold combination **$15**

Do we have a 14K solid gold needlepoint needle, jewel boxed? You bet: **$19.50.** A 14K solid gold thimble, jewel boxed? Of course: **$70.**

By mail: write Dept. Y, House of Wares, 884 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. Please add any tax and $1 delivery. Sorry, no c.o.d.

Our catalog of other unexpected treasures, 35¢.

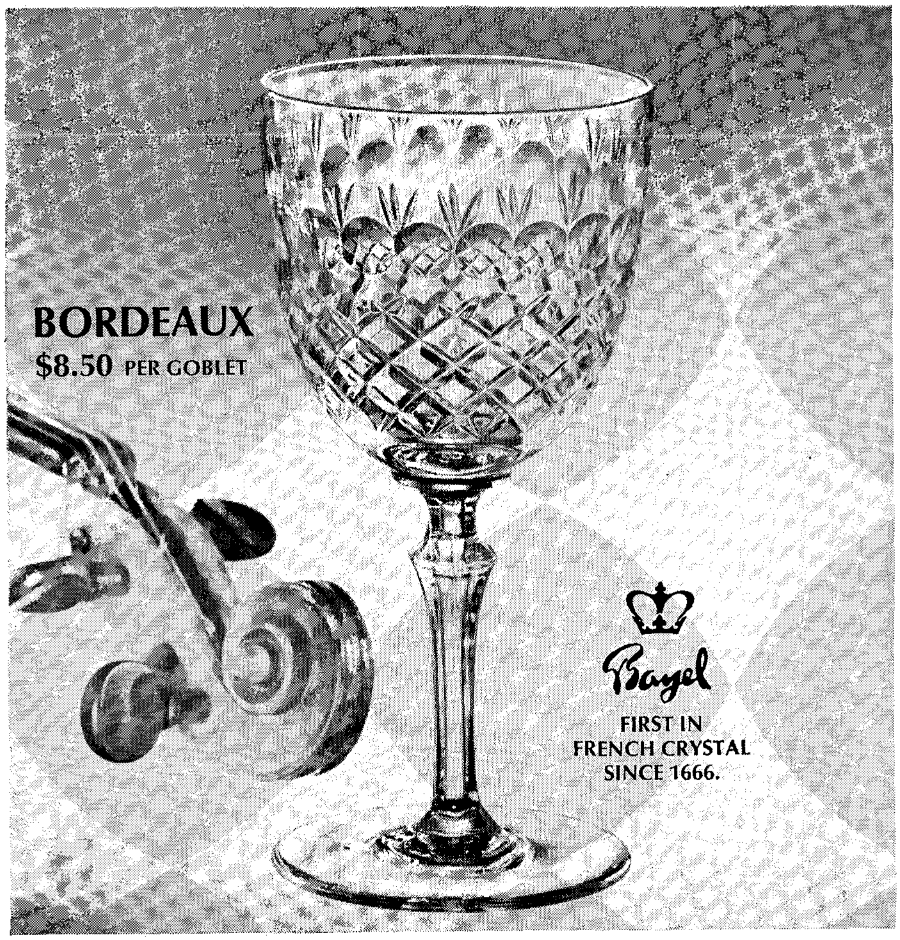
House of Wares

assorted east side amenities

884 Madison at 72nd—1053 Madison at 80th

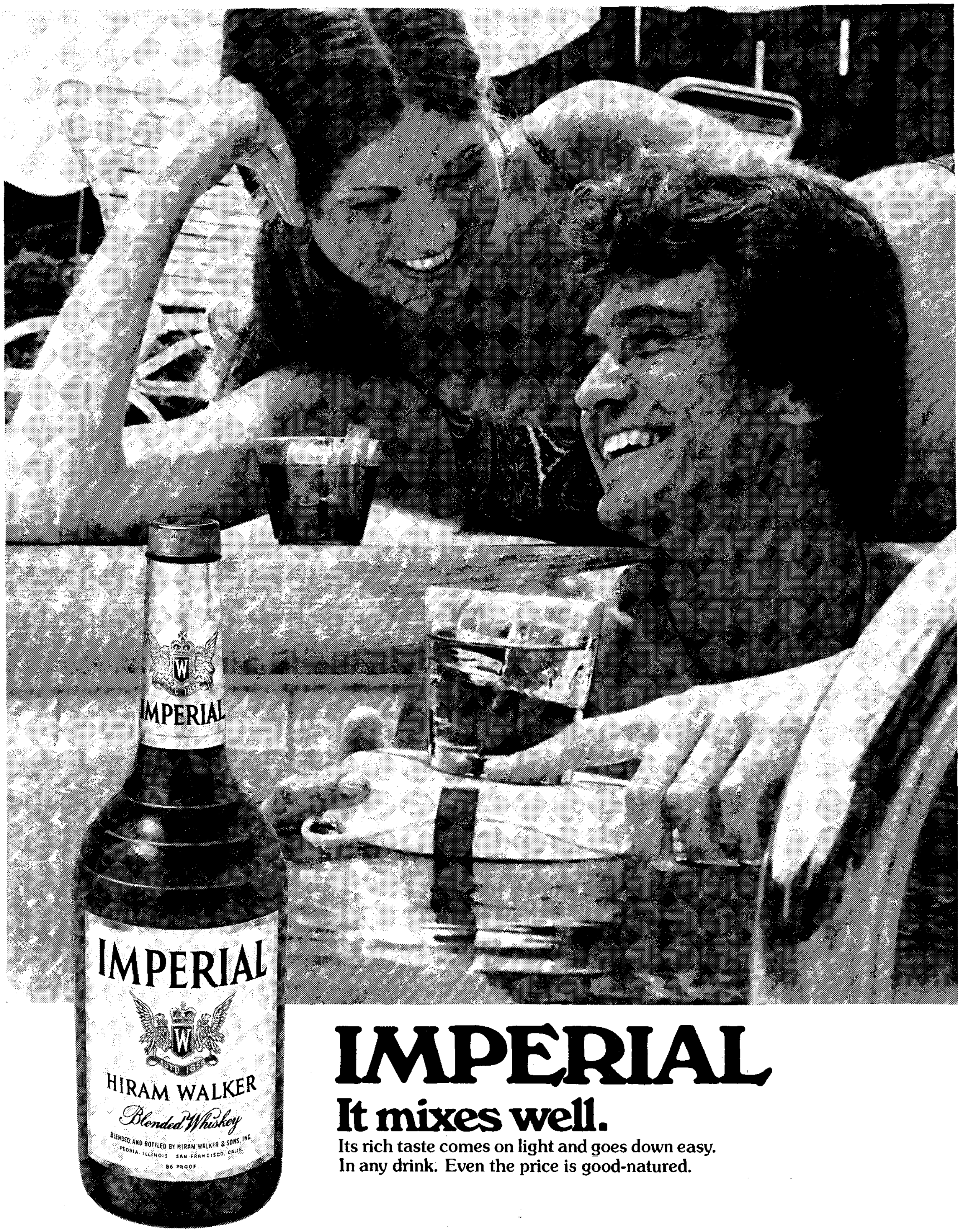
Trafalgar 9-8090 Daily till 6:30 p.m

©1972 feldman's house of wares, inc



For the complete brochure of Bayel Crystal, kindly remit 25c to EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

CALL ON THE GOOD-NATURED WHISKEY


IMPERIAL
W
IMPERIAL
W
ESTD 1858
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
86 PROOF

© 1972 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS • 70% GRAIN SPIRITS

IMPERIAL

It mixes well.

Its rich taste comes on light and goes down easy.
In any drink. Even the price is good-natured.

very often," Mellen answered. "Almost nothing is done along those lines in our office. It all happens, or doesn't happen, in court. If I find that a defendant is an addict, I may talk to the probation officer, and he may have a suggestion—usually to tell the defendant to get his family or a friend to get in touch with one of the addict-treatment outfits. I'm not sure how many social-service outfits there are, even. There's the Boston Court Resource Project, which those two guys this morning were in, and then there's Project Turnabout, which is made up of former drug addicts who work with guys with drug problems on probation and try to rehabilitate them and find jobs for them. And there's another one I learned about just today. It's called C.I.T.A., which stands for Christ Is the Answer. That's a Spanish group devoted to curing addicts. One of my clients whose case is coming up this afternoon is in it. Maybe there are other organizations I never heard of."

I had been surprised to discover that the man who was charged with armed robbery had been unable to get any help in raising fifty dollars to get out of jail, and asked if M.D.C. lawyers tried to arrange for bail, as conscientious private lawyers would do automatically. "Maybe I'll make a call to the family, but usually there isn't time," Mellen answered. "God, I don't even have time to introduce myself to clients. I can't go up and shake hands and ask how the wife is. I've got to throw the questions as fast as I possibly can if I'm going to have any chance of getting the barest facts before I have to face the judge. There's just not time, and that's why I have to do all the things I shouldn't do, like taking cases on the fly, as I did several times this morning. I try to get back to the office at the end of each afternoon and interview some of the people I'm going to have to represent here. Sometimes I get in one interview, but most of the time I can't manage it. So I meet the client here for the first time and devote all of five or ten minutes to him when he may face several years in prison. It's just not right."

WHEN we got back to the courthouse, Mellen handled some cases in another courtroom before a different judge—a middle-aged woman with bouffant red hair and white harlequin glasses, who, Mellen told me, was named Margaret Scott. Before going to Dorchester, I had heard that Judge Scott was not the staunchest friend Negroes and Puerto Ricans had in Boston, and when I mentioned this to Mellen he turned away without answering and picked up another folder. "This one could be serious," he said, turning back. "It's a rape case. The guy was arrested last night, and this will be my first interview with him. There's to be a hearing on the amount of bail that should be set this afternoon." Once again the interview was conducted on the steps leading to the lockup. This time, the defendant was a muscular, light-skinned Negro wearing a striped T-shirt, dungarees, and sneakers, and he told Mellen, in answer to the usual questions, that he was twenty-three years old and lived with his two younger brothers. Mellen asked where his mother was, and the prisoner explained that she had died a few months before and that he took care of his brothers on welfare payments provided for their support. He had worked sporadically since his mother's death, he added, but couldn't take a regular job, because of his responsibilities at home. When Mellen asked his brothers' ages, the prisoner replied, rather sheepishly, that one was seventeen years old and the other twenty years old.

"What happened last night?" Mellen asked.

"Well, I met this girl," the man answered. "I didn't know her, but she said she knew my older sister. Anyway, we got to talking, and I said, 'You want to come to my place and we'll mess around and have some fun? You know what I mean.' She knew, and she said, 'Sure, why not? I could use some.' So we went to my place."

"Did you have intercourse with her?"

The man smiled. "Sure," he said. "That's what we went up there for."

"And she was willing?"

"Sure. Like I told you, that's what we went up there for."

"But you didn't rape her?"

"Why should I?" the prisoner asked, and smiled again. "She wanted it, and that's how it was."

"You didn't tear her clothes?"

"Naw, nothing like that."

"Or hit her?"

"I told you, it was all friendly. I said, 'You want a good time?' and she said, 'Yeah, let's go.' "

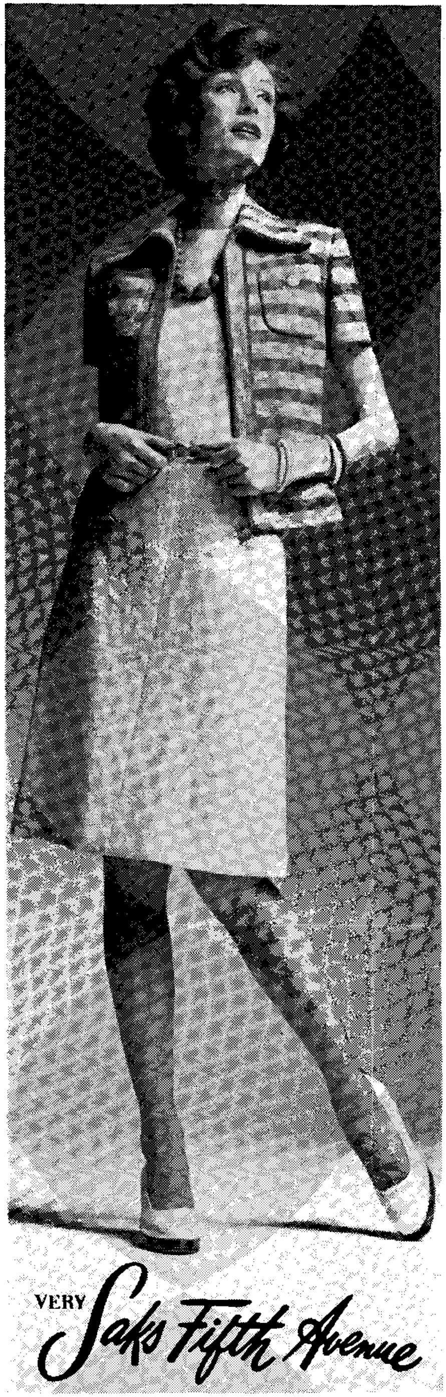
"Did she leave right afterward?"

"No. We sat around four, maybe five hours, listening to music and smoking."

Mellen paused, then said, "Now, rape is a serious charge. So is the other one she made against you—committing

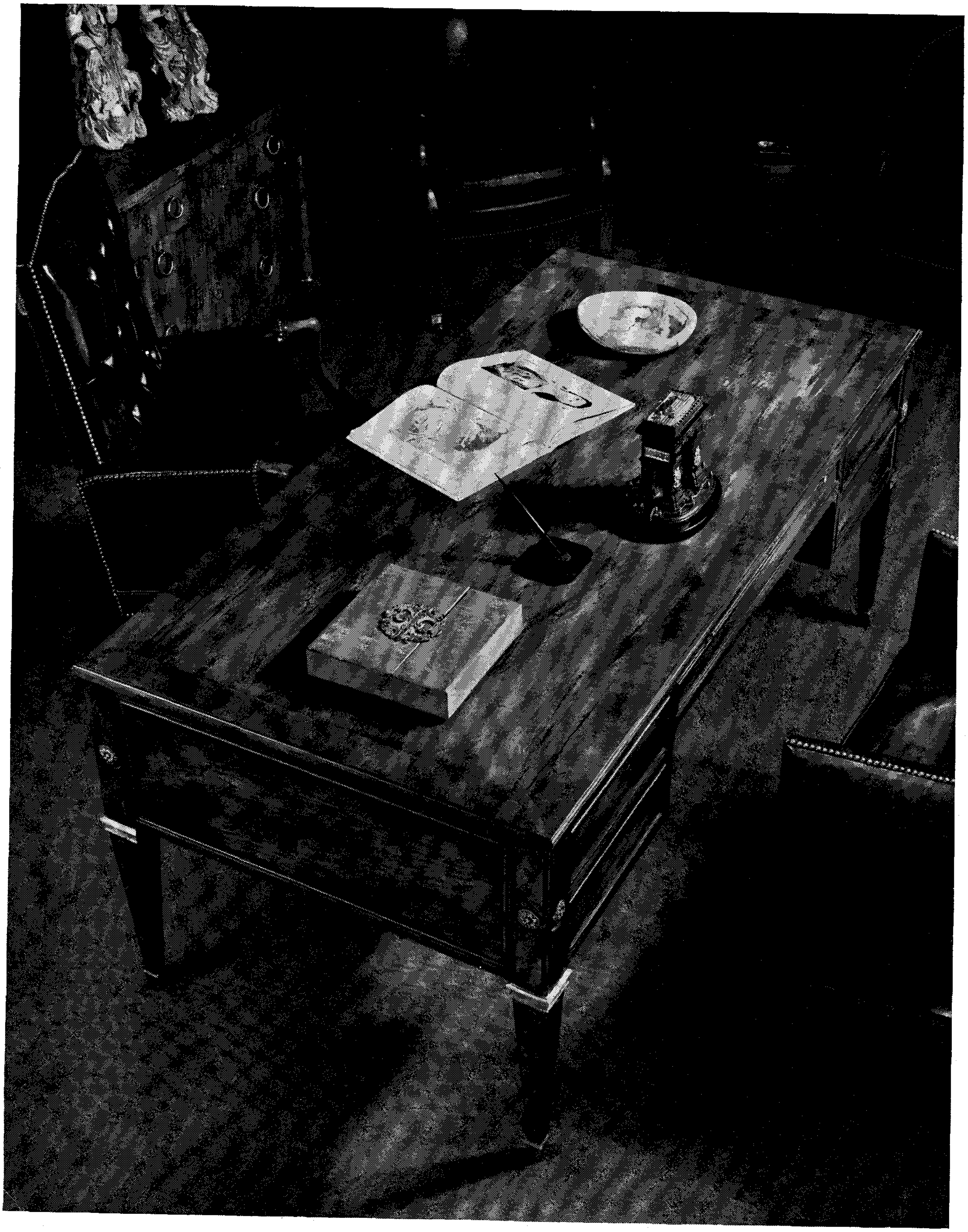
STRIKE UP THE BANDS
FOR SHIRTJACKET PLUS

An airy textured look for a red-and-beige brief jacket, acrylic-cotton-linen, over a sleeveless, belted sheath that's beige polyester-cotton-lined. For 4 to 14 sizes, $95. Fifth Avenue Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, *and all stores.*



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.



A reflection of leadership. *A distinguished collection of office furniture created for today's business and professional leader. Available through your interior designer, at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs showrooms in the cities listed below. The Baker Executive Office Catalog, containing over 150 designs, is available for $1.00 from Baker Furniture, 620 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois 60654.*

Baker Furniture
A MAGNAVOX COMPANY

ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, GRAND RAPIDS,
CLEVELAND, HIGH POINT, MIAMI, LOS ANGELES,
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND SAN FRANCISCO.

an unnatural act. That's very serious. How about that?"

The man smiled, somewhat less surely, and shrugged. "It wasn't *my* unnatural act," he said. "It was hers. That's what she wanted to do."

"What happened when she left? Did you quarrel?"

"No. I asked if she had any money to get home, and she said she didn't, so I gave her two bucks for a taxi. She took it and she went."

"Do you have any idea why she did this?"

The man shook his head. "All I know is, an hour later, hour and a half maybe, the police came and said she said I raped her. Maybe she had something against me all along I didn't know about. I don't know."

Mellen explained that a bail hearing would be conducted soon, and that if bail was set, as it probably would be, the case would be transferred the following day to superior court.

"You mean I gotta stay down *there?*" the man asked incredulously, pointing downstairs toward the lockup.

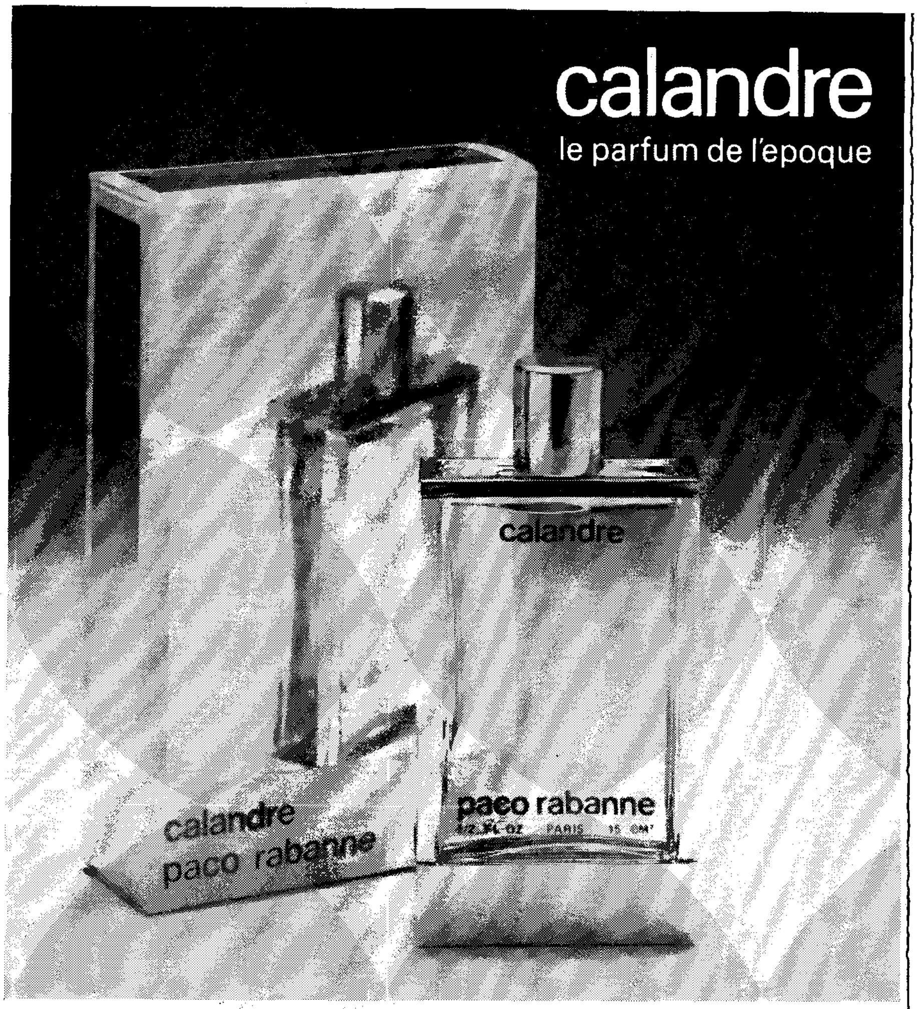
"No. You'll be taken back to the Charles Street Jail if you can't raise bail. Do you have a record?"

"No. How much will the bail be?"

"I don't know. It depends entirely on which judge you get."

When we left the dock, Mellen told me that the bail might be as high as ten thousand dollars if the wrong judge sat on the case. "The defendant probably won't be able to raise it, so he'll rot in jail for a couple of months or more. By the time he gets out, he'll be a tough guy—maybe a criminal for life. Right now, he seems O.K. He's pretty smart, and he doesn't have a record. The fact that the alleged rape took place in his apartment is a big plus on his side. It makes the girl's claim shaky. What worries me most is that charge of committing an unnatural act. That scares jurors. They hear that and say, 'The guy's a deviate. Let's get him off the streets.' "

The clerk called the black man who was accused of beating and robbing his girl friend. Mellen hurried over to his side and told the court that the victim hadn't appeared to testify and apparently didn't intend to. In fact, he added, she had given the defendant two dollars to get to court and back. Judge Scott peered at the defendant over the tops of her spectacles for a few moments, then said that the case would be continued for another week, and that if the girl didn't appear to testify at that time the charges would be dropped. After that, the two black girls who had stolen umbrellas from a department



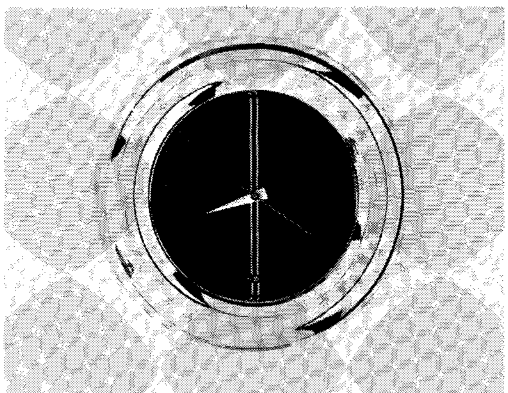
STAR ON THE SUMMER PARTY CIRCUIT—
our Amilio Vesté dress of beautiful Qiana® nylon, fabulous silk-like fabric that enhances the unusual colouring of the print; blue and fuschia, or green and yellow with white. 6-18.
$66.00

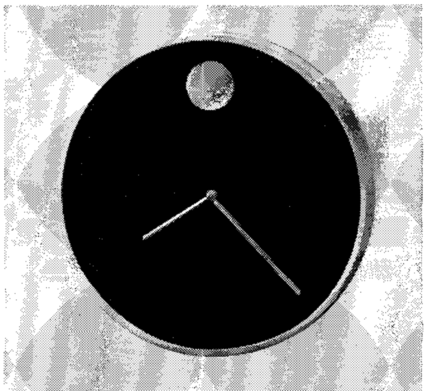
Please add 75¢ for handling.

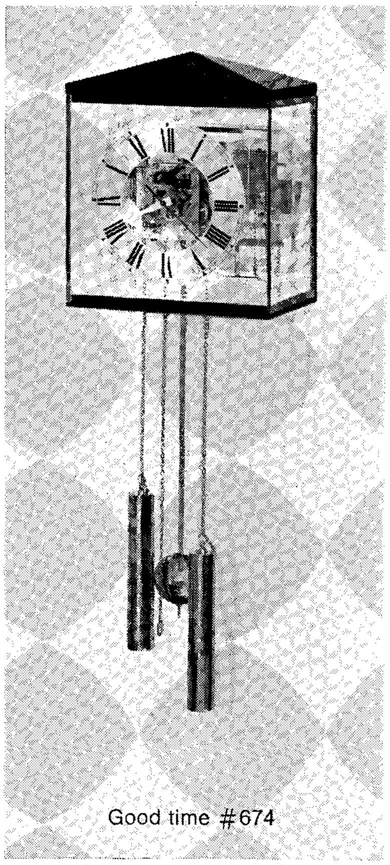
MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro,
Durham, Raleigh, North Carolina
Richmond, Virginia
Denver, Colorado Springs, Colorado
Columbus, Ohio • St. Louis, Missouri

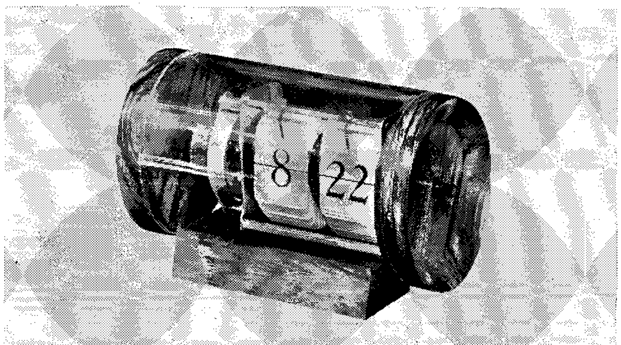
Give a friend a good time.

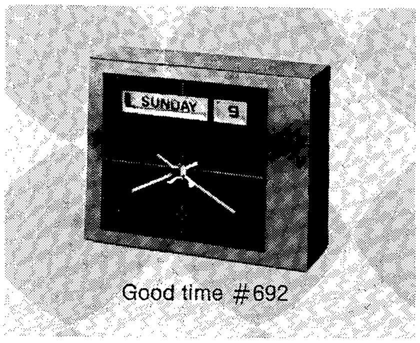

Good time #686-A

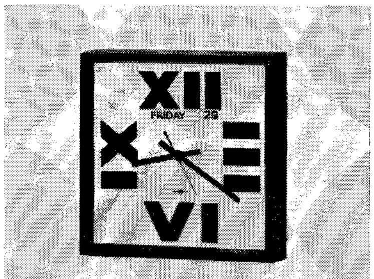

Good time #4628


Good time #674

Good time #646


Good time #4620


Good time #692


Good time #1045

Another of our
304 good times

Good friends, like good times, should be remembered. What better way to remember both than with these good times from Howard Miller? By leading contemporary designers, each is a constantly changing object d'art, framed in gleaming chrome, plexiglas or rosewood.

You'll find these in fine furniture, department and gift stores everywhere. Or write the Howard Miller Clock Company, Dept. 14, Zeeland, Michigan 49464, for a catalog and the good times nearest you.

Howard Miller Clock Co.
Zeeland, Michigan 49464

The Talbots

Top Notch.

Light and cool is our scoop-necked jersey of ultra-soft nylon. Red, white, navy, hot pink, royal, lime or yellow. Sizes S,M,L. Short-sleeved $11.00. Long-sleeved $12.00.

Our striking sailor-striped jersey of soft nylon has long sleeves, scoop neckline and curved shirttails. Navy/white, red/white, lime/white, hot pink/white or royal/white. Sizes S,M,L. $15.00.

Fashionably fetching, our beguiling jersey of whisper-soft nylon has ruffled stand-up collar, long sleeves and back zipper. Yellow, white, lime, hot pink, navy, royal or red. Sizes S,M,L. $18.00.

Add $1.00 for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. EY, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

store were called. After the store's detective described the theft and arrest, the Judge asked for Mellen's recommendation, and he said that the shoplifting appeared to be more a lark than a crime, that it had been raining at the time, that little money had been involved, and that there was no evidence of delinquent behavior on the girls' part aside from this episode. Judge Scott lectured the girls at great length on the folly of their act, and then continued the case for six months without a finding.

Next, the two white girls who had "bought" nearly seventy dollars' worth of merchandise by paying their accomplice, the cashier, less than fifteen dollars were summoned before Judge Scott. Mellen told the Judge that the girls had no record, that two of them lived at home and the third went to Boston University, and that there were no other signs of delinquent behavior. After a briefer lecture, they, too, got a six-month continuance without a finding.

The court clerk whispered for a few moments to Mellen, who nodded and hurried out to the corridor and called out an Irish name. A slack-faced youth of about twenty with a moist, puckered mouth and a small, bulblike chin came up, followed by a thin woman with lanky gray hair and a cigarette in one corner of her mouth. "Why didn't you tell me in your interview last week about the three-month suspended sentence you got in Dedham for joyriding?" Mellen demanded. "That makes this charge of auto theft much worse."

The boy's mouth fell open as if a drawstring had been loosened, and he said, "I thought that was over with."

Mellen glared at him. "Well, it's not. I just learned about it from the clerk. If you get convicted today, they can send you away for three months in Dedham, and they probably will. And if they do, you can't appeal, since you already accepted the suspended sentence."

The woman stepped forward and said, "He's got away from that bad crowd he was running with."

"You his mother?" She nodded, and Mellen said, "What was he doing with that crowd in the first place?" He paused to glance at his interview form for the case, and said, "The judge may give him another suspended sentence—if he doesn't do any more lying."

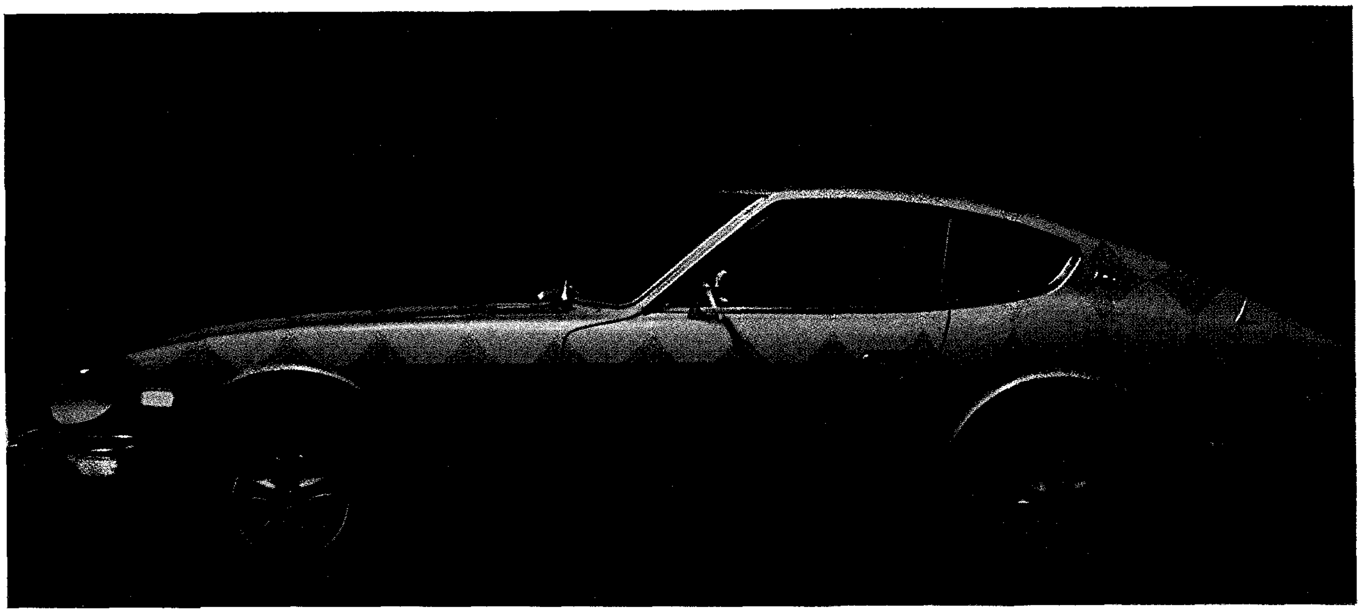
"You putting me on the stand?" the boy asked. The question brought the first sign of life he had shown—a gradually emerging sense of danger. Mellen glared at him again, and shook his head. "Good," the boy said, with relief. "I might drop dead."

Turning away without another word, Mellen called a name, and a young white man with a square, pale face and black slicked-down hair came over. "Drunken driving," Mellen said, with a glance at an open folder. "How do you want to plead?"

"I just want to get this over with."

Mellen explained that if he was convicted he would lose his driver's license for a year, but the man said that he still wanted to get it over with. Mellen urged him to consider an appeal, since he had nothing to lose. At that moment, the man's name was called from the courtroom, and the case immediately went to trial, perhaps three minutes, at most, after Mellen began interviewing him. The arresting officer testified that the defendant had been driving erratically and in the wrong direction on a one-way street, and that the Breathalyzer test registered eighteen—clear evidence of intoxication. Mellen rose and pointed out that the defendant may not have reacted to that amount of alcohol as another man would, that he hadn't endangered anyone, and that when he had been ordered out of his car by the officer he hadn't fallen down. The man was found guilty and fined fifty dollars. After a brief whispered consultation—the end of the interrupted interview, as it were—Mellen announced that the verdict would be appealed.

Minutes later, the Irish youth was called, and the charges were read out—automobile theft, larceny, drunken driving, and endangering the life of a policeman. The endangered policeman testified that he had stopped the defendant when he saw him driving down the wrong side of a street, and on checking the car's registration discovered that it had been stolen a month before. Then the police prosecutor listed an estimated hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of sports equipment that had been in the trunk of the car when it was stolen but not when it was recovered. Mellen asked no questions, but merely pointed out that the prosecution had introduced no evidence to show that the owner of the car had not given the defendant permission to use it, and no evidence to prove that anyone had been endangered. Ordinarily, failures of this evidentiary nature would be enough to get the charges dismissed, but Judge Scott ignored the objections, found the defendant guilty, and sentenced him to six months in the house of correction for stealing the car,



The Sensuous Car by "D"

If you knew cars before your alphabet. If the Paris Auto Show is more important than the Rose Bowl. If you take two parking slots because you're paranoid about dings. If you enjoy getting where you're going rather than arriving there.

If this is the way you are, our machine is lovingly designed for you. It's not just a car, because a car performs ordinary functions, like a refrigerator or washing machine. Rather, 240-Z is a gran turismo automobile, designed and built by gentlemen to whom an automobile is a work of enduring art.

Another word about 240-Z. It is not a plaything of the idle rich. It is not painstakingly handcrafted over a period of months, which as you know can result in ill-fitting parts and high costs. What it is, however, is a mass-produced automobile of exceptionally high quality. The best of two apparently contradictory worlds: affordable price and mystique... a Datsun Original. **Drive a Datsun, then decide.**

Polaroid®

We'll give you 60 seconds to make somebody happy.

The giving season's here again. And here's a whole family of Polaroid 60-second cameras to help you bring it to life—at prices within anybody's budget.

Big Shot. Under $20.

We made it for just one kind of picture: beautiful head and shoulder color portraits in 60 seconds. Built-in flash. Focusing system so simple you just walk into focus. Built-in development timer.

Square Shooter 2. Under $25.

Our most inexpensive all-purpose color camera. Uses our economical square film so you can save up to 25%* per shot. Electric eye coupled with electronic shutter. 3-element lens. Built-in flash.

Minute Maker Kit. Under $36.

Everything you need to take instant color pictures. Square Shooter 2 camera, Sylvania Blue Dot flashcubes, Colorpack film, sturdy carrying case with shoulder strap.

Polaroid Minute Maker Kit
Everything you need for instant pictures.
Square Shooter 2, Case, Film and
Sylvania Flashcubes for 8 pictures.

Model 420. Under $71 with Focused Flash**

Our most economical folding camera. Big color pictures in one minute, black-and-whites in seconds. Focused Flash system automatically controls the flash as you focus. Automatic electronic exposure system for other shots. Dual-image rangefinder-viewer. Detachable cover and carrying strap.

Model 430. Under $91 with Focused Flash**

Built-in mechanical timer buzzes until picture's developed. Transistorized electronic shutter. Dual-image coupled rangefinder-viewer. Uses optional filters.

Model 440. Under $111 with Focused Flash**

Fold-down, dual-image coupled rangefinder-viewer. Transistorized electronic shutter can take exposures up to 5 seconds automatically. Mechanical development timer. Uses optional portrait and close-up lens attachments.

Model 450. Under $176 with Focused Flash**

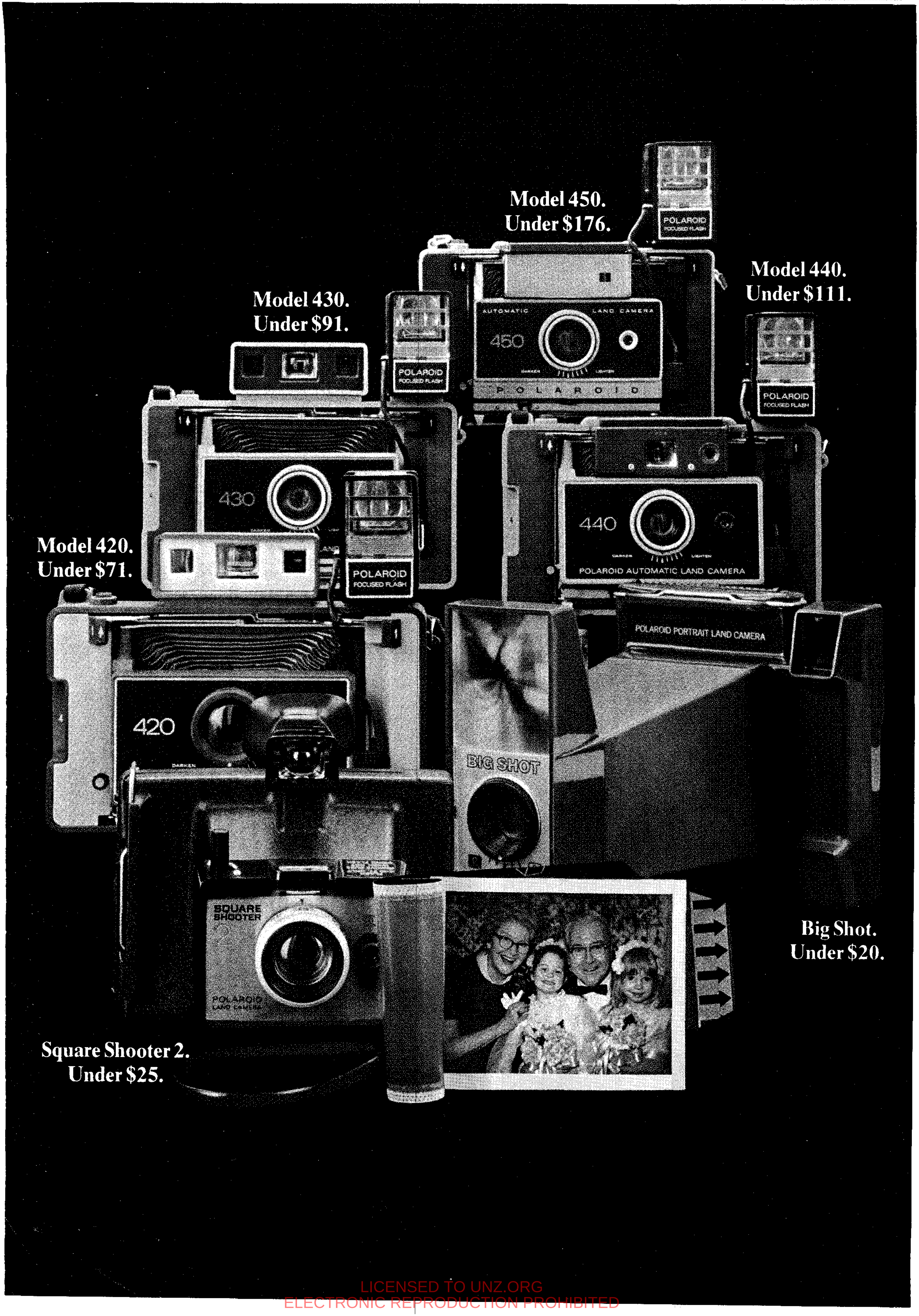
The deluxe 400-series model. Electronic development timer beeps when your picture's ready. Automatic electronic exposure system. Zeiss Ikon single-window rangefinder-viewer. Black all-metal body with brushed chrome finish. Uses every kind of Polaroid camera accessory.

Colorpack Film.

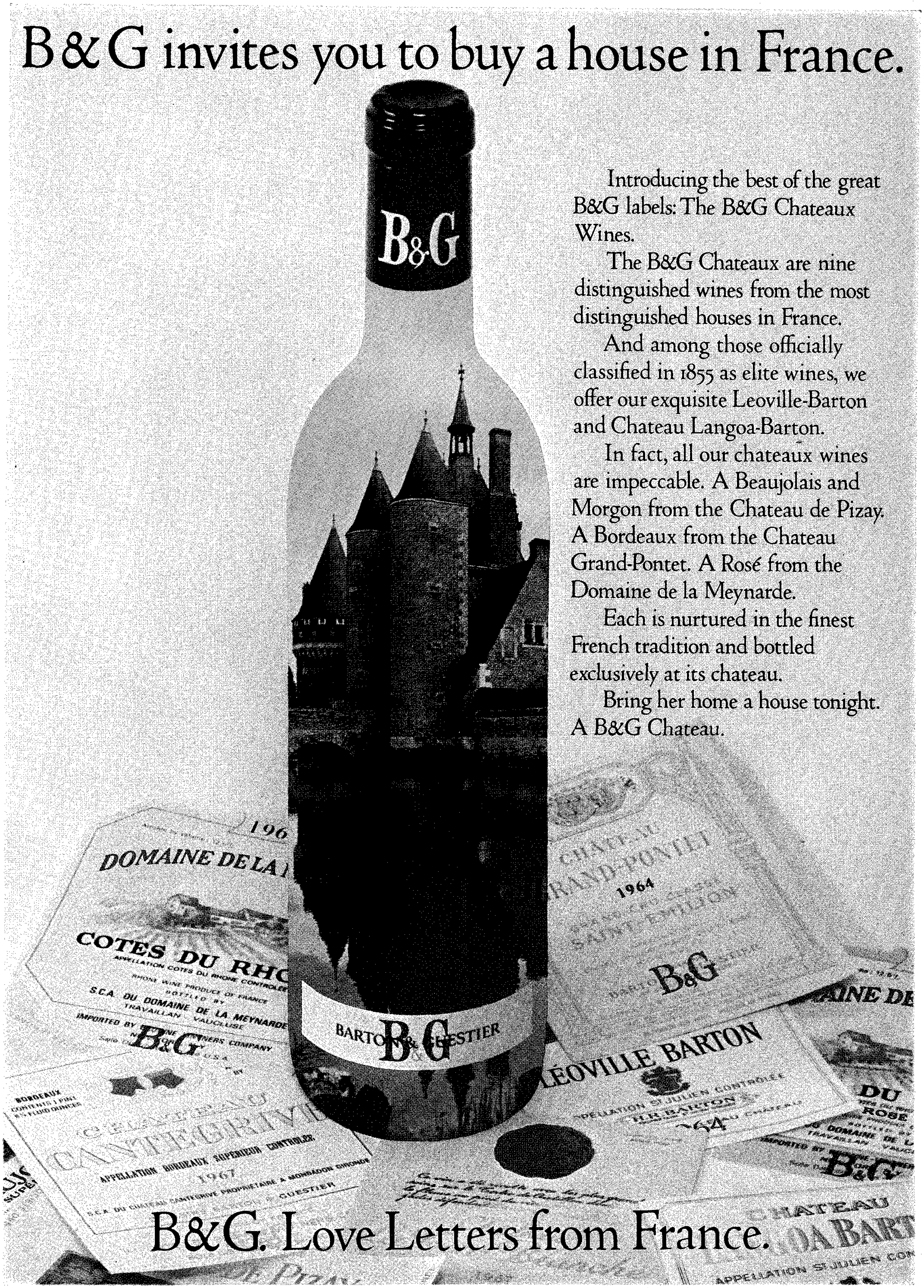
Eight colorful gifts in every pack. Type 88 film for Square Shooters. Type 108 film for our other pack cameras.

Polaroid Land Cameras from under $20. For mothers, fathers, brides, grooms and graduates.

*Comparison based on suggested list T88/T108 film. **About $11 less without Focused Flash.


Model 450.
Under $176.
Model 440.
Under $111.
Model 430.
Under $91.
Model 420.
Under $71.
Big Shot.
Under $20.
Square Shooter 2.
Under $25.
450
POLAROID
440
POLAROID AUTOMATIC LAND CAMERA
430
420
POLAROID FOCUSED FLASH
POLAROID PORTRAIT LAND CAMERA
BIG SHOT
SQUARE SHOOTER

B & G invites you to buy a house in France.


B&G
DOMAINE DE LA
196
COTES DU RHO
S.C.A. DU DOMAINE DE LA MEYNARDE
TRAVAILLAN · VAUCLUSE
B&G
CHATEAU CANTEGRIVE
APPELLATION BORDEAUX SUPÉRIEUR CONTROLÉE
1967
BARTON & GUESTIER
CHATEAU GRAND-PONTET
1964
SAINT-EMILION
B&G
LEOVILLE BARTON
APPELLATION ST JULIEN CONTROLÉE
H.R. BARTON
1964
CHATEAU
LANGOA BART
APPELLATION ST JULIEN CON

Introducing the best of the great B&G labels: The B&G Chateaux Wines.

The B&G Chateaux are nine distinguished wines from the most distinguished houses in France.

And among those officially classified in 1855 as elite wines, we offer our exquisite Leoville-Barton and Chateau Langoa-Barton.

In fact, all our chateaux wines are impeccable. A Beaujolais and Morgon from the Chateau de Pizay. A Bordeaux from the Chateau Grand-Pontet. A Rosé from the Domaine de la Meynarde.

Each is nurtured in the finest French tradition and bottled exclusively at its chateau.

Bring her home a house tonight. A B&G Chateau.

B&G. Love Letters from France.

Barton & Guestier. 36 fine wines in one fine family.

Imported by Browne Vintners Company, New York, New York and San Francisco, California then suspended the sentence for two years when the young man agreed to pay the owner a hundred and sixty-five dollars for the lost sports equipment; she also sentenced him to three months for endangering a policeman, then suspended that for two years, too. "You're lucky to get a second chance," she told the boy, who stood before her slackly, looking as if he hadn't any idea of what she was talking about. "Not many get the chance you have." As the youth and his mother left the courtroom, a man standing beside one of the court attendants muttered, "He certainly wouldn't have got the chance if he'd been black."

Immediately afterward, the young Puerto Rican who was charged with serving as a lookout while an accomplice broke into an apartment was called for trial. The victim, an elderly Italian woman in a black dress and black scarf told how she had left her apartment early one morning and upon returning in the afternoon found the place in disarray and her granddaughter's coin purse missing. The arresting officer was a square-jawed, gray-haired Irishman, a detective, and he described the circumstances of the arrest. He had happened to be driving past the apartment house when he saw the defendant, whom he recognized as being wanted on a default warrant, leaning against a parked car. The detective parked nearby and waited; a few minutes later, a man emerged from the building, joined the defendant, and the two walked away. When the detective stopped his car beside them and got out and identified himself, the second man ran off, and threw away a screwdriver as he went. The defendant was taken to the station house and booked on the default charge, which had been the result of a misunderstanding, it turned out. A couple of hours later, when the detective learned that a burglary had taken place in the apartment house at around the time of the arrest, he booked the man on a charge of breaking and entering, too. When Mellen's turn came, he observed that his client had merely been present outside a building, doing nothing improper, and had walked down the street with a man who may or may not have done something improper. The Judge gave the defendant six months in the house of correction. Mellen at once appealed, whereupon Judge Scott raised the amount of bail from the five hundred dollars that the defendant had been released on to five thousand dollars. Mellen objected heatedly, and pointed out that since the defendant had appeared

"I fought my way past all the pugs . . . now it was over."

"GOOD BYE NICK"

My name was Kid Sugar. And I coulda been champ. I earned the title shot . . . the hard way. But the commissioner wouldn't give me the fight.

"Nick," he said, (he always called me Nick because of the cuts and scrapes I got from shaving,) "with all those marks on your face, the doctor would stop the fight before the first bell."

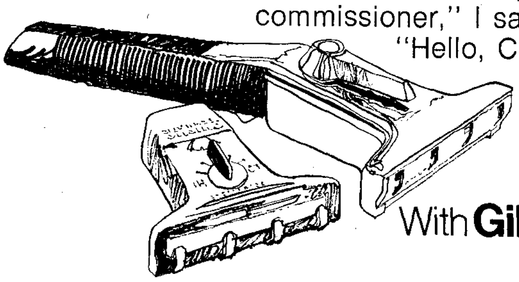
I'd never been cut, not in the ring. I pleaded for my chance. "Sorry Nick, my hands are tied." It was good-bye Nick. Hello skids. I fought my way past all the pugs in all the tank towns in America and now it was over.

I sat in front of my locker, trying on my gloves for the last time, when inside one of them I found a package and a note. It was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note said, "Nicky, I'd rather you'd have finished your violin lessons. But if boxing is your life . . . Good Luck. Mom." The Techmatic razor had a continuous band, no sharp corners to cut my face. It was light, had balance for a smooth, safe shave. All enclosed in a safety cartridge so I'd never have to touch a blade again.

Shortly thereafter I was sitting with Mom at the symphony, when the tall, gray-haired man approached. "Hello, commissioner," I said.

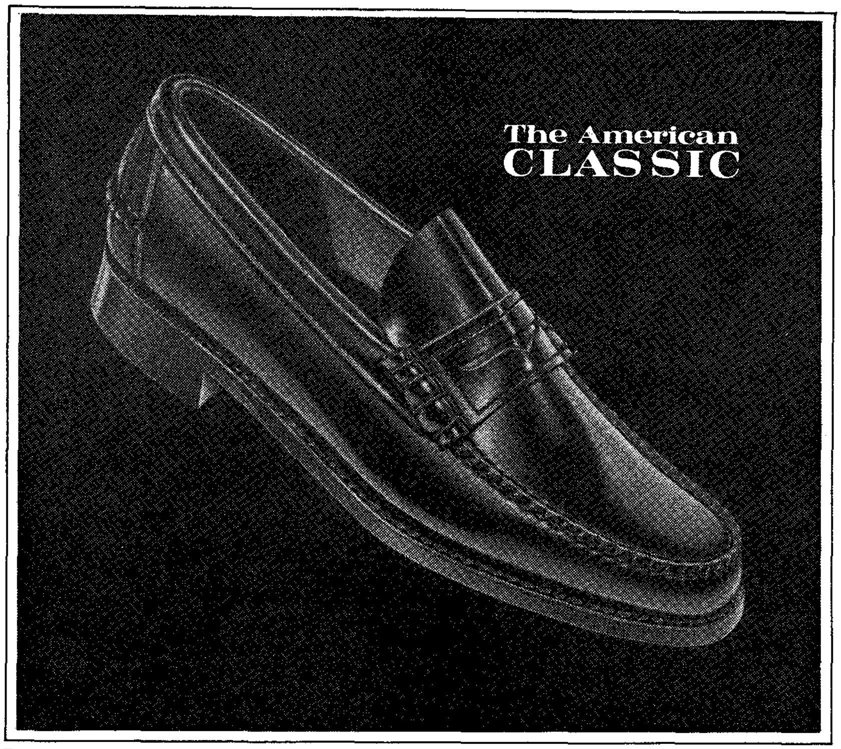
"Hello, Champ!"

MADISON SQ. G
TUES. SEPT.
MAIN EVENT
KID SUGAR



With Gillette TECHMATIC
it's good-bye Nick

©1973, The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.



The contemporary, classic good taste of the beefroll moc. A confident complement to any leisure fashion. From the rich, mahogany leather to the unique support sole construction, Sebago Roamers are built rugged. Handsewn quality by Yankee craftsmen.

Sebago Classics available in New York at **McDuffee's**; Philadelphia, **Strawbridge & Clothier**; Baltimore, **Hess Shoes**; Denver, **Fontius Shoe**; Pittsburgh, **Kamp's**; Columbus, **Evans & Schwartz**; Birmingham, Mich., **Sherman Shoes**; San Francisco, **Village Bootery**; Wilmington, Del., **Storm's** and other fine stores.

SEBAGO
Sebago, Inc., Westbrook, Me. 04092

Distinct.
Distinguished.
Distinguishable.
NECKWEAR by Don Loper of CALIFORNIA
1200 Santee St., Los Angeles 90015
Division of SUPERBA CRAVATS Inc.
Discerning men also look for Don Loper
Small Leather Goods, Hosiery, Sport Shirts, Handkerchiefs and Colognes.

for this trial, there was no reason to assume that he wouldn't appear for a trial in superior court. The Judge shook her head and said that she felt no assurance that he would turn up—the only Constitutional ground for imposing bail. Mellen objected once more, and told her that the defendant had joined a drug-treatment program and had beaten his habit. She clearly didn't believe that, and she paid scarcely more attention when the director of C.I.T.A., a handsome, well-dressed Puerto Rican who identified himself as a minister, got up and vouched for the defendant's progress. After he sat down, the detective rose and said, "I know this defendant, Your Honor. If you're worried about his showing up for trial, I wouldn't be. He'll show up. I've known him since he was a kid."

Finally, the assistant district attorney who was trying the case, since it was a felony charge, got up and said, "If the police are satisfied with the original bail, I'll accept that."

Judge Scott was silent for a long time. Then she said, "Five thousand dollars' bail."

The defendant was taken off to the lockup, and the detective left the courtroom shaking his head. Afterward, Mellen told me that the officer lived in the same neighborhood as the defendant, knew him and his family well, and, in fact, had even posted the collateral for his bail after bringing him to court for arraignment the week before.

A couple of minutes later, the rape case that Mellen was handling was called for a bail hearing—before Judge Scott. After being informed that the victim was not in court, she said that there had been a similar complaint against the defendant earlier. "It was thought to have been made by the same girl, but it wasn't," she added. "It was dismissed."

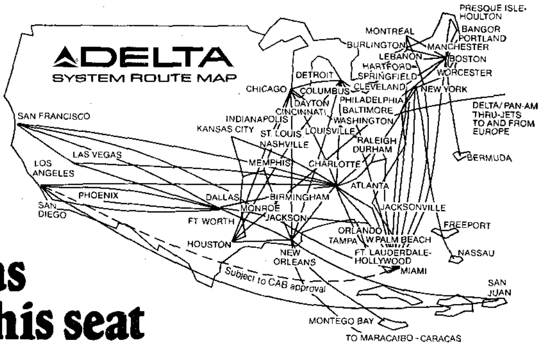
Mellen looked surprised by this information but said nothing. The police prosecutor rose long enough to report that he was unfamiliar with the case, and the Judge asked Mellen for his views. He explained that the defendant had been taking care of his two younger brothers since their mother died a few months before, and could not take on a job because of this responsibility; then he contradicted himself by stating that his client was looking for work. Finally, Mellen told the Judge that the defendant admitted having sexual relations with the girl but claimed that she had consented, and then without apparent reason had gone to the police. "It looks serious, but the girl isn't here, so we don't

DELTA
110.50

Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Paul Bennett, 747 Captain.

Paul started out flying a 21-passenger DC-3. Now he's captain of a 370-passenger 747, the world's largest jetliner. After 30 years with Delta, he has 26,000 hours and 8 million miles under his seat belt. When you're flying, it's nice to know there's a Paul Bennett up front.

Delta is ready when you are.


DELTA
SYSTEM ROUTE MAP
PRESQUE ISLE-HOULTON
BANGOR
PORTLAND
MONTREAL
BURLINGTON
MANCHESTER
LEBANON
BOSTON
HARTFORD-SPRINGFIELD
WORCESTER
DETROIT
CLEVELAND
CHICAGO
COLUMBUS
NEW YORK
DAYTON
PHILADELPHIA
CINCINNATI
BALTIMORE
INDIANAPOLIS
WASHINGTON
DELTA/PAN-AM THRU-JETS TO AND FROM EUROPE
SAN FRANCISCO
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
LOUISVILLE
RALEIGH DURHAM
NASHVILLE
LAS VEGAS
MEMPHIS
CHARLOTTE
BERMUDA
LOS ANGELES
ATLANTA
PHOENIX
DALLAS
BIRMINGHAM
MONROE
JACKSONVILLE
SAN DIEGO
FT WORTH
JACKSON
FREEPORT
ORLANDO
HOUSTON
TAMPA
W.PALM BEACH
NEW ORLEANS
FT. LAUDERDALE-HOLLYWOOD
NASSAU
MIAMI
Subject to CAB approval
SAN JUAN
MONTEGO BAY
TO MARACAIBO - CARACAS

Delta's Wide-Ride™ $25 million 747. Seats 370 in a cabin built for 490. Upper deck lounge area and private penthouse. More than a dozen stewardesses

To look
at a
Bodin Knit,
you'd think
it was
made the
way
clothes
used to be
made – with
meticulous
attention
to detail
and hand
finishing –
and IT WAS.
Examine
the quality
of a Bodin shirt
or jacket or a
pair of pants,
and you'll
understand Ted
Bodin's insistence
on excellence.
Dacron® polyester
separates, sizes 6-18.

Bodin Knits

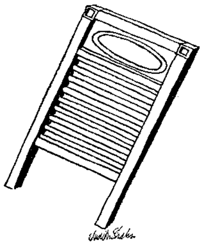
For separates with superb craftsmanship and superb styling, select Bodin Knits, available at Jordan Marsh: Boston / Parisian: Alabama / Joske's: Houston / Cain-Sloan: Tennessee / Bloomingdale: New York / Bon Marche: Washington / Pitche's: Dallas / Macy's: Kansas City / Mabley & Carew: Cincinnati / Stern's: New Jersey / Kaufman's: Pennsylvania / William H. Block: Indiana / Buttery: Minnesota / Woodward & Lothrop: Washington, D. C.

know," he added. "But I would remind Your Honor that the incident took place in the defendant's apartment." Judge Scott stared at the black man, who stood mute before her, his hands clasped behind him. Then she said, "Ten thousand dollars' bail."

The courtroom was silent for a few moments. "Thank you, Your Honor," Mellen said, finally, and he stalked out. I joined him in the deserted corridor, where he stood staring at a blank wall. "That could be another life broken," he said.

I looked at my watch. It was not quite four o'clock, and the day's calendar for the Dorchester District Court was clean.

SHORTLY before the day I spent in court with Mellen, I had learned that a highly critical report on the M.D.C. had recently been prepared by a study group of outside lawyers and that it had been circulated privately among the steering committee of the M.D.C. Not long afterward, the committee acted on the recommendations. Its first act was to replace Rimbold as chief counsel. His successor was Gerard Schaefer, a graduate of the Harvard Law School and a staff lawyer with M.D.C. for six years. A few weeks ago, I went back to the M.D.C. office in Boston to see what changes had been made and how they were working. "Above all, it was essential to reduce the insane case load that a man like Mellen was handling," I was told by Schaefer, a dark-haired, friendly man in his mid-thirties. "We did that by lopping off all the district courts in Boston and its immediate suburbs, except for the Dorchester District Court. And we're still in the Boston Juvenile Court and the East Cambridge District Court. There used to be only one M.D.C. lawyer in each of these courts on a regular basis. But by pulling men out of the other district courts and reassigning them we now have a minimum of five lawyers, plus a varying number of third-year students from Harvard Law School, who are permitted to handle some cases in each of these courts. All in all, this has cut the average case load from twenty to twenty-five a day down to six to ten new cases a week. That means our lawyers, interviewers, and investigators can spend the time that is necessary—many hours in complicated cases—to do the job right. Of course, the reshuffling was bad for the defendants who now get no representation at all in the other district courts, except by private lawyers appointed by the court, who are often worse than no lawyer at all. When I took over this job, the morale here was terrible. I tried to make our people feel as if they were lawyers instead of mere legal processors. Of course, the best way to accomplish that is to limit case loads. I believe we've succeeded. The most vital change here has been the surge in staff morale. Now our lawyers take pride in being lawyers. I aim to have a staff of the best trial lawyers in town." Recalling Rimbold's earlier remark to me that virtually all of the M.D.C.'s clients were guilty, I asked Schaefer what percentage he would assign to that category. He smiled and said, "Only juries can answer that."



I also met with the agency's new deputy chief counsel, Scott Harshbarger, who had been brought in from the outside—from the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, which had been one of the severest critics of the Massachusetts district-court system in general and of the M.D.C. operation in particular. A man in his early thirties with a crewcut and a square jaw, Harshbarger, who is an alumnus of the Harvard Law School, too, explained to me that they had put ninety per cent of the study group's recommendations into practice. "For instance, we never had a training program before. A new staff lawyer went to district court for a day with an experienced lawyer and then took over on his own. Now we have a six-week training program. We also rotate our people among the district, the superior, and the appeals courts—approximately three months in each—so that they get the broadest possible experience. Before, a staff lawyer moved to a higher court only through seniority when there was a vacancy. We also have supervision in each court, whereas there was none at all under the old regime. And we have a batch of eager new lawyers." I remembered hearing that Rimbold had been partial to graduates of his alma mater, the Suffolk Law School, and now it turned out that Schaefer and Harshbarger were partial to theirs, for of the last ten lawyers they had hired seven were Harvard alumni. Harshbarger went on to explain that the M.D.C. was now receiving some substantial federal funds and that there was a good chance that the outfit's budget, federal and state funds included, would be far larger next year than last year, which would enable the

TULSA HAS IT NOW!

An Exciting Cultural Experience

Conductor Skitch Henderson and the Tulsa Philharmonic Orchestra form one of the best known performing arts groups in mid-America. But the Philharmonic is not the only jewel in Tulsa's cultural crown. Tulsa gives you even more than you would expect from a cosmopolitan area of a half million.

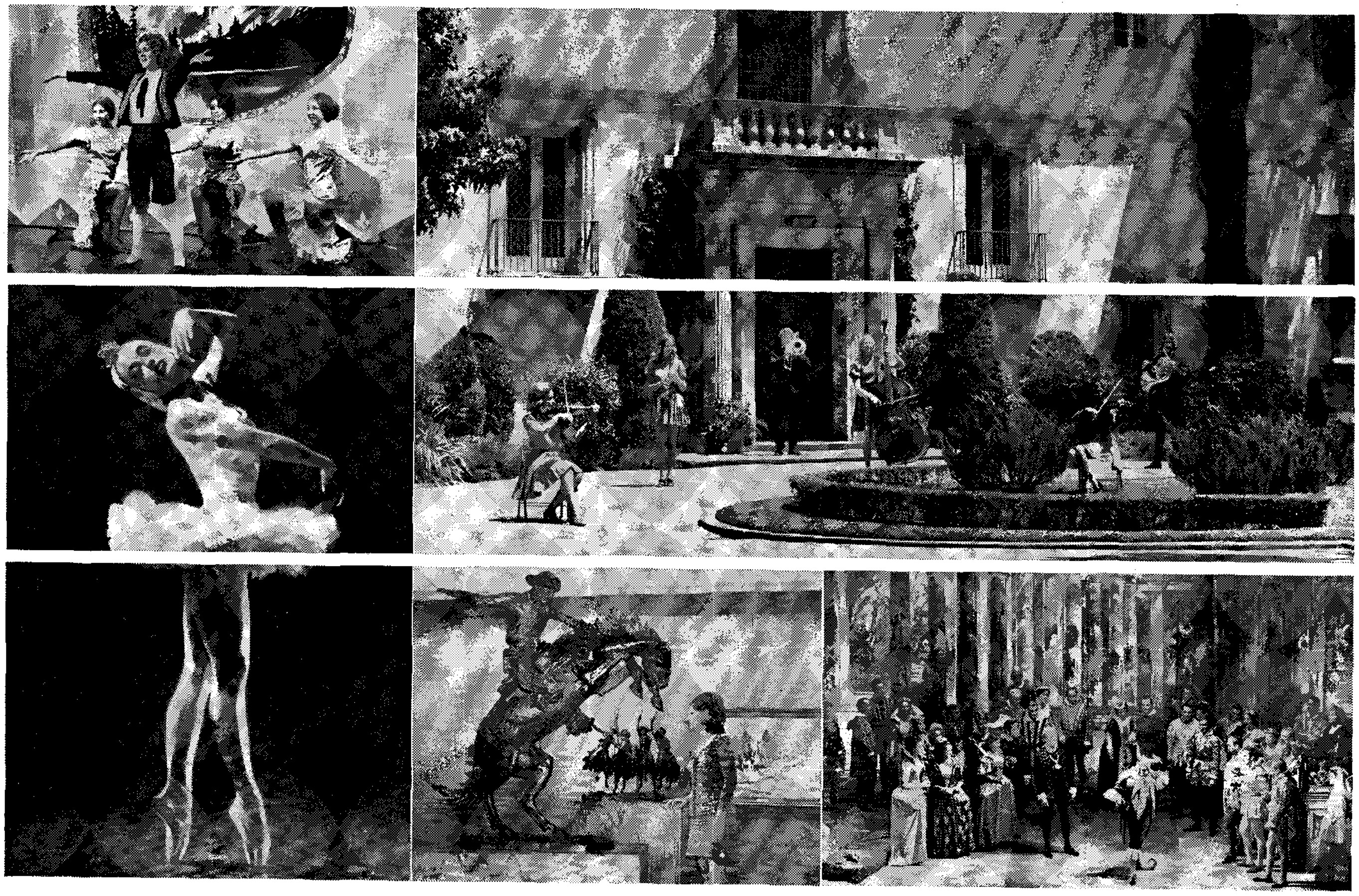
The Tulsa Civic Ballet, guided by internationally-recognized premier dansuer Roman Jasinski, made history by featuring five world renowned American Indian prima ballerinas, Maria Tallchief, Marjorie Tallchief, Yvonne Chouteau, Rozella Hightower, and Moseclyn Larkin (all natives of the Tulsa area) in a once-in-a-lifetime world premiere of the Indian Ballerina Festival in Tulsa.

Tulsa Opera productions each season feature stars from the famed La Scala and Metropolitan, and ours is the only opera company in the state.

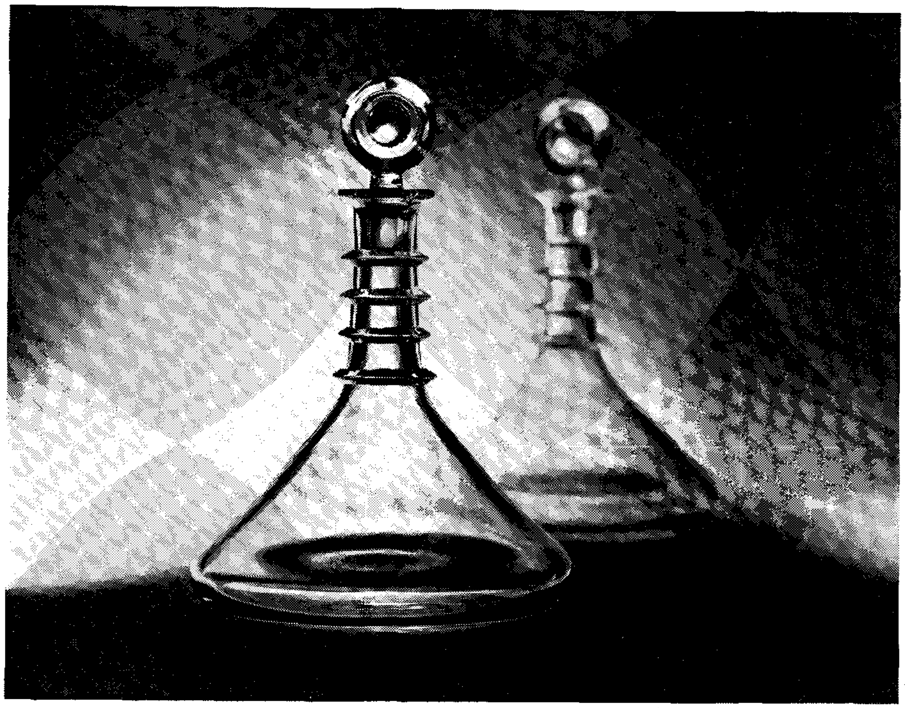
What about art museums? Well, there's the one and only world famous Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, and the magnificent Philbrook Art Center.

Tulsans enjoy Little Theatre productions, plus several Broadway road shows each year. The Tulsa Little Theatre was presented the American Community Theatre Association Festival award in 1971 for the nation's best community theatre. Starlight musical concerts, art exhibits, film festivals, literary events, the artistry of the world champion Young Tulsans band—you'll find it all in Tulsa.

Get the whole story on Tulsa, the city that has it now! Write or call the Metropolitan Tulsa Chamber of Commerce, 616 South Boston Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74119, (918) 585-1201.



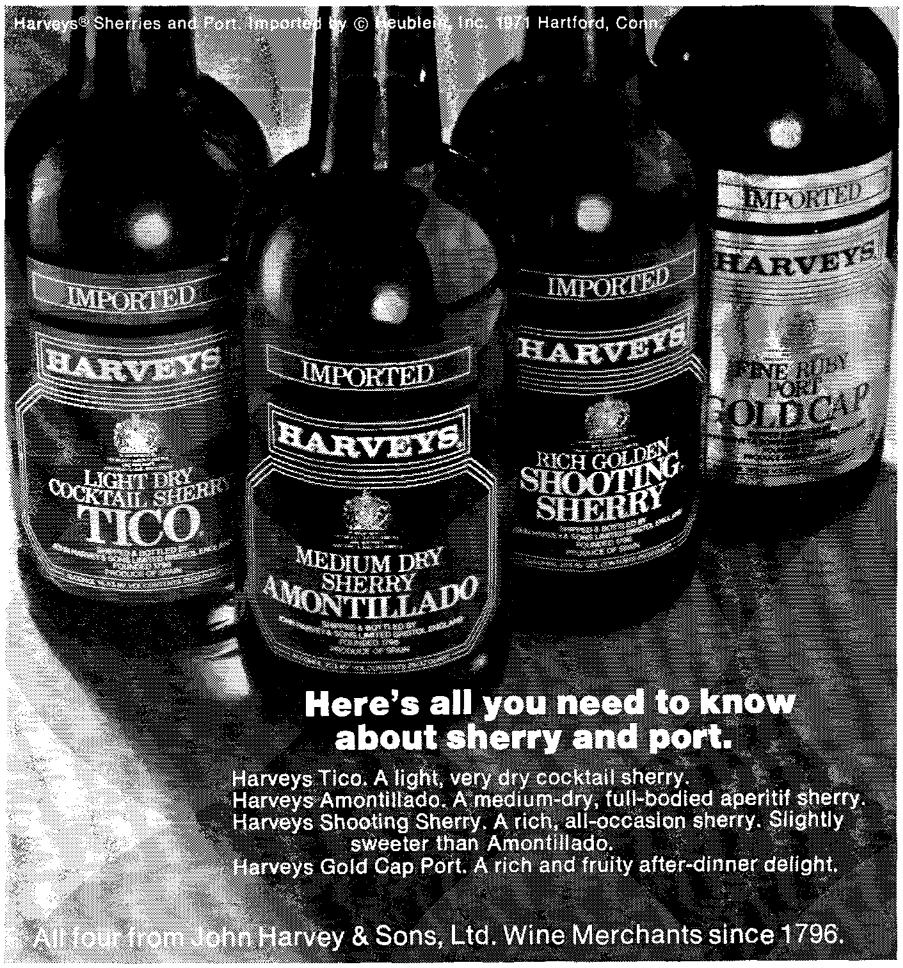
Economic Development Commission of **TULSA**



SHIP'S DECANTERS: Capacity 32 ounces • $210.00 each

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441
CORNING GLASS CENTER, CORNING, NEW YORK 14830 • (607) 962-1060



Harveys® Sherries and Port. Imported by © Heublein, Inc. 1971 Hartford, Conn.

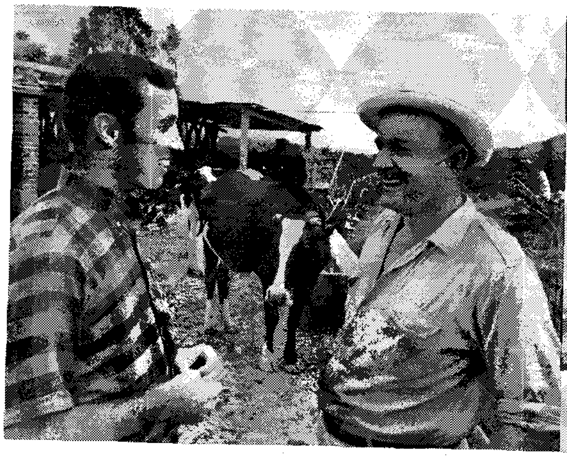
Here's all you need to know about sherry and port.

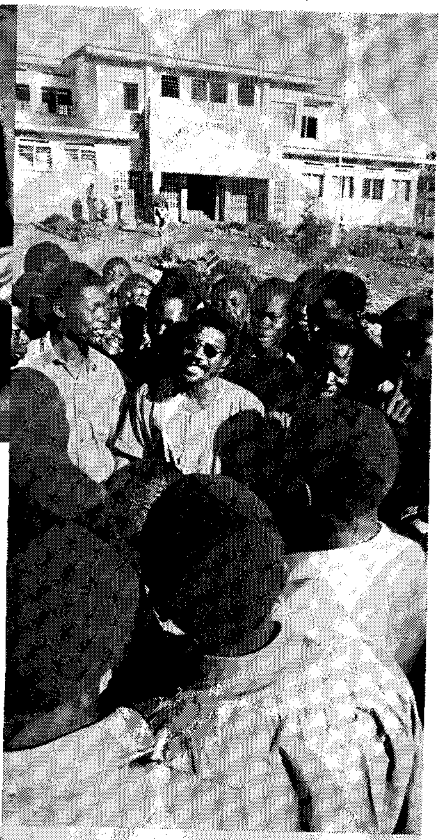
Harveys Tico. A light, very dry cocktail sherry.
Harveys Amontillado. A medium-dry, full-bodied aperitif sherry.
Harveys Shooting Sherry. A rich, all-occasion sherry. Slightly sweeter than Amontillado.
Harveys Gold Cap Port. A rich and fruity after-dinner delight.

All four from John Harvey & Sons, Ltd. Wine Merchants since 1796.

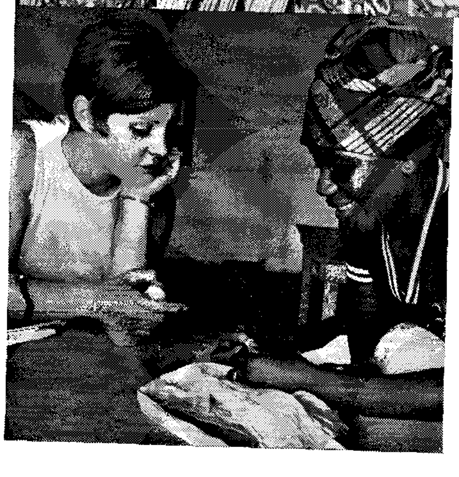
agency to return to some of the district courts on a limited basis and to increase staff salaries so that they would be competitive with government pay on the same level. The one area in which the M.D.C. still lagged far behind, he said, was in providing services for clients from local social-service organizations—that is, tying defendants in with such outfits as the Boston Court Resource Project before trial in order to give judges some alternatives besides jail or freedom. However, he added hastily, a federal grant was forthcoming and would pay for a three-man division that would soon be set up to look after those needs. "I think our dual approach is working," he concluded. "The chief counsel's emphasis is on limited case loads and topnotch lawyers. Mine is on the conviction that a legal-defense group like ours has to have a broad purpose. I think the purpose here is to represent the poor. And our staff is coming around to this view. Before, the M.D.C.'s lawyers were here only to get experience, not for social causes. The more experience they got, the more contemptuous they became toward their clients. But now there's an esprit here that didn't exist before. The young lawyers really want to help. They really want to be public defenders."

On my way out of the M.D.C. office, I ran into Mellen, who explained that he had just finished his day's work in the court that he had been rotated to—the Suffolk Superior Court, which covers the county that Boston is a part of. After he had checked in, he rejoined me and we went to a bar next door for a glass of beer and a talk about the new M.D.C. setup from a courtroom lawyer's viewpoint. "I liked the old system, where you were left alone to learn by trial and error," he said after we had sat down and ordered. "But the new system is probably better, all in all. Now I have only one case a day in superior court, and I talk to a jury instead of to a judge. It's more of a challenge, because I have more of a chance to prevail." I asked how long he had stayed on in the Dorchester District Court after the four additional lawyers were sent in to work with him there, and he replied that he had remained for another three months. "I was the supervisor, so I could handle the cases I wanted to," he explained. "That was nice. But I found that no matter how hard I tried or how hard I worked, the dispositions of the cases weren't much different from before. Judge King tried to give everybody a break. And Judge Scott—well, in most of the cases she sat





In the Peace Corps, Peace is more than a word, it's a way of life.



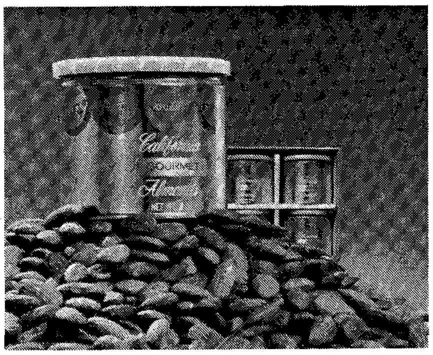
To some people peace is a symbol. To others a slogan. To the volunteers in the Peace Corps, it's a way of life. Sharing skills and goodwill with the world. Living among the people of developing countries. Fighting poverty, disease and hunger. Helping people help themselves. You can become a volunteer for peace. Write ACTION, Washington, D.C. 20525–or call 800-424-8580 toll free.

PEACE CORPS
One part of ACTION

on the verdict was guilty, and most of her verdicts required appeals. So the results were pretty much the same as before, but we had more time to reach them. Dorchester is typical of busy district courts, because it's the judges' decisions that count, and the judges' decisions reflect not the law but their views of life."

IN Boston, the average criminal defendant who has the best chance of ending up with a capable lawyer is the poor black who lives in the worst slum—Roxbury. The courts in that section of the city are served by the Roxbury Defenders Committee, an agency that has been described as "an experiment in quality legal defense." The R.D.C. is entirely funded by the federal government, under grants by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which was set up by President Johnson. From the outset, the R.D.C. has functioned as the M.D.C. hopes to function ultimately—with a limited case load, a legal staff made up of graduates of the best law schools, use of third-year law students, thorough investigative legal work before cases are tried, a high rate of appeals from arbitrary verdicts by capricious judges, and the use of social agencies to keep clients out of jail. "A year ago, the Massachusetts Defenders Committee was so conservative that the Roxbury Defenders Committee, which was only doing what was sensible and necessary, looked like a pack of radicals," Harshbarger told me. "But now with the M.D.C. and the R.D.C. headed in the same direction, the joint effort will improve the entire system, and will finally affect the courts themselves. If that doesn't happen, there's no hope."

I found the Roxbury Defenders Committee office on the second floor of a dilapidated two-story building in the downtown section of Roxbury—an area of run-down shops, bars, and boarded-up stores. I climbed a dark, dismal stairway to a small hallway, where there was a bulletin board with various announcements, and a clipping from a recent edition of the Boston *Globe* reporting that the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court had ruled that anyone who snatched a purse and knocked down, or even pushed, the victim in the process could properly be sent to prison for life. I had an appointment with the director of the R.D.C., but he was busy when I arrived, so I talked briefly with one of the organization's social-worker assistants, an attractive young black woman with an Afro. I asked her about the kind of work she did, and she answered, "When one of our interviewers



TOPS!

...for your own enjoyment and gift giving

One person or product rises to the top in every field of endeavor. For years, that distinction has gone to California almonds . . . and, your first crunchy, flavorful bite will prove that T.M. Duché's "Gourmet Almonds" rate the title "TOPS!" over all others.

T.M. Duché Nut Co. has supplied California's finest almonds to the world's leading bakers and confectioners for over 30 years. Now, we have a special department to select the very "cream of the crop", process and vacuum-pack it in attractive, re-sealable *8 ounce* tins.

One bite, and you'll never forget, **"Duché"** rhymes with **"gourmet"**.

For your own pleasure or for gifts in delightfully good taste, fill in the coupon and send it with your list of names & addresses, and your check or money order. Your satisfaction is *unconditionally guaranteed.*

Each **Gift Pack** contains an assortment of **8-ounce** re-sealable tins, including SMOKED, BARBEQUE, BLANCHED & NATURAL.

Other sizes, up to 25 lb. cartons, available. Send for FREE brochure and price list.

Prices shown **include** shipping anywhere in U.S.A. and to servicemen & women with A.P.O. addresses.

DUCHE

T.M. DUCHÉ NUT CO.
P.O. Box 845
Orland, Calif. 95963

Please send ☐ to me ☐ to attached list
______Four-tin gift packs @ 5.90 ______
______Six-tin gift packs @ 7.90 ______

☐ Please send brochure on other sizes
Name: ________________
Address :________________
City, State & Zip: ________________

Florence Eiseman Sportswear for Spring and Summer.

Cerutti, NY
Desert Dweller, Scottsdale, AZ
Cele Petersen's, Tucson, AZ
Loretta Deane, Bourne, MA
Beehive, Philadelphia, PA
Cramer's, Carmel, CA
Eleanor Knox, Madison, CO
Town & Country, Belmont, MA
Gorman, Manchester, CO
Miss Agnes Fashion, Pittfield, MA

Observe an eclipse.
Examine an ecosystem.
Excavate an ancient city.

Join top scientists from the Smithsonian Institution and major universities on field research expeditions around the world. No special qualifications necessary. Learn on location. Participate in ecology in Nepal. Anthropology in Kenya, Botswana, India. Archaeology in Yucatan, Israel, U.S. Underwater archaeology, marine biology, geology, astronomy. 2 to 5 weeks in the field, from $600 (plus airfare). Participation limited. Early registration essential.

eei
Educational Expeditions International
68 Leonard Street, Dept. NY-4
Belmont, Massachusetts 02178
Phone: (617) 489-3030

Europe on wheels.

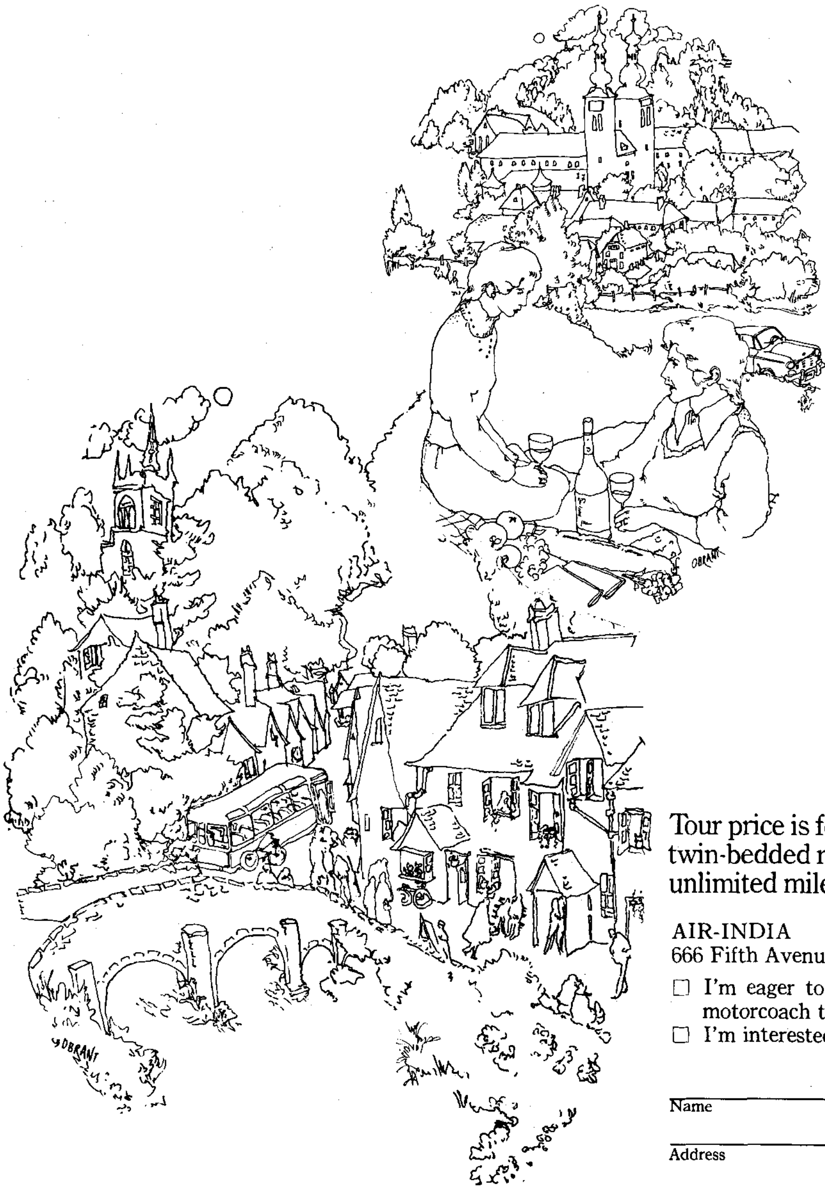
Britain and the Continent by motorcoach or car.

If you really want to see Europe there's nothing like a motor trip. Air-India gives you two kinds to choose from.

You can take one of our very special motorcoach tours. Travel that's nice and leisurly. Plenty of free time, too. A tour escort who knows every castle in Europe (and their ghosts). New friends to enjoy things with. All the guided sightseeing you want. And everything taken care of for you.

Or you can take one of our unique pre-planned auto tours. All the fun of travel on your own, with your companion or party. And none of the hassle. We map out your itinerary for you, make all your hotel reservations in advance. But you can set your own pace. Meander. Picnic. Take four hours for a bistro lunch. At the end of each day a comfortable room with private bath awaits you.

Every tour is put together with Air-India's customary care. The hotels are first class, meals are superior quality. Even the itineraries are unusually interesting. And throughout your trip you get the kind of service you've come to expect of Air-India. The whole tour collection is outstanding so be sure you send for the brochures. We list just five below.



MOTORCOACH TOURS
Best of Britain
England, Scotland, Wales
20 days $495 plus airfare

Grand European Tour
England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Austria, France
22 days $505 plus airfare
28 days $530 plus airfare

Russia and Scandinavia
Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Poland, Germany, Holland, England
22 days $580 plus airfare

PRE-PLANNED AUTO TOURS, WITH A HERTZ CAR
The Inns of Britain
21 days $585 plus airfare.

The Chateaux and Castles of Europe
21 days $725 plus airfare.

Tour price is for each of two people sharing a twin-bedded room. On auto tours there's unlimited mileage. You pay for the gas only.

AIR-INDIA
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019. PL 1-6200

☐ I'm eager to find out more about your very special motorcoach tours.
☐ I'm interested in your unique pre-planned auto tours.

Name

Address

City, State, Zip NY-421

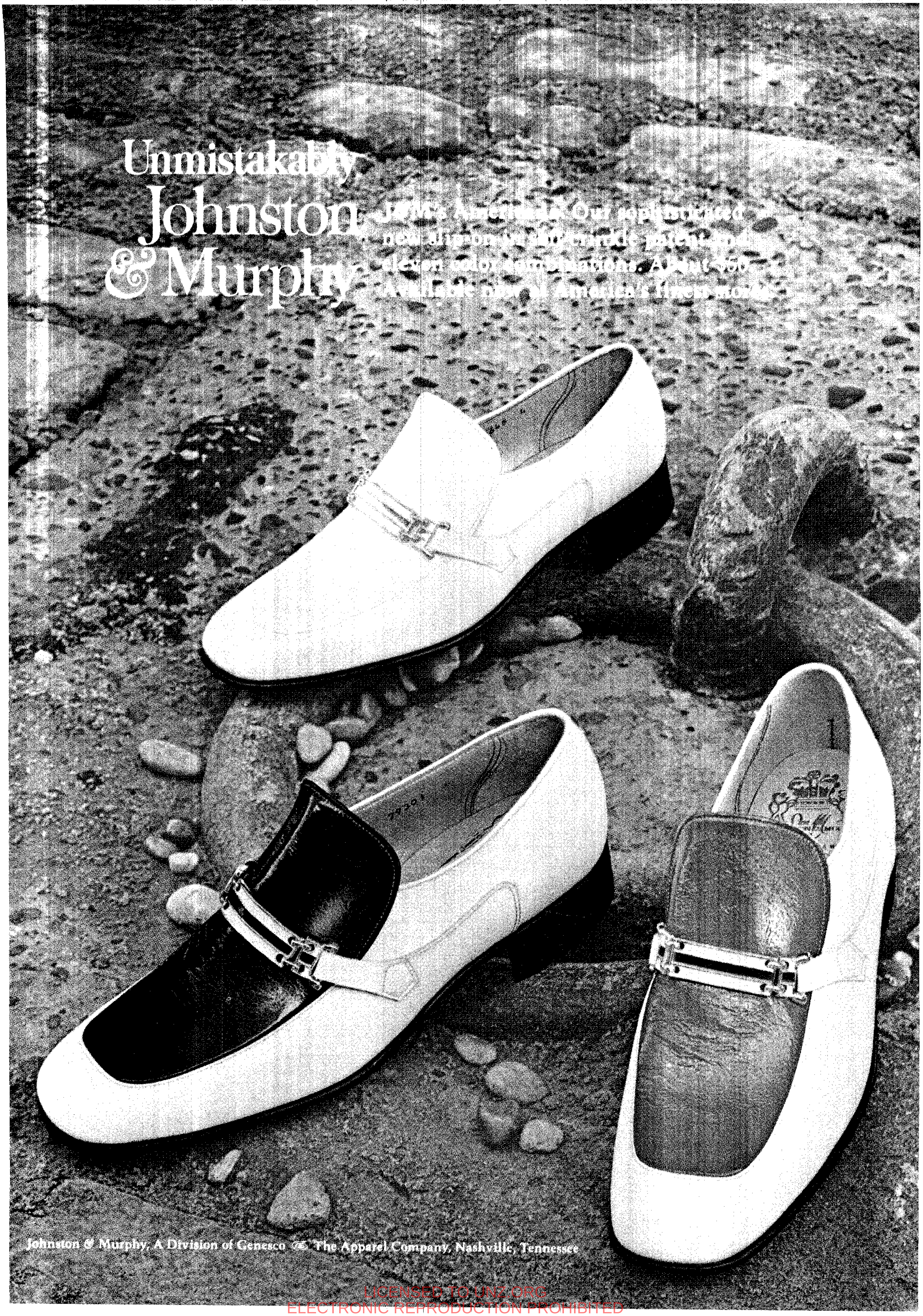
AIR-INDIA

Dalton

Three part pantsuit with zipped shell, yellow and white knit of Trevira Star® polyester. Sizes 6 to 16, about $110.
Featured at
Bonwit Teller
Halle's
Jacobson's, Michigan
Battlestein's
Bullock's
and other fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West.

or attorneys sees that a client has a drug problem, or a drinking problem, or a mental problem, or a family problem, or a money problem, he refers the client to us, and we try to tie him in to one of the various social-service agencies in the city. They're mostly black-run and they're federally financed, on a modest scale. Anyway, we manage to tie in better than two-thirds of our clients with such agencies. But right now we're trying to develop job opportunities. The economy is so bad in general, and so many of our clients are the hard-core unemployed, that we're not doing well at all so far." She paused for a moment, then went on, "Also, we're working on job training—trying to get our clients into the few programs of that sort that exist. They all have long waiting lists, and most pay very little to the trainee, maybe fifty dollars a week at the most, and since many of our clients are married and have families, they can't survive on that kind of pay. On the other hand, they can't go without money at all, so . . ." She broke off and shrugged. When I asked her about drug-treatment programs, she brightened at once, and said, "Oh, we've been much more successful there. Somewhere between sixty and eighty per cent of all our cases are drug-related—that is, they are charges of selling or possessing drugs or stealing to buy drugs. The judges here generally respect our programs—mainly, I suspect, because they offer a way to get addicts off the streets—and most judges usually give the defendants a fair chance. Right now, we're tied in to eight drug programs. In addition to providing medical treatment, most of them try to help the client find a job afterward, so that he doesn't go back on the treadmill as soon as he hits the street. Jails leave that part entirely up to the convicts themselves. A couple offer some training, but it's usually a joke. At Walpole State Prison, for instance, there's a training program for truck drivers. The trouble is that to drive a truck on the outside you have to be bonded, and ex-convicts can't get bonded."

At this point, I got in to see the director and founder of the Roxbury Defenders Committee, a black man in his late twenties named Wallace Sherwood, who had a full mustache, heavy-rimmed spectacles, and a modified Afro. In view of the wide range in the kind of legal defense required and the often capricious behavior of judges, I had begun to wonder if the fate of the ordinary defendant in a criminal case wasn't determined chiefly by a combination of accidents rather than by the rule of law. When I was seated in Sherwood's office, I brought this up, and he nodded at once and said, "In my experience, the defendant gets a lousy shake, not justice. Take the average case. Let's say that something goes wrong somewhere, or that a policeman thinks something has gone wrong. He may have a reasonable basis for thinking that, or he may have just a feeling. Anyway, he goes up to a guy who seems suspicious and begins questioning him. They argue or the cop frisks the guy, who calls him some names and gets roughed up for it. So they argue some more, and the cop drags the guy to the station house. The suspect has to post bond or stay in jail that night. There's no reason for bond except to enrich the bondsmen or corrupt officials who take a kickback, because almost all defendants show up in court when they're supposed to. Those who don't usually have good reasons—they're sick, or they were misinformed about the date, or they're in jail for something else. Anyway, the defendant appears in court the next morning to be arraigned. To the ordinary man, the milieu of the courtroom is terribly frightening. Even if he's been in court before, or several times before, it's frightening. The atmosphere is atrocious—arrogant judges, rude clerks, rough policemen, nasty prosecutors. You can rob a man of anything but his dignity and he'll be all right. But courts rob men of their dignity from the start to the finish. I know of one judge who gives harsh sentences but he treats defendants decently, and everybody, even those he sends to jail, likes him. Some defendants don't mind going to jail if they feel they've been treated decently and have had a fair break. To a degree, that's why many defendants have a mystique about trials. Some of them really *like* going to trial. They like the show part—the big, important trial, with a judge in black robes, and lawyers and clerks, and records being made of what is said about the defendant. Essentially, what this means to him is that he's worth enough for us to pay some attention to. At the same time, many of these same defendants insist on a line of defense that is certain to land them in prison. A lot of them want to go to jail, maybe because it provides the security and order they lack in the free world outside. But the main point is that most defendants are *not* treated fairly. Fairness would require presumption of innocence at the outset, but everybody who is brought

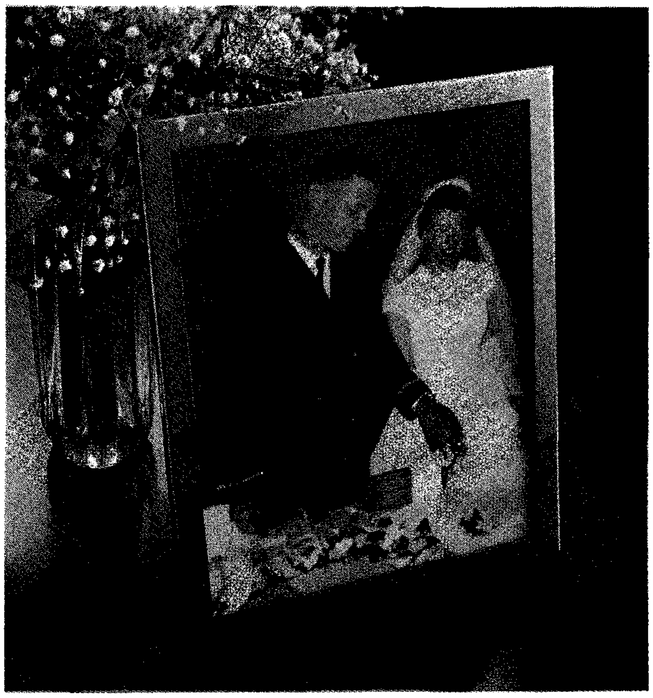


Unmistakably Johnston & Murphy

J&M's Americana. Our sophisticated new slip-on in soft crinkle patent and eleven color combinations. About $50. Available now at America's finest stores.

Johnston & Murphy, A Division of Genesco, The Apparel Company, Nashville, Tennessee

Your taste ver your taste



Your taste has probably changed since you first said “I do” to your china and crystal.

As you have tasted life, quite naturally your taste has outgrown what you may have bought once upon a time.

Which leads us to a simple question: at the same time that your husband is eyeing a new, more luxurious car for your driveway, don't you have a right to eye beautiful new china and crystal for your table?

After all, how many more tables are you going to set before you set the one you really want to set?

Royal Doulton English Bone China. Because food alone doesn't make the meal.

There is an art to serving.

And through the decades Royal Doulton has been part of that art.

Our Bone China patterns are beautiful paintings. Only instead of painting on canvas, our artists use Bone China. In fact, there are times when they even hand paint their intricate designs using platinum and pure gold.

This same dedication to beauty is shared by our glazers, plate makers and kiln masters, many of whom have spent their whole lives crafting only our Bone China.

It is, you see, no mere accident that Royal Doulton Bone China combines the three most important virtues china can have: pure whiteness, translucence, and strength.

Royal Doulton Bone China. When you choose Bone China “the second time around,” this is where to start. And end.

(While you are choosing, you might like to know that when you buy a 40 piece service for eight, you will receive a 15% savings.)

Royal Doulton Fireglow. Flowers that won't wilt. Even in the oven.

Among our many Fine China patterns we have one with a beautiful, lively looking floral pattern called Fireglow.

These flowers are unusual. They not only come on plates and cups and bowls, but also on cooking pieces that can go right into the oven.

And afterwards, right onto the table for serving.

There are casseroles, soufflés, even a roaster.

This whole concept of beautiful Fine China you

as a bride
sus
as a woman.

can cook in as well as serve in (and on) is something new since you first went china shopping.

We thought we should introduce you to the idea. After all, you've changed, why shouldn't china?

Royal Doulton English Crystal.
Even Parliament has a hand in making it beautiful.

In America and Continental Europe, crystal must contain a minimum of only 24% lead to be termed "full lead."

But in England, the government sets a higher standard. 30% is the minimum.

At Royal Doulton we think this higher standard makes sense. So much so that we set an even higher one for ourselves. 32%, which we consider ideal. It assures us that our crystal will be as brilliant and as reflective as it possibly can be. With added clarity and diamond-like sparkle.

In addition to being 32% full lead crystal, our beautiful stemware is hand blown and hand cut.

Royal Doulton English Crystal. A high standard of crystal to go with a high standard of living.

The next step.

The patterns shown here are obviously just a small sampling of Royal Doulton English China and Crystal.

If you would like to see more, send 25¢ to Royal Doulton, 400 Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072. We'll be pleased to send you both our china and crystal brochures.

They'll make you want to say "I do" all over again. And this time, it will really be forever.

Royal Doulton
English China and Crystal

The new Springmaid® Bill Blass '73 Collection.

It's more than a classic etching.

It's Classic Blass

You've never seen an etching like this before. It's a delicate floral in red, brown, blue, black or green with solid hems. In no-iron Wondercale sheets and pillowcases of 50% Kodel® polyester and 50% combed cotton with a matching quilted bedspread, all protected by Scotchgard®. Coordinating towels, too. Come up to see this Etching by Bill Blass today. For the store nearest you call this toll-free number: 800-447-4700. In Illinois: 800-322-4400.

Springs Consumer Products Division
Springs Mills, Inc., 104 West 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

Springmaid®

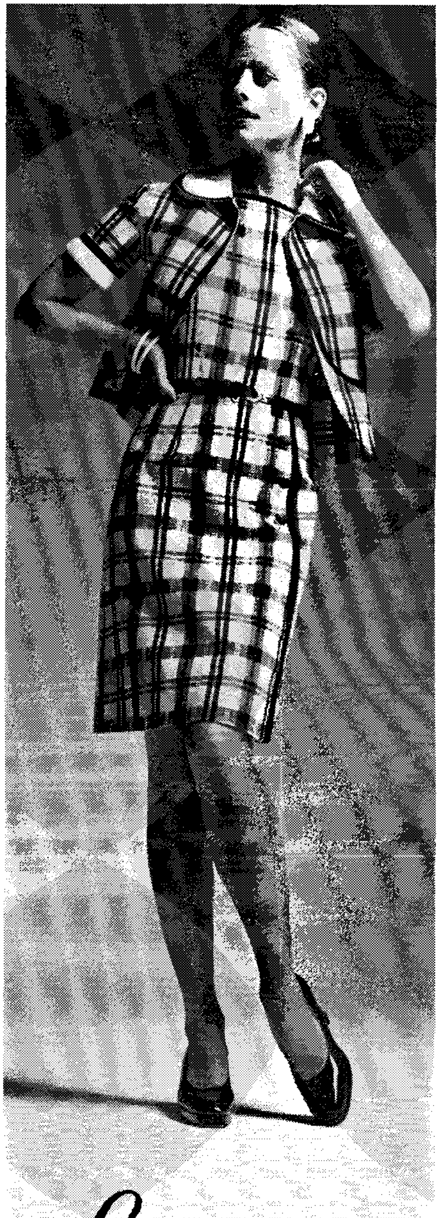
into the lowest courts here is presumed guilty. Since *most* of them are guilty, judges are inclined to presume that *all* of them are guilty. The only criminals who are coddled here are police informers. I have a client now who's been arrested fourteen times. He's really vicious, but he'll get off, whatever kind of defense I provide, because he's an informer and the judge knows it. The man isn't going to stop committing crimes, and the judge knows that, too. When he lets him off, he'll be giving him a license to go out and rob or beat someone else."

The telephone rang. Sherwood answered it, listened for a minute, and said, "I'll be right there." Hanging up, he rose and explained that he had to meet with a couple of staff lawyers on a complicated case and would be back in a few minutes. Before he got to the door, a worried-looking man in his mid-twenties who had long curly hair and wore gold-rimmed aviator's glasses came in and began to ask him a question. Sherwood told him that he would be right back, introduced him as William Hickman, a staff lawyer, and left. Hickman slumped down in a nearby chair and rubbed a hand over his face wearily. I was curious about what Sherwood had said about how the presumption of innocence was ignored in court practice, and I asked Hickman his opinion about the matter. "The presumption of innocence does not exist," he said flatly. He sat up and went on, "Almost always, a defendant has to prove his innocence. Take a case I've got right now. My client is a cook, makes ninety dollars a week, and is a newcomer to Boston. He was accused of rape and put in jail under a high bond. The police did nothing to find out if he was guilty. They simply took the girl who accused him to a hospital and had her tested to see if she had had intercourse. So now it's up to the guy to prove that he's innocent. That means he has to hire trained investigators, a lawyer, a stenographer to take depositions. But he's new here, he doesn't know anybody with money, and he doesn't earn enough to support himself decently, let alone hire someone else to work for him. The case has been assigned to us—luckily for him, because most of those court-appointed hack lawyers wouldn't do anything for him. So I put an investigator on it, and went to work myself. We found out that this girl is a chronic drunk and has serious mental problems, and then we found out that she has accused ten different guys of rape in the last few years. The defendant has no record except one charge of public drunkenness that he got a small fine for. He's been in jail for six weeks now, and he's almost certain to stay there for another two months, at least."

I asked whether an appeal couldn't be made to get him out, and Hickman laughed. "Last February, a kid who was a client of mine was convicted of stealing a stereo set and got two years," he said. "A couple of months later, the victim, a woman, who had identified him at the trial, came to me and said that another kid had come and confessed to her that he was the actual thief. I took her to court, and she told the judge she felt as a decent citizen she had to admit her mistake and rectify it. The judge looked her in the eye and said, 'I don't believe you.' He refused to let the kid out of prison. I went to the supreme judicial court about the case, but they didn't want to embarrass a colleague by reversing him and wouldn't do anything. Finally, I persuaded another district-court judge to rehear the case, and he threw it out and let the kid go. By then, another month had passed, and God knows what happened to him in jail in the meantime."

A couple of minutes later, Sherwood returned, dealt with Hickman's problem, and then suggested to me that we go over to the courthouse to observe justice in action in Roxbury. The courthouse, across the street, was a modern brick-concrete-and-glass building that might have been a high school or a hospital or an office building anywhere in the country. "This place was opened just a year or so ago," Sherwood told me as we went through the swinging glass doors in front. "The old building was a nightmare place physically—and so was the kind of justice that was meted out there. With the new building, and new facilities all around, the whole spirit has changed for the better."

As we started up a flight of steps leading to the main corridor, Sherwood collided with a man hurrying down toward the door. The man, who was white and had long graying hair and a sharp, intelligent face, grinned and shook hands with him. Sherwood introduced him as Dr. Ruick Rolland, a psychiatrist, who was director of the Roxbury Court Clinic, upstairs in the same building. Dr. Rolland turned out not to be in the hurry that his headlong descent had suggested, and explained that with the pressure of his daily work load he always felt that he had to rush everywhere. Sherwood suggested that if he had a couple of



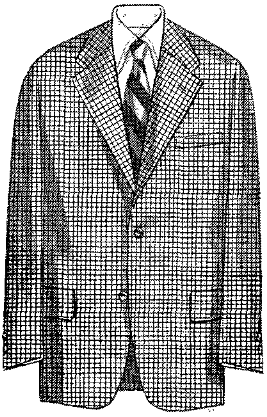
SUMMER MEMBERS OF THE CLAN

A brief cuffed jacket joins a sleeveless dress. White-black-grey-yellow plaid with a seersucker stripe. In triacetate-cotton-polyester, for 8 to 16 sizes, $75. Sportdress Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



Classic Miniature Check Warm Weather Travel Sportcoats
$85

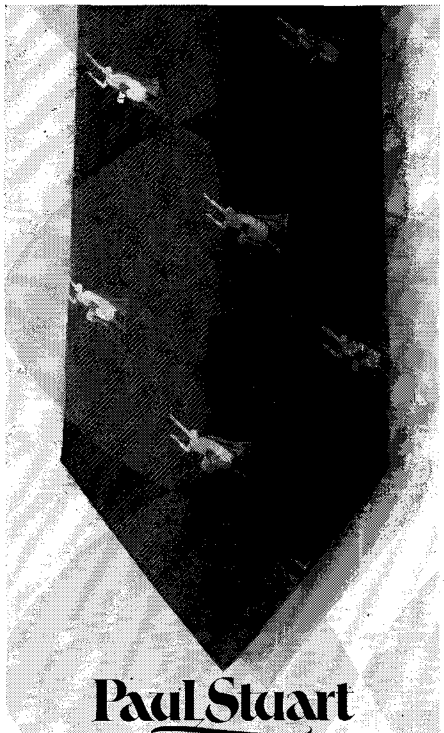
Handsome lightweight Navy-and-White miniature check cotton-and-dacron sportcoat; more comfortable and practical than ever. Cable Car's classic 3-button soft natural shoulder model. Ideal for travel, work. By Haspel. You may order by mail any sportcoat or any other item from Cable Car, with complete confidence. Return anything purchased from us that does not satisfy you. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	46	48
Reg.		x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
Short	x	x	x	x	x	x				
Long			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
X-long						x	x	x	x	

MAIL ORDERS TO: Miniature Check Sportcoats
Cable Car Clothiers, No. 150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
			Cable Car Charge ☐
			Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send Catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name ....
Address ....
.... Zip ....
Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M4-21



Paul Stuart
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Up and Away
The Stuart Tie for the super man.
In fine English repp silk.
Ground colors of dark red or navy, $10.
We honor the American Express Card.
Please add $.75 per order for delivery.
N.Y. State residents add applicable tax.

minutes to spare he might explain to me the work his clinic did. With a nod, Dr. Rolland led the way back up the steps to a bench in the cinder-block-walled corridor, and the three of us sat down. There were twenty-four clinics in courts around the state, he began, and the Roxbury clinic was the largest of them. Some of the busiest courts, such as the Boston Municipal Court and the Dorchester District Court, had no clinic, he added. "A few years ago, we had only two hundred and twenty-five referrals from judges here a year," he went on. "But this year we will handle over a thousand cases. We don't do just standard psychiatric work but try to find out what a defendant's problems are *after* we've got him up past his depression over his lot in life. Most defendants here are deeply depressed about that. Then there's the immediate fear about the court system and the sentence that may be imposed. Once we get a person more used to living with those fears, we try to deal with the day-to-day problems he faces. Two-thirds of our cases are related to drugs in one way or another. Five years ago, there was a lot of violence and crime in Roxbury. Now there's a lot of violence and crime *and* drugs." He paused for a moment, then continued, "Most cases here should be disposed of by way of drug-treatment centers and social agencies, not by way of courts and prisons. The majority of the defendants here are people whose main trouble is family trouble—fights, nonsupport, drinking, and so on. That's not what I call crime."

After Dr. Rolland left, Sherwood and I went into the only court then in session—a triangular room with orange-and-cream-colored cinder-block walls and blond wood furnishings. Slumped over the bench was a very old man with a bald head and spectacles who, Sherwood told me as we sat down in the rear, was Judge Samuel Eisenstadt, one of the four judges on the Roxbury District Court. A light-skinned Negro youth of about twenty, dressed in bluejeans and a red-and-yellow striped sweater, was on the stand being questioned by a tall, modishly dressed man who spoke so harshly to the youth that I asked Sherwood if he was known as a particularly tough prosecutor. Sherwood grinned. "He used to be in the prosecutor's office," he said. "Now he's in private practice. He's the defense counsel." The defendant, it emerged, was on a suspended six-month sentence for an earlier offense, and was now being tried on a charge of breaking and entering a house. Shortly after our arrival, Judge

Not just another hotel in San Francisco. But a Knott Hotel.

The new San Francisco Westbury. Where deluxe takes on a whole new meaning, whether you're traveling for business or pleasure. Superb location. Lavish accommodations with breath-taking views. Thoughtful service. You'll feel like someone very special at the Westbury. And you are. Try us.

SAN FRANCISCO
THE Westbury
A KNOTT HOTEL

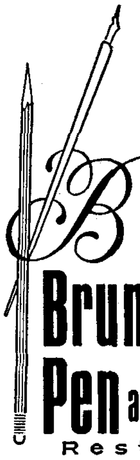
For a brochure write to Box 22
480 Sutter Street at Powell
San Francisco,
California 94108

Toll Free Reservations: In Continental U.S. (except Florida): **800-327-3384.**
In Florida call collect: (305) 655-4101.

Spring now, for
Outer Cape Weekends

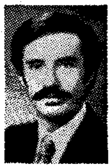
Relax at Wequassett Inn, Cape Cod's home for gracious, leisure living. Enjoy boating and tennis, or golf on superb courses nearby. Or simply sip 'n' sun by the pool in restful seaside surroundings. So, come on Friday, stay 'till Sunday, and unwind! Off season rates.

Write or phone for more information
Wequassett Inn
Route 28 E. Harwich, Mass. 02645
Tel.: 617 - 432-1740



Now, in addition to our regular menu, we offer our new **PRIX FIXE MENU** from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m.

Bruno's Pen and Pencil



John C. Bruno

Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

Eisenstadt found the boy guilty, and before he imposed sentence, the defense lawyer made the standard plea for leniency. "Don't work yourself up to an ulcer with sympathy over these thieves," the Judge told him, with a lopsided grin. Then he revoked the suspension and added another six-month sentence to the first one, both to be served concurrently in the house of correction. Sherwood explained to me that once a defendant had accepted a suspended sentence, he couldn't appeal a revocation later on. "Judges often revoke a suspension like that to help out the state when its current case is weak and might not hold up on appeal," he went on. "The kid can appeal the new sentence, but that won't do him any good, because the old sentence still has to be served."

Even so, the defense lawyer, after a short whispered consultation with the prisoner, announced that the verdict would be appealed. At that, a court officer standing near the prisoner nodded to him, but the prisoner walked off in the opposite direction. The officer hurried after him, and suddenly the boy ran to a corner of the room, jumped over a railing there, and turned in a half crouch facing the court. "I'm not going!" he shouted. "I didn't do it!" The officer approached him, and the boy waved him back and cried, "I'm not going! I'm not going!" His lawyer spread out his arms and urged him to be sensible and not get in worse trouble. The youth ignored him and shouted again, "I'm not going!" The boy suddenly jumped back over the railing and fled down the aisle past Sherwood and me. A second officer who had just entered the courtroom quickly moved between him and the door, and then the boy ran back past us to the corner again. A couple of minutes later, the two officers subdued him and dragged him out to the lockup. Then the court adjourned.

"I guess he must have been innocent," Sherwood said when we reached the corridor outside. "Otherwise, he wouldn't have acted like that. Well, nothing can be done about it now." He started for the stairs and then stopped and turned to look at the door of the courtroom we had just left. "I wish he'd been *our* client," he said.

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Today when the Springfield weighed anchor, a little flotilla of pleasure goats escorted it gaily out to sea.—*The Times.*

Tootling on their little pipes.

The man who wrote "Around the World in 80 days" went around Scandinavia with Bennett

In 1862 Jules Verne took a Bennett Tour. He visited Christiania. Toured Norway via cariole. And avoided a wayside tavern because we said the food wasn't very good.

Today the carioles are gone. Christiania has become Oslo. But fine service and extra care are still a part of every Bennett Tour.

We can take you on an escorted Scandinavian tour that treats you royally, from lavish hotels, to guided sightseeing, to unusual gourmet meals. Or give you one that's more moderate. Or even plan a special vacation for you alone.

Whatever you're looking for, be sure to have Bennett arrange it. We'll take you around Scandinavia in 8 days or 80. And show you the best of our world.

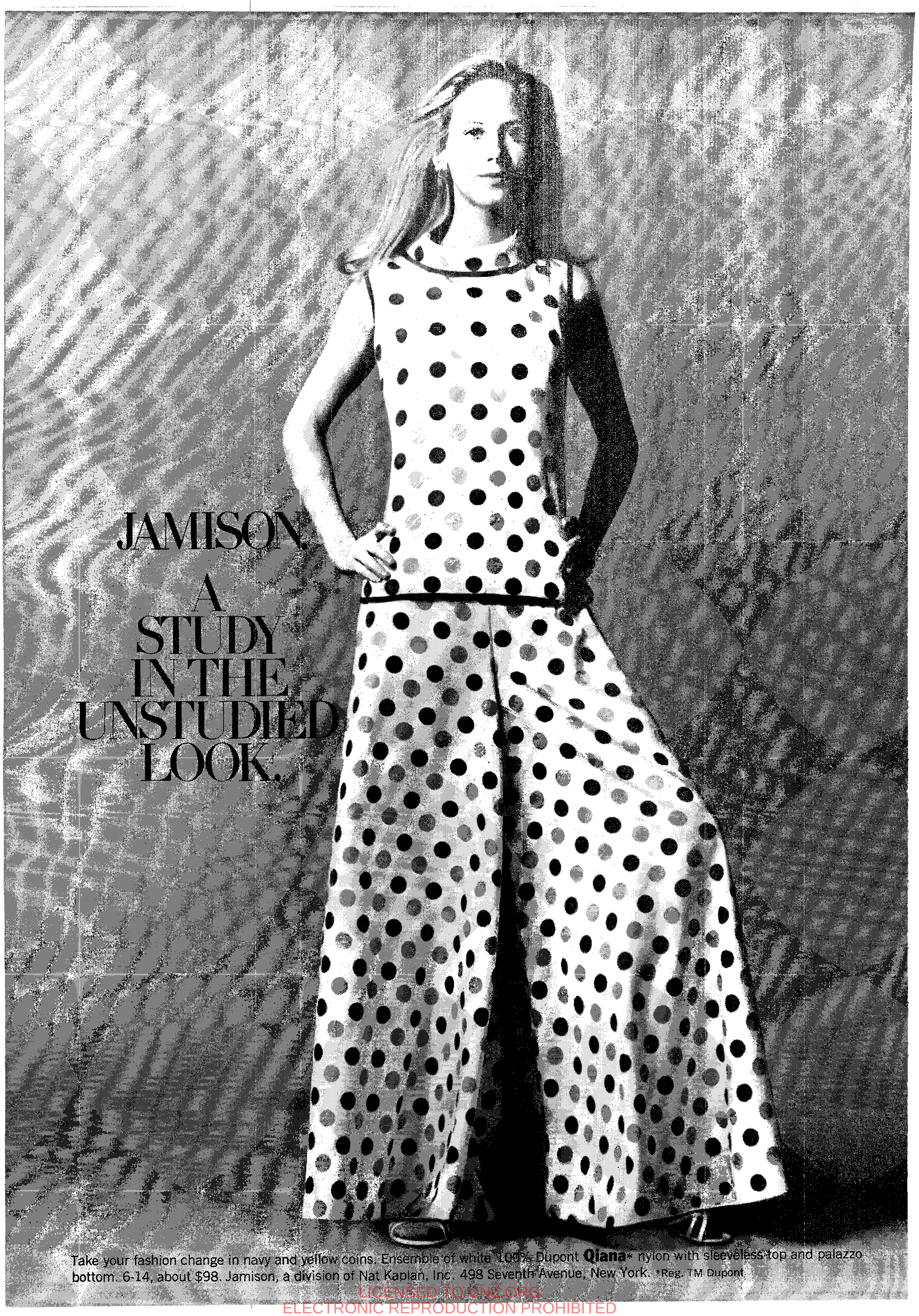
Bennett Tours

For a free brochure on Scandinavia write
270 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10016

FOR GRACIOUS LEAVING
XL™ Ventura®
the soft luxury travelware

Fashionable belting conceals "**Digita Bukl-Lok**" (Pat. Pend.), the only buckle-and-lock that opens only on the combination you select.

Our new elegant Mr. and Ms. collection. In Maroo, Choco, Royale Blue. From $32.50 to $180. At better stores. For "*Tips on Packing*," write Ventura, Dept. XL-N, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

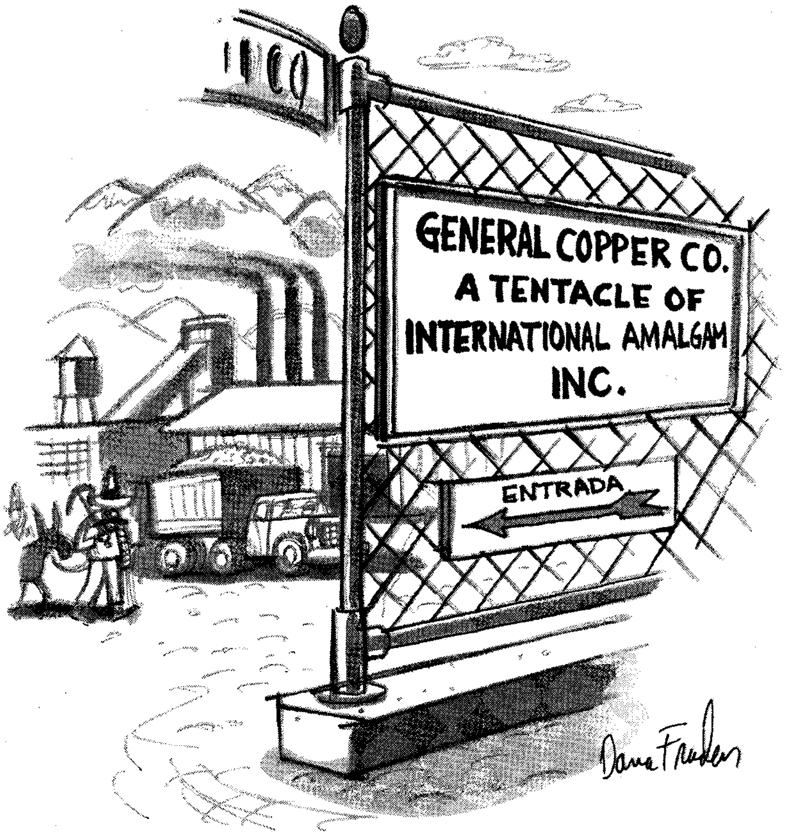

JAMISON.
A
STUDY
IN THE
UNSTUDIED
LOOK.

Take your fashion change in navy and yellow coins. Ensemble of white 100% Dupont **Qiana*** nylon with sleeveless top and palazzo bottom. 6-14, about $98. Jamison, a division of Nat Kaplan, Inc. 498 Seventh Avenue, New York. *Reg. TM Dupont

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love, Pirates, and Tattlers

THE old, old lady in Károly Makk's "Love," nearing a hundred, lives in the here and now as if it were already then. Lying bedridden but dignified in a poor room in Budapest, she has a like-natured son who has been sent to prison for ten years for his politics. She seems to be living in a tower surrounded by water. The goings on at the moment are too much for a normal mind, she seems to feel, with the firmness of being immensely old. The ancient sage with the telescope of a mind is played by the amazing and poetic Lili Darvas, widow of the playwright Ferenc Molnár. In the film, the skin of her face looks as white as her bed linen. The character wears black moire ribbons that remind her of a splendid hat her husband gave her long ago. "She has an unusually strong physique," says the doctor. "She has my respect." Aristocratism survives; steel stands, and this delicate remnant is made of steel fibre. In an era of cringers and tank-shaped politicians, she is a charmed slip of the tongue, with the power to disclose the errors of an epoch. She plucks at the sheet and turns her head. The planes of her face are perfect: a straight line from cheekbone to chin. She is looked after by her daughter-in-law Luca, played by Mari Töröcsik, an actress of equal grace, with the face of a peasant and the mouth-lines of finesse. We are told that Luca has red hair (the film, made in Hungary in 1971, is in black and white); it looks vivid and thick. She is a young woman who catches your eye for some reason, probably to do with character. She seems strong, wounded, uncomforted, but dispensing ease.



She and the old lady have entered into an unspoken pact. (How much does each of them know about their joint pretense, and how deeply?) The daughter-in-law has secreted the fact that her husband, Janos, is in jail. He is in America, she says. He is going to be a famous filmmaker. He is going to win the Kossuth Prize. Queen Wilhelmina is coming to see his movie, and the Soviet Ambassador. Oval pictures of emperors and kings and queens are shown by Makk in cameo cutouts, like old family photographs. For the daughter-in-law, perhaps, as for the old lady, the present is no place to inhabit, and there is more reality in what is over with. As to how much the old lady believes of the fable, one has to take into consideration not only the ungovernably clear sight of the aged but also their willingness to go along with affectionate deceptions and myths that may make life work when limbs won't. Luca writes airmail letters to her mother-in-law that are supposedly from Janos, who is actually growing weekly thinner and thinner in jail. The strain on the girl begins to tell. The old lady reads the show-business news in the letters through a big reading glass held before her spectacles. This is contact, of a sort, even if she half knows that it is confected. When she is delirious, she talks of Janos in German. (There are two sons, seen as children in scraps of flashback that convey the unmistakable mixture of poverty and indestructibility. The family then look to be living in one room. Janos turns his face to the wall when his mother is being unlaced. The other is more curious and ribald. The parents are unshakable. What has been taken on can't be undermined by circumstance, however poorly events may turn out.) Near the end of her life, lying in bed not much more heavily than a tulle scarf, the old patrician seems sometimes scarcely to be breathing and seldom takes her eyes off the door, waiting for Janos, celebrity or prisoner, whatever he may be. When the patient has finally lost consciousness, the doctor says to the daughter-in-law, "Perhaps I can keep her alive for two or three more days. . . . What is your wish?" "Whatever would be best for her," the daughter-in-law keeps repeating.

We see Janos suddenly being released from prison. He wears an old overcoat with the collar furled. He looks tired to death. "Destination?" the officials ask him. He doesn't know. A doctor weighs him, telling him sharply to keep his overcoat on. The records have to look healthy, presumably. The prisoner looks the opposite: dry white skin, anemia, bags under the eyes. You can see his thoughts going through his mind as if his face were made of plate glass. Where to go? How is everybody? And what everybody? The prison authorities give him back his thin fold of money. He takes a bus, pretending to himself that he has the old energy by leaping onto it as in better days. He doesn't know Budapest any longer. To keep his spirits up, he heartbreakingly takes a taxi and asks the driver to buy him some Kossuth cigarettes and matches. At all costs, pretend that things are going well. The mime to himself that things are unchanged is one of the most exquisite observations in this picture, which is always exact, sad, and noble. It is a marvellous film, made with a precision of eye and spirit which records real love. Of neurosis and perfidy it knows nothing. Makk's own poise communicates itself. He understands old age, and waiting, and the possibility of unresentfulness about a political life of knocks on the door in the night. It is a triumph alien to English-speaking cinema

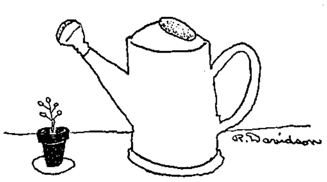
Malia
HONOLULU

Before five in a rainbow of color.
Sizes 6 through 16.
100% cotton. About $30 at

Joske's, Houston
Julius Lewis, Memphis
Gene Burton's, Pasadena
Bullock's, Wilshire and Palm Springs

to have made a film about these topics without rage.

CLAUDE LELOUCH'S "Money, Money, Money" is not funny, funny, and so on, but at least it is more frankly an audience-getter than "A Man and a Woman." The story is about five partners in crime. One of them is a nice goof called Aldo (Aldo Maccione), who carries pasta and a portable stove in a Vuitton suitcase for the sake of his perpetually ravenous chum. The chum is a failed art forger called Lino (Lino Ventura), who inadvertently gets his besotted, calorie-pushing friend jailed as an accomplice in art forging when the worst that the hapless Aldo has done is become involved in a car accident while driving a stolen car through a stop sign. A third mastermind, called Jacques (Jacques Brel), acts in duo with Charlot (Charles Gérard) in cleverly planned and executed bank robberies that aren't actually very profitable, because the expenses are so heavy. Jacques looks seven feet tall and is a poker-playing nut, turned on by all forms of betting, which the others in the gang learn about technically with eagerness, finishing up by laying odds cheerfully on which of their comrades-in-arms will crack first under torture. Charlot is a portly sun worshipper who affectionately soaps himself with suntan oil and looks rather like a red snapper, and he has a gun strung over his naked, manly chest. His manner suggests the poise of some unemployable starlet on the beach at the Cannes Festival: far from photogenic but unquenchably hopeful. The unconfident intellectual of the group is Simon (Charles Denner), who obviously thinks of himself as the prophet of big-time crime but, in the event, always leaves the actual leadership to Lino, who plays the boss because nobody else wants to. The group's most lucrative single coup is the kidnapping of the Pope, whom we see riding through Africa on a donkey and contemplatively enjoying the Lord's benison of sunshine. The five's ransom money for him is a franc from every Catholic in the world, and they get it; the hungry one, appeased as if by a hundredweight of fettuccine, says with a canny financier's satisfaction, "We made twelve million. Net. After tax."



This knockabout story of urban pirates skirts every issue, as Lelouch's films do, but he may have found his proper genre in this vein, in which five hair-tearingly unequipped criminals manage to pull off nefarious plans, the cleverness of which obviously surprises even them, though they hide the surprise with a swing, like the swagger of a set of box-shaped operatic Italian policemen in brave military uniforms directing traffic. The movie is fly-by-night stuff, and a forceful jokiness wrecks a lot of it. Lelouch always romanticizes everything in his films: the death of a lover, accident and agony of mind appeased by a dog running lyrically in circles by the sea, even squalid crimes. In "Money, Money, Money" he makes plain greed look amiable by choosing crimes committed against banks, insurance companies, rival armies, and show biz. (One of the kidnapped people is a pop singer who has encouraged them to do the job for publicity, and who pays his own ransom: money out of show-biz press agents' pockets.) All right, so the general public was all for the gang in England that practically brought off the great mail-train robbery, which involved no killings and a lot of hostility to banks—one of any population's natural enemies—but what if the same gang turned up in merry mood and beat up a cashier in a small-town store? Or hijacked a plane? Lelouch shows a hijacking, with Charles Denner keeping the passengers amused by a funny story, but what if the hijacking terrified people, as it would do, and killed some?

WHEN Trafalgar Square was built, England was aflame that it didn't properly honor Admiral Nelson. The vulgar film now made about him, called "The Nelson Affair," should cause a riot around Admiralty Arch. The silly, finger-wagging prudishness of the picture may not be Terence Rattigan's fault, though he wrote the screenplay, and the West End play from which it derived, and the B.B.C. television play that came before that. Biographical films are hard to write, and this one at least avoids the usual unintentional comedy, but it fusses about Nelson's sex life like some meeting of the cookery-and-jammaking editors of a parish-church magazine. As pure acting, the individual big parts are very well done. Margaret Leighton looks beautiful, and imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. Peter Finch is cast as Nelson, though he is a good foot too tall for the part; couldn't someone have cut holes in the floor for this fine, maltreated actor to walk around in, or stood everyone else on orange crates? Glenda Jackson is naughty Emma Hamilton, enjoying sex, and drinking porter for breakfast, and using swearwords, particularly about Captain Hardy (Michael Jayston), who is portrayed here as an insufferable stuffed shirt whom Nelson certainly wouldn't have wanted to be kissed by in the last extremity.

Nelson remains a hero in England. He is no object of salacity. With none of the excuse of a big dramatist's insight, the text takes the cheap way out and simply exploits the public's strong feelings for Nelson. In the same way, Pasolini drew on other people's emotional bank accounts when he had the gall to prop up his muddleheaded "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" with Bach, Mozart, Webern, and Prokofieff, which was like giving huge powers of borrowed response to a commercial for nonflammable nightdresses by cutting in newsreel shots of charred bodies at Hiroshima. There is hardly *anything about naval history in* Rattigan's gossipy film, let alone any instinct for predicaments of foreign policy. The movie goes factually all to pot; for instance, it leaves out any sight of Nelson's daughter by Lady Hamilton, called Horatia, a child whom he indisputably spoke of as part of his "legacy to my country" in his last words, on the Victory, in October, 1805. ("Never forget Horatia," the ship's surgeon recorded him as saying at the time. Horatia's parentage was established for posterity in a letter from Nelson to Emma collected at Spithead by a factotum in March, 1801.)

"The Nelson Affair" is as paltry as a film about the private life of Franklin D. Roosevelt that could miss out on any mention of the background of the New Deal. (The director, who has worked more seriously in English television, is James Cellan Jones.) The picture is spitefully fascinated by Emma's waistline, her drinking, her language, and the debatable point that Nelson's insistence on wearing his identifiable jacket in the line of fire was due to simple vanity. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

> The story of how salt water taffy got its start goes like this: collections made of the music used in Catholic church services. These are still known as Gregorian chants.
>
> —*Summit* (*N.J.*) *Herald.*

It's a pretty tale, eh, Cousin?

Rockresorts Style:

If there's anything more thrilling than Cerromar's design, it has to be our 16th hole.

You shoot right at a green overlooking the sea, with Cerromar on your left. Both are eye-catching enough to make you miss your shot...

Cerromar has two Robert Trent Jones courses. There are two more at our Dorado Beach nearby. And if golf's not your bag, there's tennis, swimming at beach or pool, award-winning cuisine, entertainment, a supper club. Plus Rockresorts style throughout.

Thrill to the Cerromar experience this summer, at sharply reduced rates (May 1 through October 20). Save even more with our Family, Golf and other Plans. And from mid-June to Labor Day our free Children's Day Camp lets you enjoy it all either with your kids or without.

See your travel agent, or in New York call (212) 581-3462. In Chicago (312) 372-4489. In Washington, D. C. (202) 347-4951.

GOLF PLAN

7 days, 6 nights, including luxurious breakfasts and dinners, all greens fees, airport transfers, use of Sauna and Health Club. Plus Cerromar Golf Cap and 3 golf balls for each person. $149 per person triple occupancy, $169 double, $253 single. Golf and Family Plans available May 1-October 20.

CERROMAR BEACH HOTEL
DORADO BEACH • PUERTO RICO

OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS FOR EASTERN AIRLINES

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE VALLEY OF THE KHANS

HASHIM KHAN, who I think can fairly be described as the greatest squash-racquets player of all time, made his American début in the winter of 1954. The occasion was the first United States Open Championship, held at the University Club in New York. That winter, Hashim, who had won the British Open title the four previous years, was by his own admission thirty-eight years old, but quite a number of squash insiders were of the opinion that he was a good six or seven years older than that. Anyhow, even thirty-eight is an age at which any man—even a Khan from Peshawar—is well past his prime as a squash player, and that was one of the two reasons he was given little or no chance of winning. The second—and chief—reason was that until a week or so before the championship Hashim had never played the American game of squash, which is a good deal different from the British game he had learned as a boy in the North-West Frontier Province of India and had been playing ever since. To begin with, there are several divergences in the dimensions of the two courts, the principal one being that the English court, which is twenty-one feet wide and thirty-two feet long, is two and a half feet wider than the American court. In itself, this is not of great importance—or wouldn't be if the English and the American squash balls had identical properties. They don't. The English ball, which is a fraction smaller (it measures between $1\frac{9}{16}$ and $1\frac{10}{16}$ inches in diameter, compared to between $1\frac{7}{10}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches) and a trifle lighter (it weighs between .80 and .84 ounces, compared to between 1.10 and 1.15 ounces), is much spongier and squashier than the American ball and, as a result, it is decidedly slower. It not only bounces higher than our ball but also tends to hang in the air longer, thus favoring the player who is fleet of foot and able to cover the maximum area. The American ball, being less difficult to put away than the English ball, might be said to favor the assertive strokes player—the man who has the skill to, say, play the ball off the front wall in such a way that it will frequently find the "nick" between the side wall and the floor on its rebound and skid away without a bounce. There are many other differences between the two balls and the two games, and when they are all added together the player who is trying to learn the game he was not brought up on soon discovers that he must learn to run to the ball in a different way, play somewhat different strokes, and adopt basically different court tactics. In short, English squash and American squash are two quite separate games—at least as different as grass-court tennis and clay-court tennis, or softball and baseball—and some people who are exceedingly adept at one never get to be much good at the other.

Since Hashim Khan had had only a week or so to acquaint himself with the American game before the start of our 1954 Open, no one expected him to play a major role in the championship. He surprised us. He won his first two matches handily, and in the semifinals defeated G. Diehl Mateer, Jr., who, along with Henri Salaun, ranked as the outstanding American player of that period. In the final, however, Hashim lost in straight games to Salaun, 15–7, 15–12, 15–14. "I had the strange feeling that if Salaun had not won that last point he would have lost the match," W. Stewart Brauns, Jr., a veteran official who was the scorekeeper for the final, recalled recently. "It wasn't that Salaun was near exhaustion, although the match had taken over an hour—an unusually long time—and Salaun, marvellous court coverer that he was, was noticeably much the more tired, despite the fact that Hashim was at least ten years older. No, I was thinking of something else. During that match—in fact, during every one of his matches in the Open—you got the feeling that on each point Hashim was learning something more about the American game. You could practically hear his mind ticking along and filing away every new piece of information for

SERVICES
EDUCATION
HEALTH

"On this next social program, shall we say we support the concept and reduce our role or announce a sweeping reorganization and kill the damn thing?"

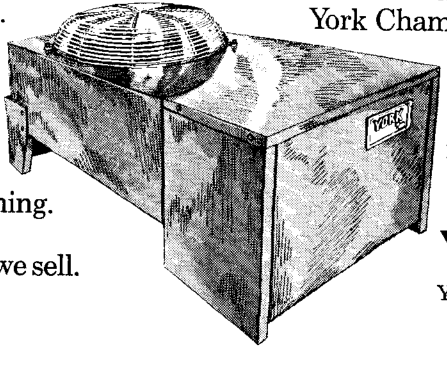
MORE THAN HALF THE HOMES IN THIS COMMUNITY ARE BEING COOLED BY 21-YEAR-OLD YORK AIR CONDITIONERS.

In 1952, York Central Home Air Conditioning was installed in all 164 homes in the community of Lynnfield, near Wilmington, Delaware. Today, 21 years later, 54 percent of all these homes in Lynnfield are still being kept cool and comfortable by the original York equipment.

We think that tells you all you have to know about York Central Air Conditioning. Because we're still building quality and dependability into every single York unit we sell.

If you want to hear more, call your York dealer. He'll show you our latest model—the 1973 York Champion III. And give you all the other reasons why we believe quiet, dependable York Air Conditioning is the best, longest lasting investment you can make in central home air conditioning.

YORK
DIVISION OF BORG-WARNER CORPORATION
BORG WARNER
York, Pennsylvania 17405



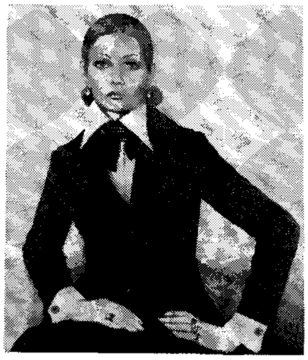
Burberrys
OF LONDON

The Burberry 'Mallory'. Terylene polyester and cotton gabardine, available on 3rd. Floor of Bloomingdale's, 59th & Lexington, and branches. $120·00.
Burberrys International Ltd., 560 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. Tel: (212) 582 3870.

THE ISLAND OF
Martha's Vineyard
Send for *FREE* Island Vacation Kit

This peaceful uncrowded island of quaint villages offers you casual living: a scenic blend of sea and country; superb swimming, sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, and shops. Hotels, cottages, motels, guest houses. Tell us *your* needs; arrival (Spring, Summer or Fall); length of stay, number in party.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
Box 105, Vineyard Haven, Mass. 02568



Representing today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors.

For the largest selection in portraiture, visit or write. *Brochure available.*

C.C. PRICE INC.
The Unique Portrait Gallery
30 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

future use. He was playing better and better. That is why I felt that if he had taken that third game from Salaun he would probably have gone on to take the match."

Hashim Khan surprised squash followers in another way on that first visit. To an American, he looked nothing at all like an athlete, let alone a super-athlete. A round-headed, baldish man with a high-bridged nose and dark, serious eyes, he was squat in build, standing about five feet four and weighing around a hundred and forty pounds. His legs were short and on the spindly side, and, particularly since he was barrel-chested and had the suspicion of a potbelly, he seemed curiously top-heavy. When he moved, though, the whole picture changed. It was not that he was especially graceful or smooth but that he was beautifully coördinated. His strokes were sound, his reflexes were quick, he was indecently fast afoot, and no amount of exertion seemed to bring a bead of sweat to his brow. He was such an exciting player to watch that everyone was delighted when he returned for our 1955 Open. He had bad luck that year; he was injured the week before the tournament when he was struck in the thigh by the ball during a practice session. He courageously made his way into the quarter-finals, and though he won that match, he then had to default to Mateer in the semifinals. In the final, Mateer defeated Azam Kahn, Hashim's younger brother. In the winter of 1956, Hashim came over again. This time, he won the Open, beating Azam (who had defeated Mateer in the semis) in the final. The next winter, he successfully defended his title, winning the final from his distant cousin Roshan Khan, but it was only in 1963, when he was forty-seven going on fifty-four, that he won his third, and last, United States Open, outplaying his twenty-four-year-old nephew Mohibullah Khan. (It might be well at this point to note that until quite recently the Muslims in the Pakistan area did not take their father's family name, and, furthermore, that many of them had no second name at all. Today, however, the name Khan, which is more an ethnic identification than a family name, is as common there as, say, Jones is in Wales.)

By that time, Hashim had become the professional at the Uptown Athletic Club in Detroit—as of 1960, in fact—and the public had learned a lot more about him. His life—the early years, especially—reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. He was born in Na-

to enjoy the complete luxury of travel . . . see
COOKS
the world-wide travel authority

Tell us about your travel dreams—we make them come true.

Cruises. Cooks know every one that sails the seas.

Tours. Besides Cooks' own Tours, we are agents for the tours of every major company.

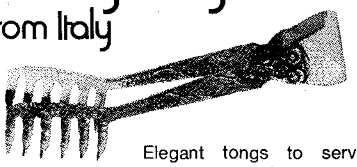
Air & Sea Travel.

Get impartial advice and up-to-the-minute information from the world's largest travel organization.

COOKS 587 Fifth Avenue
N.Y. 10017 (212) 688-4000
Open Saturdays, 10—4
Always carry Cooks Travel Cheques

Nightly
(Except Sunday)
Some of New York's best food and brightest conversation are going steady as ever. Attractive duo!
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL
Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-6 a.m.)



serving tongs from Italy

Elegant tongs to serve spaghetti with gusto. Ornate Florentine designs in gleaming silver alloy. An especially unique hostess gift, from the Italian boutique in our catalog. 7½" long, just $6.50 ppd.
SEND 25¢ FOR NEW 48-PG. IMPORT CATALOG
shopping international
709 shopping international bldg.
norwich, vermont 05055
Stores: Wellesley, Mass., Simsbury, Conn., Norwich, Vt.

wakille, a village of dirt streets that was a fifteen-minute walk from Peshawar, the site of the historic British cantonment that was charged with the defense of the Khyber Pass, ten miles away. Hashim was the oldest of the four children of Abdullah Khan, who was the chief steward of the British Officers' Club in Peshawar. The Khans belong to the Khalil Mohmund tribe of Pathans—one of the Pathan tribes that have come down from the mountains and settled in the high plains. They speak Pashto, the Pathan language. At the Officers' Club, there were a number of outdoor squash courts of plaster-covered brick, and at the age of eight Hashim began hanging around them, picking up a few annas by retrieving balls that were hit over the walls. When he was eleven, his father was killed in an automobile accident. Hashim stayed in school for a year, but squash was all he ever thought about, and he returned to the club as a ball-chaser. He prevailed upon Ismathullah Khan, a young professional (not related to him), who was the son of the club's head squash professional, Abdullah Majid Khan, to teach him the game. Four years later, at sixteen, he was able to scrape out a meagre living by playing matches with the British officers and by stringing racquets. At about this time, Safirullah Khan, another son of Abdullah Majid, married Hashim's sister. There were few jobs open for young professionals, but Safirullah, with his connections, managed to get a good pro job first at Lucknow and later at Waziristan and Karachi. (Mohibullah, the finalist against Hashim in our 1963 Open, is Safirullah's eldest son.) As for Hashim, he had to wait until 1942, when he was twenty-six years old, before he landed his first real pro job—with the Air Force Officers' Mess in Peshawar. Only then was he in a position to get married; his bride, Mehria, was a girl from his own village, whom he had known for many years.

In 1944, Hashim's star finally began to rise. The Cricket Club of India, in Bombay, that year initiated a squash-racquets tournament called the All-India Championship, and Hashim won it. He also won it the next two years. With the Partition of India, in 1947, the tournament was no longer open to Pakistanis. The British, of course, had pulled out of Peshawar, and Hashim became the professional of the Royal Pakistan Air Force Club there. Then, through an odd chain of circumstances, his career as an international champion was launched. In 1949, a pro from

For everything you don't need, but have to have.

Unsafe at any speed.
Fill only with baby's breath.
Charming, rickety pram,
American, circa 1820.
$400.

Portuguese ceramic service
tureen about the size of the Easter
Bunny and perfect for two quarts
of ragoût de lapin. $32.

THE SMALL INDULGENCE

Twenty-four North Merion Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Penna. 19010 (215) LA 5-4441

Prices do not include shipping. Please add 6 percent for Pennsylvania delivery.

SPARKLING BACKGROUND
for an ELEGANT ROOM

OGIKU is a magnificent design with richly colored giant chrysanthemums glistening on *gold or silver foil.* At fine interior designers and wallpaper dealers.

Send 50c for actual samples of OGIKU... or $1 for samples plus Decorators Idea Kit to: 4000-UK Chevy Chase Dr., Los Angeles 90039

ESPECIAL FOILS by Albert Van Luit & Co. WALLCOVERINGS

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $39.50

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
☐Red/trim black ☐Blue/trim green ☐All White
☐Blue/trim red ☐Brown/trim black ☐All Black
☐Beige/trim white ☐Yellow/trim white ☐All Navy
For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is______
Send______pairs @ $39.50 each.
Add $1.50 per pair shipping, handling.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name______
Address______
City______State______
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER
CHARGE CARDS & BANKAMERICARD

Ice Age glaciers gave Denmark its largest "wandering" boulder, the 1000-ton Hesselager Stone. But just a stone's throw from you is Denmark's largest fur collection. So why not wander over to Bonwit Teller?

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Bombay whom Hashim had always beaten without much trouble entered the British Open and made his way to the final. This prompted the officers of the Royal Pakistan Air Force to get up a fund the following year to send Hashim over for the Open. He won it, taking the final from the defending champion, Mahmoud al-Karim, of Egypt, 9–5, 9–2, 9–0. (In the English game, in which a player can score points only on his own serve, nine points wins a game, unless it happens to be tied at 8–8, in which case the procedure is so complicated that we needn't go into it. In America, fifteen points wins, unless the game is tied either 13–13 or 14–14.) The new champion returned to Pakistan a national hero. In fact, at the railroad station near Nawakille the government put up a sign that read "Hashim Khan's Village." The next two years, Hashim successfully defended his British Open title. In all, he won seven British Opens, eight Scottish Opens, three United States Opens, three Canadian Opens, and one Australian Open.

By the time Hashim had completed the majority of these conquests and was ensconced in the Uptown Athletic Club in Detroit, most people in American squash had, as I mentioned earlier, come to know him quite well. They knew that he had a whole slew of children, and that his oldest boy, Sharif, was attending a good public school in England—Millfield, in Somerset. They recognized that one reason Hashim had accepted the Detroit offer was that he felt he might be able to prolong his competitive career several years by playing the American game. And they had also come to recognize him as a modest and appealing man who, in a game that has traditionally turned out a high percentage of true sportsmen, stands at the very top.

THIS winter, I felt that it was time for me to look in on a couple of major squash tournaments. I hadn't been to a national championship since 1964, when, at the Buffalo Tennis and Squash Club, I watched the twenty-five-year-old Mohibullah Khan defeat his venerable Uncle Hashim in straight games to gain his first victory in the United States Open. Mohibullah had signed on the previous autumn as the professional at the Harvard Club in Boston, and it was assumed that he would become more and more formidable at the American game. In the opinion of many observers, the young man's backhand was somewhat suspect, but apart from that he seemed to have everything a champion needed, including the most dazzling speed of foot of any player in the game's history, and a long stay at the top was predicted for him. Mohibullah went on to win three of the next four United States Opens, but in 1969 his reign came to an abrupt end. The man who effected this was Sharif Khan, Hashim's son, then twenty-four, and several years out of Millfield. Hashim had wanted his son to be a doctor or a businessman, but Sharif had ultimately opted for a career in squash. Apparently, he knew what he was doing. After his breakthrough in 1969, he proceeded to win our Open in 1970, 1971, and 1972. He was obviously not just another good player but a remarkable player. Realizing how delinquent I had been in not having seen him in action before, I was in a terrible hurry to see him now, and I arranged not only to attend the 1973 Open, in Pittsburgh, the second weekend in January, but to look in the weekend before on the annual tournament—the White Cup—at the Merion Cricket Club, outside Philadelphia. (This year, for the first time, the tournament was open to professionals.) Eager as I was to catch up on Sharif and the other new heroes, I didn't mean to neglect the old ones. My plans, for example, called for me to go on to Detroit the day after the Open finished in Pittsburgh, so that I could realize a long-held dream of mine—watching Hashim give a squash lesson.

In basic ways, Merion hasn't changed much over the years; for instance, at lunch on Sunday, before the final, the players, members, and guests were entertained by a first-class double sextet from the Orpheus Club, which rambled through such Main Line favorites as "Second-Hand Man," "Chantez," and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." The tournament, however, offered a few surprises. Among the contestants in the doubles was Richie Ashburn, the former Phillies center fielder, who is now a sportscaster in Philadelphia, and, as one might expect, has developed into a fine squash player, agile and smart. For another thing, Hashim himself was on hand. He, too, was playing in the doubles, teamed with Ralph Howe, one of Merion's famous Howe brothers—Ralph and Sam. Hashim and Ralph had never played as partners before, but they made their way to the final and there upset the favored team of Gordon Anderson, a leading Canadian amateur, and Ken Binns, an Australian who is currently the professional at the Skyline Racquet Club in Toronto. Hashim, at fifty-six or sixty-three, was the best man on the court. In the fifth and deciding game, he accounted for just about all the key points with a series of gossamer dropshots angled from the back of the court. The last surprise was that, for once, Sharif and Mohibullah did not meet in the final of the singles. In the quarter-final round, Mohibullah had one of his erratic days, and the Reverend Bob Hetherington, of Trinity Episcopal Church in Buffalo, showed him no mercy. Sharif's opponent in the final was Vic Niederhoffer, Harvard '64 and undoubtedly the most accomplished American player of the past decade. Now that Niederhoffer is approaching thirty, it takes him a little longer to get in shape for the winter season. That afternoon, at any rate, he looked heavy and slow, and was no match at all for Sharif. The scores were 15–6, 15–8, and 15–10. It was easy to see why Sharif has come to command the American game. A much bigger man than his father—broad-shouldered and muscular, he stands about five feet eight and a half and weighs about one-fifty-five—he hits the ball with tremendous power off both sides. In addition, he is very fast, and gets to the ball and plays it so quickly that he keeps his opponents under constant pressure: the ball is on top of them before they are ready for it. For a relatively young man, Sharif has a good head for the game; when the going is rough, he has the discipline to pass up the non-percentage circus shot and wait patiently for an opening. Furthermore, he has stamina, and there is little doubt that it is this that has seen him through his meetings with the more flamboyant and excitable Mohibullah on some of the latter's inspired days. Sharif, by the way, is a good-looking, curly-haired young man, who bears more than a slight resemblance to Omar Sharif. Relaxed, and gifted with a big smile and a nice sense of humor, he has an attractive court personality. Both on the court and off, he is as essentially Western in manner as his father is Eastern.

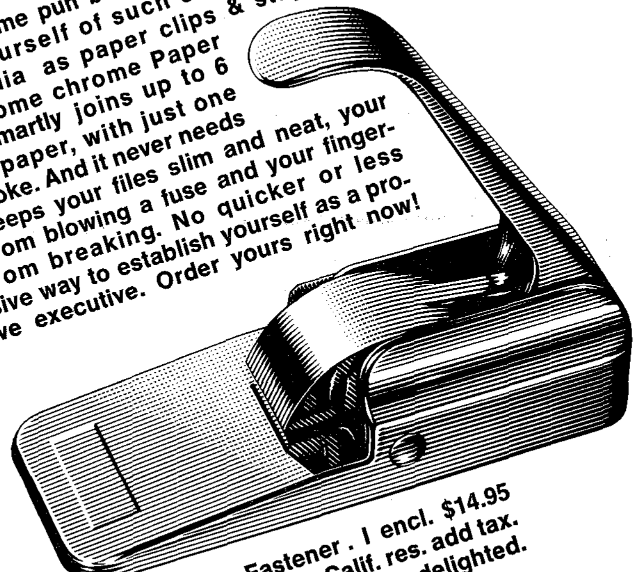
This year, the Pittsburgh Golf Club, which has some first-class courts that are very well lighted, was host to the United States Open—or the North American Open, as it has come to be called in some quarters. This time, Sharif and Mohibullah did meet in the final. Mohibullah got there by defeating still another Khan—Yusuf—in a

Goodman
JEWELERS

First Flight and the Windflower
Small wings come safely to rest
Where two little hands offer a nest.
Lovely sculptures for Mother's Day.
In Porcelain by
the Artists of CYBIS.
First Flight
4" high, $40;
Windflower
8" high, $95.

Goodman Jewelers, 30 W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind. 46204. (317) 635-9358.
Stores in Eastgate, Lafayette Square, Castleton, Greenwood Center,
Kokomo, Marion, Muncie and Bloomington.
Write Dept. AR for free subscription to our Newsletter and complimentary CYBIS Gold Brochure.

Goodbye Mr. Clips!
Excuse the lame pun but it's true—you can now free yourself of such cumbersome paraphernalia as paper clips & staples. Our handsome chrome Paper Fastener smartly joins up to 6 sheets of paper, with just one gentle stroke. And it never needs refills. Keeps your files slim and neat, your copier from blowing a fuse and your fingernails from breaking. No quicker or less expensive way to establish yourself as a progressive executive. Order yours right now!



☐ Rush me Paper Fastener. I encl. $14.95 ($13.95 plus $1 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add tax. Return in 2 wks. if not completely delighted.
Name
Address Zip
NY0421

haverhill's
584 Washington St.
San Francisco 94111

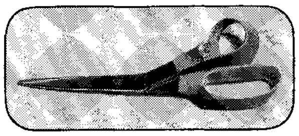
Sixty families are harvesting a new way of life at Hilltop Place

The seeds for this small group of highly distinctive, carefree Condominium residences were planted two years ago. Sixty families have invested their future in these hills and in this Place. They are now happily enjoying their new way of life in this small college town in the heart of New Hampshire. Only two hours from Boston. By 1974 construction of 90 more units will be completed. If you too would like to harvest a new way of life send for our full brochure.

Hilltop Place
BOX 10, NEW LONDON, N. H. 03257

THIS OFFER IS VOID WHERE PROHIBITED

SARPANEVA 202
Introducing the new OPA line.
Created by Finland's Timo Sarpaneva.
His multi-purpose casserole/saucepan
cooks, bakes, & serves with equal gusto.
Polished 18/8 stainless steel.
Aluminum coated bottom for even heat.
Prices: $20 (1½ qt.), $22 (2 qt.),
$24 (3 qt.), $29 (4 qt.), $31 (5 qt.)



FISKARS
Featherweight utility scissors.
Precision stainless steel blades with
anatomically shaped finger grips,
right or left. Price: $7.95

Send for brochure showing complete new
line of OPA stainless steel ware.
All prices postpaid. Send checks to:

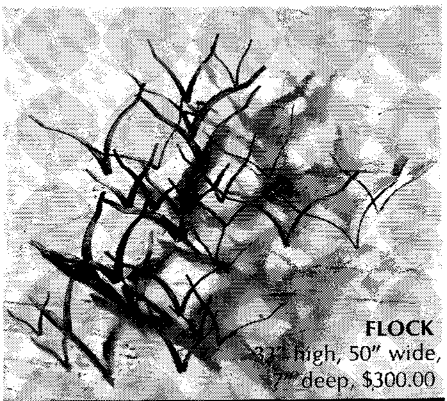
FINLAND DESIGN, INC.
816 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010

semifinal that went to five games but wasn't really as close as that might indicate, for Mohibullah swept both the fourth game and the fifth at 15–6. (Yusuf Khan, by the way, is a native of India and is not related to the other Khans discussed here. A man of great politeness, and a talented teacher, Yusuf changed his headquarters from the Cricket Club of India, in Bombay, to the College Club of Seattle five years ago.) In the other semifinal, Sharif, looking much less sharp than he had at Merion the weekend before, dropped one game to Rainer Ratinac, a tall, slender Australian with an El Greco face, who is now the pro at a club in, of all unlikely places, Calgary, Canada. At Merion, against Niederhoffer, who is most dangerous at the front of the court, Sharif had used a powerful overhand serve exclusively, and during the rallies he had taken up an extremely forward position—a full yard in front of the T that is formed by the intersection of the service line (which is ten feet from the back wall) and the line, perpendicular to the back wall, that divides the right-hand service court from the left. Now, against Mohibullah, who thrives on hard hitting, Sharif altered his tactics. He went with a soft, underhand serve, and during the rallies he played right at the T, which is the conventional position. They had quite a battle, both men grim and stern-eyed all the way. Mohibullah, moving well, was off fast and took the first game, 15–11. Sharif had looked somewhat sluggish, and he continued to in the second game, which Mohibullah also won, 15–12. The third game went to Sharif, 15–8; after Mohibullah had fallen behind 4–10, he more or less let the game go. The fourth game followed much the same pattern. Sharif rushed off to an 11–2 lead, and Mohibullah, six years the older, just went through the motions from then on, conserving his energy for the decisive fifth game. He had his chances there. In the early stages of the game, with both men buzzing around the court like bees in a bottle, playing somewhat defensively during long, wearing rallies, each hoping that the other would first feel the strain of the pace and the occasion, Mohibullah seemed the fresher of the two. Neither man, however, was able to establish a solid lead, and, at length, the score was tied, at 9–9. Then, just like that, Sharif, without seeming to do anything different, swept six of the next seven points for game, match, and championship. Some old squash hands I talked with afterward felt that the match had

Blue Fluted Gift Item
Blue Fluted dinnerware – also
ideal as decorative art.
Produced at the Royal
Copenhagen Porcelain factory
since 1775.
Has been in great demand all over
the world ever since.
Cake dish $ 32.50.

Royal Copenhagen Art
Available at fine stores everywhere
and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022



FLOCK
3[illegible]" high, 50" wide,
[illegible]" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for
color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

Tchaikovsky had
9 plates of Blini
before starting
his 5th
Symphony!

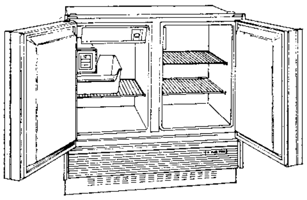
come,
be inspired

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM
RTR 150 West 57th St. N.Y.C.
CO 5-0947. Write for recipes.

been a perfect illustration of how Sharif's superior stamina wins for him against Mohibullah. Other old hands told me that the reason Sharif had looked relatively unimpressive was that he had been handicapped by a fluey cold over the weekend. In any event, it was a fine victory for him. The mark of the true champion is to be able to win when, for one reason or another, he is not at the top of his game.

As it turned out, I ran into Sharif at noon the next day in Detroit, at the Uptown Athletic Club. He explained that he still felt a little below par and had decided to take a day's rest and visit his father before returning to Toronto, where he is the professional at the Granite Club. I had spent the morning sitting in the narrow gallery behind Court 4, watching Hashim teach. He was wearing white sweat pants, a white sports shirt, and a lightweight white sweater. Studying him closely, I was struck by how little his appearance has changed over the past decade. There is more gray in his narrow horseshoe of hair, but that is about the only difference. No more wrinkles, for sure. For another thing, his movements and his reflexes seem as quick as ever. When Bill Tilden was in his middle fifties, it used to be said that he could still defeat any tennis player in the world in a one-set match, and it is now said of Hashim that for one best-three-of-five-games match he may still be the peer of any squash player at the American game. Watching him, I could understand why. At his age, however, he simply cannot recoup his strength fast enough after a hard first-round match to be ready to play a hard second-round match the next day, as one must in most tournaments. Occasionally, too, in certain tournaments, the field is required to play two matches in a single day, and at Hashim's age this is simply out of the question.

Hashim's first two lessons that Monday morning, at ten-thirty and eleven, were with Barbara and James Stewart, a young married couple from Rochester, New York, who had been visiting friends in Birmingham, a Detroit suburb, over the weekend. They do this two or three times a year and round things off in style by taking a lesson from Hashim. (Quite a few squash zealots travel hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of taking a lesson from Hashim.) Mrs. Stewart went onto the court first. Not only is she a Class A women's player but she is good enough to play in the men's Class C league in Rochester. She hits



As you can see, you can't see our built-in refreshment center very easily. We designed it to blend into your decor. 6 cubic feet of refrig/freezer/icemaker.

Write for info on model 801 and our full line of built-in refrigeration for the home.

SUB-ZERO

Box 4130 Madison, Wis. 53711

Meadowcraft. Try it anywhere.

This is All Weather. Our perennial favorite. Outshines all the others anywhere you try it. Outdoors, by the pool, in the patio or garden. Indoors. Try it in the den, family room, or casual dining area. Your imagination can go wild.

Try it anywhere.

Write for a brochure showing all Meadowcraft designs.

Meadowcraft

BIRMINGHAM ORNAMENTAL IRON CO. Box 1357, Birmingham, Alabama 35201

Furnishings Group / U.S. Plywood-Champion Papers Inc. Furniture by Drexel/Heritage/Meadowcraft/Carpet by Trend

SHOWROOMS: Chicago—Merchandise Mart; Dallas—Home Furnishings Mart; High Point—Southern Furniture Exposition Building; New York—The Decorative Arts Center

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has serving pantries.

Gracious dining
in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay
in the fashionable heart of the city,
just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, $35 to $37; Double, $42 to $44;
Two-Room Suite, $58 to $70.
Also by the week, month or annually.
DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

Photo by Louise Bucknell

OUR EAST AFRICA

is more than elephants and lions
Leisurely three-week tours
with authoritative leadership.

You'll see...
twelve national parks and game reserves ...elephants, hippos, rhinos. The hoofed beasts: zebra, giraffe, impala, wildebeeste, buffalo and others. The predators: lion, leopard, cheetah plus smaller hunters.
The whole magnificent land from the snows of Mt. Kenya and Kilimanjaro to the beaches of the Indian Ocean... tribesmen as natural and exotic as the wildlife... white settlers... Asians in turbans or saris ... veiled Moslem women ... the ethnic struggle ... tribalism vs. nationalism ... agriculture vs. conservation ... progress vs. prehistoric folkways.

Our Physical Services
Match The Richness Of The Experience
the best accommodations ... uncrowded cars... everybody has body room and a window seat. Leisurely pace... two nights in the same place more often than not.
Generously inclusive price (including tips) with round trip air from New York. **$1675**
June, July, August, add $52

For brochure, write to:

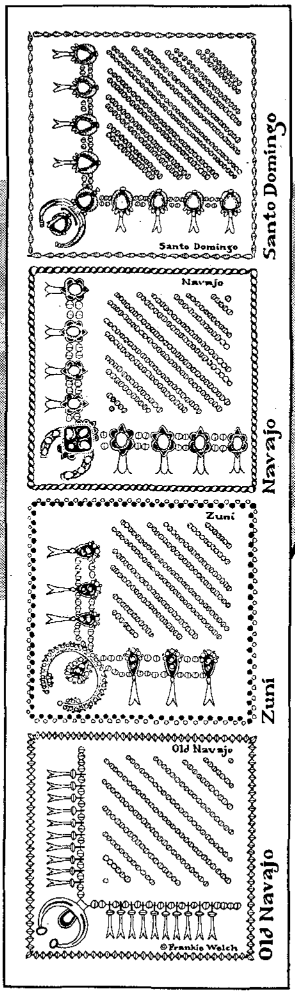
National Parks and Conservation Assoc.
Dept. N421, 25 West 43 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
(212) 354-1480
Please send your East Africa brochure to
Name__________
Address__________
City________State_____Zip_____
I am interested in departures in (month)

the ball hard and well. After she had warmed up with Hashim, he checked her grip and nodded approval. He likes the forefinger to be well up the racquet handle, separated half an inch from the middle finger. He believes that this gives a player better control of the racquet. As the lesson proceeded, Hashim kept increasing the pace of his shots, explaining to Mrs. Stewart that this would help her to hit the ball "more quick than most women are ready to return ball." There was a time when Hashim, out of shyness, spoke very little English, but today he is much more at ease with the language. He has, in fact, developed an expressive form of verbal shorthand to punch his ideas across to his pupils. For example, he told Mrs. Stewart at one point, when she was getting too much arm and shoulder into her forehand, "Too much boom. Not enough snip. Snip the wrist." ("Snip" is "snap.") At the end of the lesson, he congratulated her on how well she was hitting the ball and, breaking into his widest smile, added, "Four points always to remember, each shot. One, thinkwork. Two, footwork. Three, handwork. Four, eyework. Hit ball in front of racquet." Stewart moved onto the court. He is a solid Class A player, and as he and Hashim rallied Hashim limited his instruction to little tips, which he demonstrated: "Hit backhand down, not up, on follow-through. . . . Keep racquet straight. In last second, no rush. . . . All the time you hit ball, keep balanced both knees." About midway through Stewart's half hour, Hashim said to him, "O.K., you want to play a game? Start." As I have indicated, Stewart is no slouch as a squash player, but Hashim seemed to know instinctively just where Stewart's shots would be going, and he needed only one or two unhurried steps to reach them. Every now and then, he would call out during a rally, "You watch," to warn Stewart that he would be playing a soft dropshot just above the seventeen-inch-high metal telltale at the base of the front wall, but, as often as not, Hashim's touch was so delicate that, even with this advance intelligence, Stewart could not get to the ball before it had bounced twice. At the end of the lesson, Hashim reviewed with Stewart the main things they had worked on that morning. Onto the court next came Dr. Nathan Brooks, a local cardiologist, who has a lesson every day of the year that Hashim is in town. The Doctor is only an average player, but Hashim, adjusting the tempo to suit the pupil by hitting his own shots higher off the front wall, soon had him stroking the ball with a nice snip of the wrist.

Hashim teaches for about five hours a day, I learned, with a break at noon for a light lunch. He never sweats or tires, and an easy smile is almost always playing over his features. On the day of my visit, I lunched at the club with him and Sharif. Having for years heard references to Hashim's large family, I asked him if he would run down the list of his children. He did, and it went like this: Sharif, twenty-eight; Dilshad, a married daughter who lives in Pakistan, twenty-six; Gulmast, a squash professional in Mexico City, twenty-four; Aziz, a free-lance squash professional, twenty-three; Noshad, a daughter, twenty; Liaqat Ali, called Charlie, nineteen; Salim, seventeen; Yasmin, a daughter, fourteen; Shaukat Ali, twelve; Muhammad Ali, ten; Rehmania, a daughter, six; and Subhania, a daughter, five. "We had sixteen, we lose four," Hashim said. When he first took up his post at the Uptown Athletic Club, Hashim lived by himself for five years, until he could afford to bring his wife and the younger children over. Now, except for the four oldest children, the whole family is with him in Detroit.

Hashim is, I think, one of the happiest men I know. The reasons are obvious: the pride he takes in his family; the pleasure he finds in his work; and his clear realization of how fortunate he has been to accomplish so much—to rise from a ragamuffin ball-chaser to the game's grand old man. For Sharif, despite the success he has achieved, life appears to be a much more difficult and complex proposition, and, observing this, one is reminded that if there are times when Hashim and Sharif seem to be more than a generation apart, it is largely because few fathers and sons have experienced life so differently during their formative years. One thing they had in common: both were about eight when they started to hit the squash ball. However, at that age Sharif was aware that his father was the greatest squash player in the world, and as he grew up he must have wondered, as all sons of famous athletes do who know they have inherited something of their fathers' extraordinary coördination, how good *he* might become—or whether he even cared to find out. For Sharif, the answer came early. At thirteen, two years after he had entered Millfield, he won the Somerset County Squash Championship, and at seventeen he won the British Junior Championship. Sharif, by the way, had gone to Millfield on a squash scholarship. There he had found himself in the company of many outstanding games players, for R. J. O. Meyer, who founded the school just before the Second World War, was determined to make a good public-school education available to promising young athletes. Since Meyer's retirement, two years ago, his successor has carried this program on. Over the last ten years, for example, several Millfield graduates have played Davis Cup tennis, three have been on the British Ryder Cup golf team, and a number have played international cricket for England.

Sharif found the first two of his nine years at Millfield pretty rough going. To begin with, he had to learn English, and, at the same time, since his schoolmates were mainly boys from upper-stratum families who were going on to one of the universities, he had to learn a new style of life. He worked fairly diligently at his studies, and played cricket, field hockey, and tennis for Millfield in addition to squash. "I didn't particularly want to do squash as a career," he told me. "I would have preferred tennis or county cricket. More than that, I had dreams of playing cricket for Pakistan. Those were the things that were circling around my mind." At length, though, Sharif drifted into squash. In 1966, after a two-week crash course with his father on how to teach the American game, he became the pro at the Downtown Athletic Club in Detroit. He stayed there two seasons and then switched to the Skyline Racquet Club in Toronto. Some winters, he took time off to return to England to visit old friends and play in the British Open Championship (he was only moderately successful), and in 1970, for a change of pace, he spent several months touring Australia, the Philippines, Japan, Thailand, and Pakistan with the so-called Barrington Circus, which was a troupe that had been organized by Jonah Barrington, a colorful several-times British Open squash champion, who might perhaps be described as the Arnold Palmer of the English game. On returning from that safari, Sharif became the pro at the Granite Club in Toronto. Last summer, to break up the routine again, he

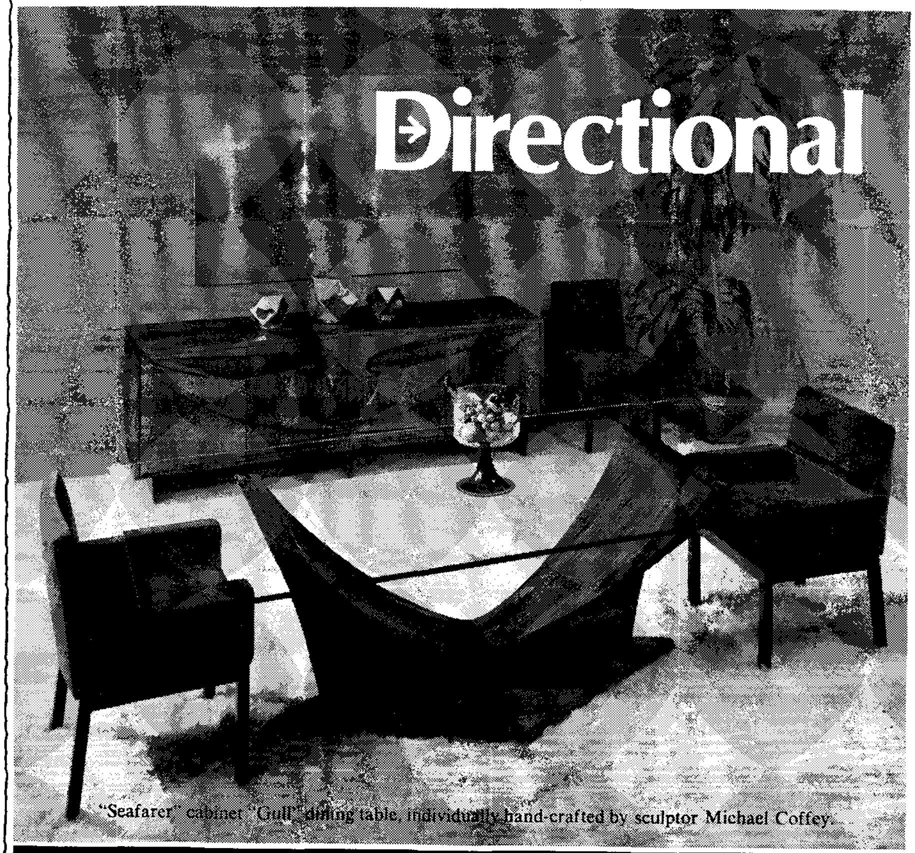


Goldwaters
Phoenix Scottsdale

GOLDWATERS SQUASH BLOSSOM SCARF BY FRANKIE WELCH

Four different Indian squash blossom designs (Navajo, Old Navajo, Zuni, Santa Domingo) on an 8 x 36 inch oblong scarf. It's turquoise on white and grey in cotton. So many ways to wear it...illustrated in the Frankie Welch pamphlet mailed with each scarf. 8.00

For mail orders write Goldwaters, 3100 North Central, Phoenix, Arizona 85012. Please add 50¢ handling charge. For Arizona orders, add 4% sales tax.



"Seafarer" cabinet "Gull" dining table, individually hand-crafted by sculptor Michael Coffey.

Directional Furniture Showrooms: New York: 979 Third Avenue, D & D Building.
Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart. Boston: Rapids Furniture Co. Dallas: Waitman–Martin
Miami, Florida: Vanleigh Furniture Co. Los Angeles: Hasi Hester
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer. Send 25¢ for color brochures N-4

Colorful "hippo" print beachwear coordinates. 50/50 polyester & cotton print bikini with beachbag, $4.50. Matching hooded 9 oz. cotton terry beach coat, $5. Toddler sizes T2-T4. At Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia & branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

Resort to Basin Harbor. The only complete resort in Vermont with 700 acres on Lake Champlain.

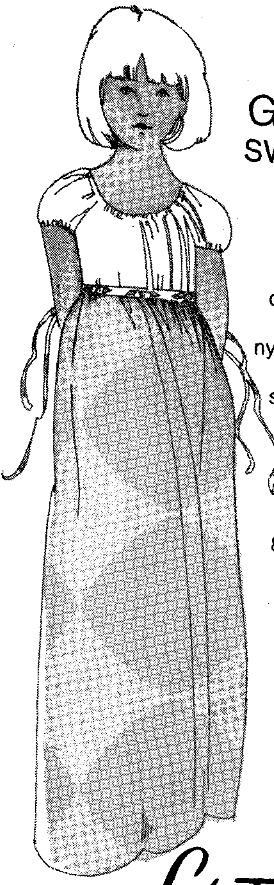
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Mgr. • (802) 877-2961
BOX A VERGENNES • VERMONT 05491

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

undertook a tour of South Africa, even though he knew in advance that this would present some unpleasant problems for a Pakistani. "Sharif is probably the most restless young man I know," a much respected Midwestern sports authority said recently. "To begin with, I think he finds teaching squash rather boring. I also get the impression that there are some things about the social status of a club pro that are hard for him to take. This is certainly understandable when you consider his English public-school background. Most of us think of Sharif as basically a very likable and intelligent young man, but, in honesty, it should be said that there are times when he can get on his high horse and be pretty darn petulant. Mainly out of frustration. I have an idea that he would prefer to be based in England and be earning his living as Jonah Barrington does—not as a teaching pro at a club but as a free-lancer who makes his income from endorsements and from clinics and exhibitions, and so on. The catch is that, after all these years away, Sharif is now not in the same class at the English game as Barrington and some of the other top players, while over here he is almost in a class by himself. I suppose that if he devoted a full year to playing the English game, he might be able to raise himself up to Barrington's level, but then again he might not; the English game today puts the top premium on being in fantastic physical shape and having more staying power than the next fellow."

There is no question but that Sharif would feel better about the American scene if he were better reimbursed for his skills. For a man who plays his game with such dash and authority, Sharif, as he is only too well aware, makes a pittance compared to what the leading stars in other sports are collecting in this very golden era of American sport. Jerry West, for instance, reportedly receives an annual salary of three hundred thousand dollars from the Los Angeles Lakers, and Jack Nicklaus's over-all annual take, before taxes, must be close to a million dollars. What does first prize in the North American Squash Racquets Open amount to? A paltry five hundred dollars. The trouble is that in America, apart from its collegiate manifestation, squash is still more or less a tight little enclave of metropolitan clubland. At most tournament courts, there is seldom room for more than two hundred spectators in the gallery area, so only a token gate is possible. In any event, the outside


Goodnight, sweetheart

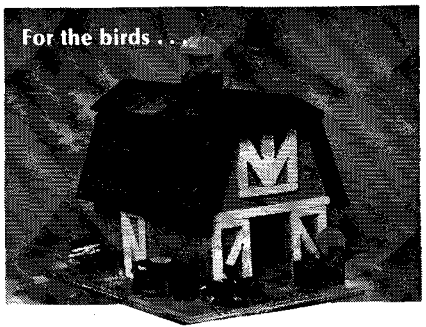
As soft and charming as your little girl, our nylon tricot nightie has puffed sleeves, is gently gathered at the neck and waist. Aqua and white or apricot and white for 8 to 14 sizes, $7. Girls' Lingerie Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Gloucester House

SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
50th bet. Park & Madison, N.Y. 755-7394
Pre Theater Dining from 5:30 pm.



Our quaint red barn bird feeder with its own miniature barn scene. Handmade of wood at $18. Add $1 postage. **Send for free catalog.**
The Jerry Perlitz
Pappagallo Shop
#7 Jefferson Sq., Austin, Texas 78731

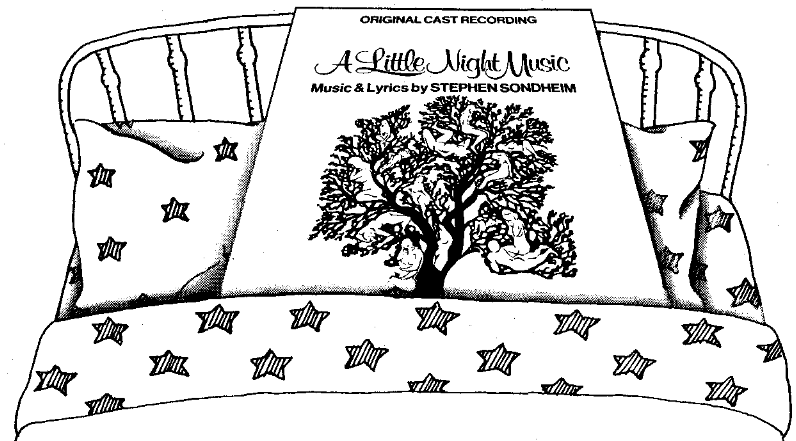
world has no idea what a flashing and exciting game squash is. I am convinced that if the final of a major championship were ever televised nationally, this would all change—that the game would catch on instantly and command a huge, exuberant audience. Until that time arrives, however, Sharif's fame and earning potential will necessarily be limited, and he has my sympathy. After all, at his game he is just as good as West or Nicklaus or Namath or Orr or Gibson or Laver is at his.

EARLY this February, a little less than a month after Sharif had won his fifth United States Open, he went over for the British Open, which was held at the Abbeydale Park courts, in Sheffield. He had allowed himself only a couple of days of practice and was eliminated in the third round—the round of sixteen—by Geoff Hunt, an Australian whom many rank second to Barrington at the English game. The fact that Sharif forced Hunt to five games caused some stir, but what really aroused and delighted everyone was that Barrington carried off the championship for the sixth time in seven years, winning the final from Gogi Alauddin, a young Pakistani, who had disposed of Hunt. (Ever since Hashim Khan began his remarkable triumphs, squash has become a national sport of Pakistan, and the country now exports young professionals in profusion, much as Scotland exported golf pros at the beginning of the century.)

It is difficult to know where to begin the fascinating saga of Jonah Barrington, but it is best appreciated, I believe, if it is regarded as the climax of the stunning renaissance the English game has undergone since the Second World War. (Squash, by the way, was invented by the boys at Harrow School, in the eighteen-fifties.) This renaissance began in Australia around 1955, when public "squash centers" suddenly began popping up all over Sydney and the other big cities. The typical squash center was an ugly, unadorned brick rectangle that held from three to six courts, a locker room with a shower, and perhaps a small snack bar. The individual or group who financed its construction either engaged a manager to run the center or leased out its operation. "The game really caught on with a bang," Ken Binns, who is from Newcastle, near Sydney, recalled this winter when I had a chat with him in Toronto, where he has succeeded to Sharif's old post at the Skyline Racquet Club. "Two guys

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Take an album to bed tonight.
Play "A Little Night Music" at home.



Columbia Records presents one of the most anticipated albums in the history of Broadway musicals.

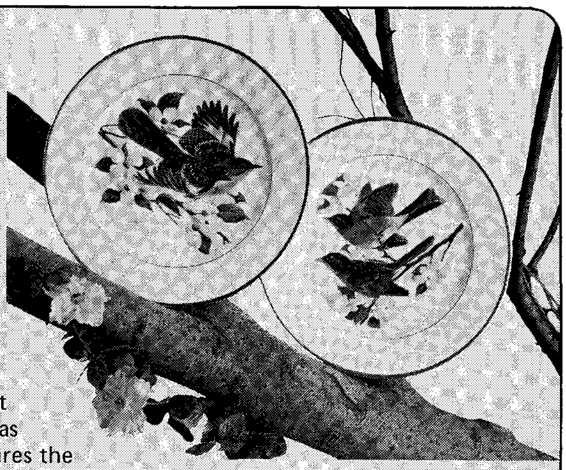
"A Little Night Music" is an original cast album from the show that won six Tony's, including Best Musical, and a prize-winning score by Stephen Sondheim.

Clive Barnes said in The New York Times: "Heady, civilized, sophisticated and enchanting. Good God!—An adult musical."

**Play a Lot of Night Music today. And every day.
On Columbia Records and Tapes**

Winner of six Tony's.

"Songbirds of America"
by
John A. Ruthven



The second in this important series of porcelain plates has just been released and features the Mockingbird on Dogwood and the Robin among Apple Blossom. The plates are the work of John Ruthvan, world famous wildlife artist, whose paintings are on display at the Hermitage Museum in Moscow, and who designed the Duck Stamp series for the U.S. Government. These plates, bearing the artist's signature, are limited to an edition of 5000 sets worldwide and are individually numbered. They are produced by the Hutchenreuter China Company of Bavaria in full color, with a 24 kt. gold border, and are $100 the pair postpaid.

A small quantity of 1st issue Ruthvan plates featuring the Eastern Bluebird and the Goldfinch are also available with wooden presentation case at $150 postpaid the set while supply lasts.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

A.C. BANG
Furriers to the Royal Danish Court since 1817
27, Østergade - 1100 Copenhagen K - Phone 15 17 26

A GREAT NAME IN DANISH FURS
BE SURE TO VISIT US WHEN YOU VISIT COPENHAGEN

HAVE A KUILIMA HONEYMOON IN
HAWAII!

- We'll guarantee you an ocean-view room.
- We'll greet you with champagne and leis.
- We're located on Oahu's scenic North Shore, away from the clamor.
- Only ten minutes from the Polynesian Cultural Center; shuttle to Ala Moana Shopping Center and Waikiki four times daily—$4 round trip.
- We're on an uncrowded beach — with not another hotel in sight.
- With our own golf course and lighted tennis courts.
- And the price includes breakfast in bed every morning.

4 DAYS — 3 NIGHTS
$220 per couple, pre-paid. Additional days at $31 per couple.

Call (Toll Free) (800) 648-6666

DEL WEBB'S
KUILIMA
RESORT HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB
(KOO-EE-LEE-MA)
On Oahu, Hawaii's Scenic North Shore

Director of Public Relations NY
Del Webb's Kuilima Resort Hotel
Kahuku, Oahu, Hawaii 96731

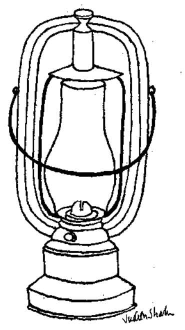
Gentlemen, please send me your 4-color brochure.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ______

IT-DWK-H Eff. 3-15-73 to 12-31-74

could walk in off the street and hire a court for a half hour for the equivalent of a dollar. They could rent racquets for twenty cents apiece and a ball for ten cents. At most centers, you could become a member by paying four or five dollars, and then you were eligible for interclub matches. By 1957, there must have been over a hundred of those squash centers in Australia. That was only the beginning, because Hashim and Mohibullah were invited over for a series of exhibitions that year, and then everyone—men and women alike—wanted to play. We had fifty courts in Newcastle alone. In Sydney, there must have been forty squash *centers*. Today, if I'm not mistaken, there are almost as many squash players as there are tennis players in Australia. This includes Heather McKay, who for the last dozen or so years has been by far the best woman player in the world. In fact, she has never been beaten in competition."

In 1959, Australia, eager to see how its players stacked up against the best British amateurs, invited a British team over. Four matches were arranged, and the Australians were trounced in all of them. Three years later, however, when Australia sent a team to Britain, it went undefeated. Not only that, but one of its members, Ken Hiscoe, captured the British Amateur Championship. The following year, 1963, a touring Australian team again beat the British in Britain. As hardly needs to be pointed out, Australian athletes have long been noted for their marvellous physical condition, and this certainly applied to the squash players who contributed to the conquest of Britain. Indeed, to the discerning eye the Australians appeared close to being as fit as the Pakistanis, who had practically monopolized the British Open following Hashim's first win, in 1950, and had come to be looked upon as physiological wonders, capable of feats of endurance that no Westerner could approach. One person on whom none of this was lost was Barrington—an unusual young man, to say the least. The son of a well-to-do Irish father and a Welsh mother, he was born in Cornwall and grew up there. His public school was Cheltenham, and he went on to Trinity College in Dublin. There he distinguished himself principally as an out-all-nighter, and he was finally sent down for some misdemeanor or other. This occurred in 1963, when he was twenty-one. At loose ends, he became an assistant to John H. Horry, the secretary of the Squash Racquets Association, in London. This gave him ample time to play and practice squash, a game he had always loved. At this point, though, Barrington was no better than a good Class C player—roughly comparable to a golfer who shoots around 77. In 1964, for instance, he failed to survive the qualifying rounds for the British Amateur Championship. A left-hander, he was a well-built young man of middle size—he stood five-nine and weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds—but he was not an exceptional physical specimen. For one thing, he had a weak back, which had recently been operated on; as a matter of fact, one of his reasons for starting to play squash in earnest in 1963 was that he had been told that the game would strengthen his back. Another reason was that this intense young man conceived at about this time the grandiose notion of becoming the best squash player in the world—a goal he felt was perfectly attainable if he could get himself into such superlative physical shape that in a protracted match he could gradually gain the upper hand over any Australian, any Pakistani, anybody at all. He thereupon gave up drinking and smoking. (As Muslims, the Pakistanis refrain from drinking, and most of them do not smoke.) He also cut down so drastically on his social life that his friends began to call him the Monk of Kensington. He devoted a minimum of five hours a day to playing squash, practicing the game, and doing roadwork and exercises to build himself up. He usually took jobs that tied in with his over-all scheme; at one time, for example, he had a milk route in Kensington. He even went as far as to take himself off to train in the highlands of Kenya, five thousand feet or so above sea level, for he had come to agree with that school of thought which holds that as the body responds to the reduction in air pressure at great heights, the body's oxygen transport increases. Presumably, then, training at high altitudes has a beneficial effect on an athlete's general performance—and particularly on his stamina—when he returns to sea level. However that may be, in January, 1967, some three years after Barrington set out on his unlikely quest, he won the British Amateur Championship. In the semifinals, he defeated Hiscoe, 5–9, 2–9, 9–5, 9–5, 9–1, and in the final he defeated Dick Carter, an-



other Australian, 1–9, 9–6, 7–9, 9–7, 9–0. I introduce these scores because they illustrate so eloquently the role that Barrington's superior condition played in his triumphs. He had become by that time a much improved racquet handler, and he could play all the shots—under pressure, too—but the simple truth is that he just outlasted his opponents. A month earlier, in December of 1966, he had registered an even more spectacular victory: he had won the British Open Championship, downing Aftab Jawaid, of Pakistan, 9–2, 6–9, 9–2, 9–2. Barrington thus became the first player from the British Isles ever to win the two championships in a single season. He repeated in the Amateur the next two years and then turned professional. Since 1966, he has won the Open every year except 1968.

This majestic record, it is only right to point out, has not entranced one sector of the British sports world—a group that feels that Barrington's approach to squash, by rendering elegant shotmaking almost irrelevant, has transformed a game of finesse into a contest in aerobics. To some degree, these charges have substance: when two players in the course of a rally hit the ball thirty times or more each before the point is won or lost—as happens quite often today in English squash—a match can be a pretty dreary affair. (This anti-Barrington group was not particularly charmed, either, when he let his hair grow to the long mod length and cultivated a mandarin mustache.) On the other hand, there is no denying that Barrington has brought about a whole new flowering of the game in Britain, partly through his consistently high level of tournament play and partly through his personal magnetism, for he is a friendly, articulate man with a nice sense of humor, who is at home with people of all classes. This helps to explain why he has been sought out by the business establishment as no squash player has before him. He currently endorses a racquet, a glove, shoes, clothes, and a brand of beer, and does all sorts of consulting work. He is credited with being responsible almost singlehandedly for attracting commercial sponsors for the big professional tournaments, with gaining for the tournaments the considerable television exposure they have received in recent years, and, in fact, with setting off the squash boom currently churning in Britain. Today, a million and a half Britons are playing squash, and their number increases by a hundred thousand annually. Each

France on a shoestring:
Bonwit's walk-on-air fare
Our authentic French espadrilles by Jacques Cohen know the ropes of summer smash. They have sleek sneaker styling, natural rope wedge and a soft, cushion-of-crepe sole. In navy, white, natural, red, green or yellow; also in navy/white, red/white or brown/white cotton canvas. For 5 to 10 sizes, N or M widths, 13.00
Add 1.25 outside regular delivery area.
The Pair Tree
Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all Bonwit stores
BONWIT TELLER

YOU'VE GOT THE TIME.
WE'VE GOT THE PLACE.
FREETIME USA

THE FAMILY LEISURE TIME SHOW/NEW YORK COLISEUM/APRIL 21-29

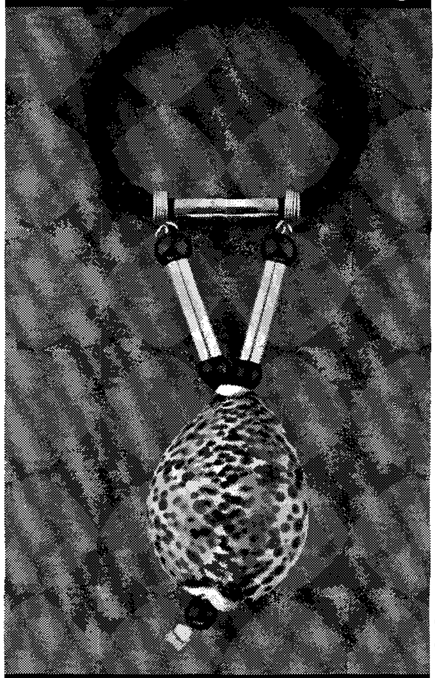
WANT TO GET MORE FUN OUT OF YOUR FREE TIME? SPEND A FEW HOURS WITH US. Take a Singer sewing lesson. Watch live exhibition tennis on a Supreme Court. Fly a Link Trainer and inspect a Piper Cherokee. Play chess against a master. Meet famous authors at Bookmasters' Celebrity Corner. Romp on F.A.O. Schwarz recreational equipment. See Erica Wilson needlework demonstrations. Plan a trip with Eastern Airlines, BankAmericard, Cooks World Travel Service. Have your golf swing analyzed by a pro. Visit Abercrombie's world of sports. **ALL VISITORS ELIGIBLE FOR THE LEISURE TREASURE CHEST WITH SPECTACULAR PRIZES INCLUDING $10,000.00 IN CASH, VACATION TRIPS, A CHALET, BIKES AND MORE.**

year, another two hundred public courts go up. County Squash Racquets, Ltd., the biggest builder of these facilities, is now completing fourteen squash centers. Not long ago, it opened its most opulent center yet—the Croydon Squash Racquets Club, on the southern rim of London, which has a lounge, a dining room, and a bar, and twelve courts, two of them with glass walls at the back, to make it possible for a good number of spectators to watch a match, and also to facilitate the televising of tournaments. (The glass used is one-way glass; the spectators can see the players, but the players cannot see out.)

A Barrington always helps to get things moving, but the fact of the matter is that squash is in the midst of an astonishing worldwide expansion. For example, eight years ago there was only one court in Mexico—a rundown relic at the Rotary Club in Mexico City. This circumstance prompted Raoul de Villafranca, a prosperous lawyer who had played the game twenty-five years before and wanted to get back to it, to build a court at his house, on the outskirts of the capital. From that acorn, a thousand courts and seventy-five thousand players have sprung up in Mexico. Sweden has constructed several glass-walled courts, and in Toronto seven courts with glass back walls were completed this winter. (With its abundant supply of bad weather, Toronto is a natural to end up as the squash capital of the world.) Periodically, word filters across the Pacific from Japan, where the most dynamic growth industry is mass leisure, that several high-powered syndicates are at work on a program for building *seven thousand* squash courts, but, even allowing for the miracles of production the Japanese are capable of, this is one report that I think should be taken with a pinch of seaweed.

If any nation is lagging behind at the moment, it is the United States. One would think that the United States Squash Racquets Association would be a little more energetic than it has been in attempting to get the game on television and in generally driving toward that dream day when the national championship will be held before thousands at Madison Square Garden, the whole auditorium enveloped in darkness save for the court itself—an illuminated glass cube in the center of the arena. Critics of the U.S.S.R.A. frequently assert that the association's stand-patness derives from the clubby inner corps' awareness that it inhabits one of the most attractive and gratifying microcosms in American sport and

THIS IS AYRES'



Tiger Cowrie from Zanzibar. From our Panache collection of shell jewelry. Black, brown or ivory cord. 26.50. Dept. 130. Indianapolis, 46204. Add 75¢ handling chg. In Ind. 2% sales tax.

L.S. Ayres & co.

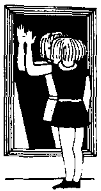
Indianapolis Lafayette Ft. Wayne Louisville

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
chateau madrid

BLANCA ROSA GIL
FLAMENCO BY
MARCELO
& His Entire Company
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080

NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

LEFTY?



Looking for easier ways to cut with scissors, open cans and bottles, eat and drink, serve, write, knit, work at hobbies, do many other things left handed? Our interesting illustrated catalog is meant for you. It describes our large selection of fine lefty products, available from us to you through mail order exclusively. For $1.00 we send it to you; we put you on our list for future lefty products as we add them and we send along our unique, little combination bookmark and lefty ruler, as a token to start us off on the left foot with you! ■ Send to:

the ARISTERA ORGANIZATION
Dept. LV, 9 Rice's Lane
Westport, Conn. 06880

Love someone who's lefty? We'll mail them the catalog as your thoughtful gift.

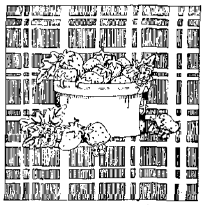
CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE

Quality cashmere — enjoy its soft, luxurious feel. Our classic cardigan, full fashioned — a sweater for all occasions — is truly a value at this price. White, black, navy, red, yellow, pink, brown, beige, or grey.
Sizes 34 thru 42 $28.00

Mail orders carefully filled.
Please add 75 cents for handling.
California residents add 5% Sales Tax.

GENE BURTON
505 SO. LAKE AVE., PASADENA, CALIF. 91101

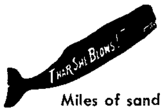
A Taste of Spring in Needlepoint



Give Mother a berry basket with white lattice on blue or green (specify). Hand-painted in oil on #14 mono. Includes instructions, yarn, needle. 10" sq. Ppd. $34

papillon
375 Pharr Road, NE • Atlanta, Georgia 30305

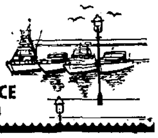
Nantucket
Island of Enchantment


THAR SHE BLOWS!

Famous as a yachting, fishing and vacation center. 30 miles south of Cape Cod, less than one hour by plane from New York or Boston.

Miles of sandy beaches, warm salt water swimming. Large land-locked harbor with well-equipped boat basin. Art Galleries, Summer Theatres, varied evening entertainment. Year 'round boat service from Woods Hole.

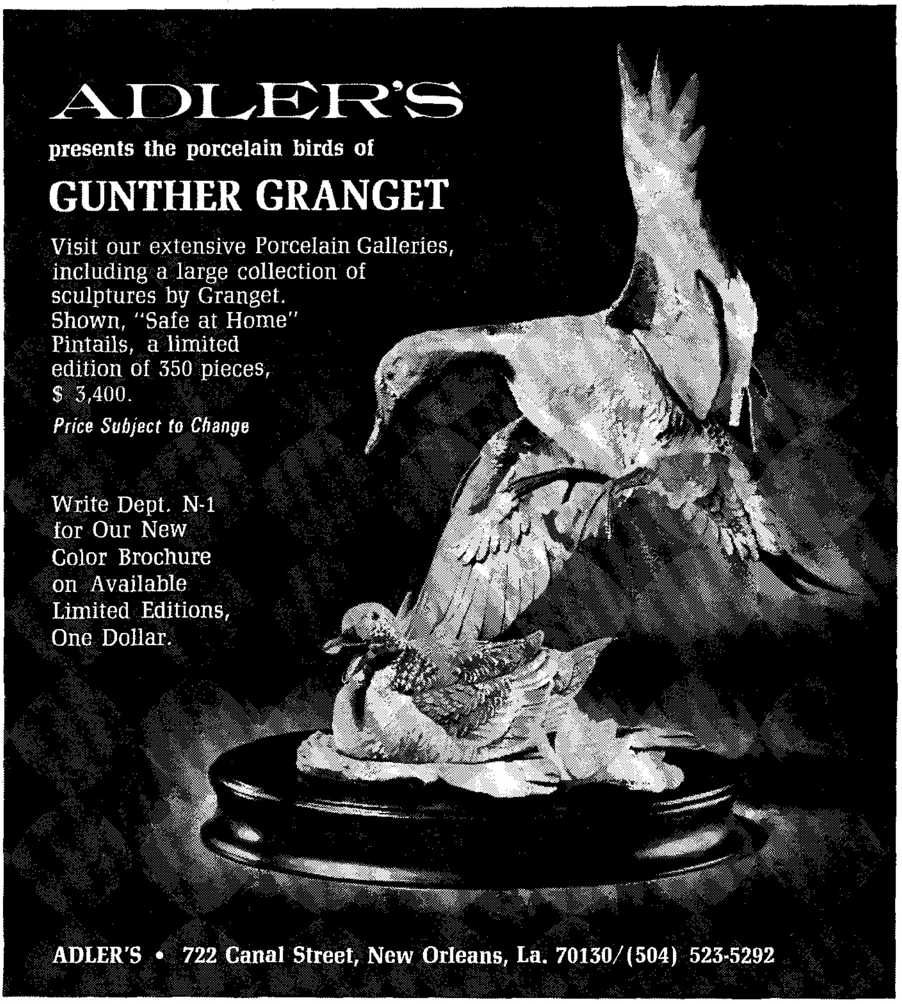
Advance reservations recommended for August.



For free illustrated color booklet write
NANTUCKET INFORMATION SERVICE
41 Federal St., Nantucket, Mass. 02554

its fears that this would be lost if the game grew too large and popular. I'm not so sure that these critics are right. I have the feeling that if squash were suddenly to erupt into a sort of public passion here, as it has in Australia and Britain, the old wheelhorses of the U.S.S.R.A. would welcome the phenomenon, would continue to govern the game with their characteristic easy efficiency, and would go on enjoying the pleasures of their winter weekends precisely as they always have.

THE climax of our 1973 squash season came over the long Washington's Birthday weekend, when the National Singles Championships of the United States Squash Racquets Association—the Nationals, as they are called—were held in Princeton. (The Nationals are open only to amateurs, but the U.S.S.R.A. has never bothered to make this titular distinction, proceeding on the assumption that anyone interested in competing in the Nationals knows this.) This year, two hundred and fifty-three players—the largest field ever—participated in the four events. The Team Championship, in which thirty five-man teams competed, was won by the No. 1 New York team, which defeated Philadelphia in the final. The Seniors (fifty years of age and older) Singles went to Floyd Svensson, of San Francisco, and the Veterans (forty and over) Singles to Henri Salaun, who, at forty-seven, still darts around the court like a terrier. The National Singles, the main event, was won for the second straight year by Vic Niederhoffer. Since his match with Sharif Khan at Merion six weeks before, Niederhoffer had shed a dozen pounds, and he looked like his old quick, mobile self—particularly in the final, in which he defeated the Reverend Mr. Hetherington. One of sport's most accomplished idiosyncratics, Niederhoffer at one time used to carry four unmatched sneakers to tournaments—two lefts and two rights—and, after trying them out in practice matches, select the two shoes he thought would work out best on those courts. This sort of stuff is well behind him now, but he has developed a couple of new eccentricities. For example, he brought along to the Nationals three racquets of the same make, which he had labelled No. 1, No. 1A, and No. 3, with strips of Dymo tape. He used No. 1A for all his matches up through the semifinals, when it broke, and then switched to No. 1, his favorite, for the final. He explained that No. 3 was strictly a reserve racquet and that he had not yet



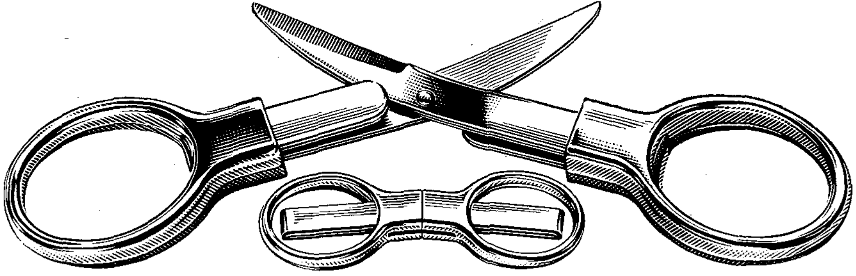
ADLER'S
presents the porcelain birds of
GUNTHER GRANGET

Visit our extensive Porcelain Galleries, including a large collection of sculptures by Granget. Shown, "Safe at Home" Pintails, a limited edition of 350 pieces, $ 3,400.
Price Subject to Change

Write Dept. N-1 for Our New Color Brochure on Available Limited Editions, One Dollar.

ADLER'S • 722 Canal Street, New Orleans, La. 70130/(504) 523-5292

HOLD EVERYTHING-
don't take another step without
HAVERSNIPS!



You could find yourself in a difficult spot in which a pesky hangnail, an untrimmed eyebrow, a loose thread, or an uncut paper doll could turn a promising situation into a social debacle. Don't let this happen to you! Carry **Haversnips** in pocket or purse. If needed, remove them from their dandy snap-case, unfold them in a thrice, and quickly resolve any impending crisis by snipping through the Gordian knot or whatever it may be. **Haversnips** are forged of an outstanding grade of stainless steel that will keep them sharp virtually forever. Tucked together, before snapping into action, they just measure three inches. But here is the most incredible fact: although you might have seen travel scissors advertised at $7.95 (indeed—gulp!—that's what they are in **our** Catalog) we are offering **Haversnips** today at a price that verges on irresponsibility—namely, just two dollars, and that includes postage and handling. But there is more: we'll also send you our 64-page Catalog and a $2.00 gift certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So, before we discover that we can't really make out on this deal, fill out the coupon, mail it to us with your check for $2 and let us send **Haversnips** right out to you. NY0421

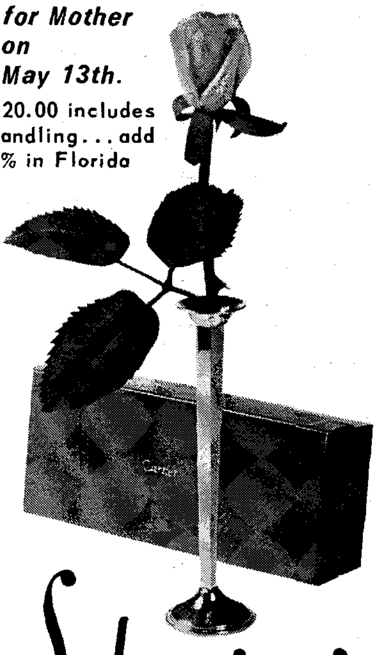
☐ **Yes, send me Haversnips quickly. My check for $2 is enclosed.**
Name__________
Address__________
__________ Zip__________
349-2

haverhill's
586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111

figured out to his own satisfaction why there was no No. 2.

Along with Niederhoffer, the star of the Nationals was the L. Stockwell Jadwin Gymnasium, a steel-frame structure consisting of a half dome, an elliptical cone, and a warped plane, which was designed by the New York architectural firm of Walker O. Cain & Associates and was completed in 1968, and which, to the untutored eye, resembles a Brobdingnagian armadillo as much as anything. With so many matches to be played within a limited time, it is incumbent on the Nationals, which change venue from year to year, to select a site that offers a sufficiently large number of courts as well as one or two courts with adequate gallery facilities. On Saturday, when a total of a hundred and thirteen matches were played, fifteen courts at Princeton's old Dillon Gymnasium were preëmpted, to supplement the twelve singles courts at the Jadwin Gymnasium. After that, the Jadwin did the job by itself. All its courts, including the two exhibition courts, are situated well below the main, or street-level, floor—Floor A—and you descend to them by elevator. Floor B is a service floor. The fencing room and the galleries for the squash courts are on C, the courts themselves are on D, and six asphaltic tennis courts are on E, along with a wrestling room, a baseball infield, and a shot-put practice area. On each trip I made to the Jadwin, before taking the elevator I found myself standing transfixed for minutes and staring out over the vastness of the main floor, filled with assorted basketball players, badminton players, trackmen, and Frisbee experts. The dimensions of this floor, I was told, are three hundred and forty feet by four hundred feet, which comes to about three acres; the top of the half dome is eighty feet high. The squash courts are impressive, too. The front walls are made of edge maple, and the rest of the walls and the floors are made of flat Grade A maple. The courts have dual sets of lights, with a total power of two hundred and forty footcandles, and the temperature of the courts can be maintained at fifty degrees, or at any other degree of coolness that is desired. Incidentally, the crowd that attended the semifinals—close to five hundred people—was the largest ever to watch a squash match in this country.

All in all, this was an exceptionally good Nationals. The Nassau Inn made a perfect headquarters, the ferry service between the inn and the gyms was excellent, and the Sunday-evening par-



A Silk Rosebud
that will never fade
in a Cartier-silver vase.

A fond remembrance for Mother on May 13th.

$20.00 includes handling... add 4% in Florida

Sobering's

712 EAST PALMETTO PARK ROAD
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA 33432

THE CHATEAU
LeMOYNE
HOTEL

in New Orleans' French Quarter

166 Deluxe Units . . . 4 Picturesque Courtyards . . . Patio Swimming Pool . . . Continental Cuisine . . . Nightly Entertainment . . . Just 1 Block from Bourbon Street, 2 blocks from Canal Street . . . Singles from $24 . . . Doubles from $31.

Call (504) 581-1303 for Reservations
301 Rue Dauphine
New Orleans, La. 70112

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

IN BOSTON:
a rather magnificent place to stay...

The Colonnade is the grand new alternative: old-world elegance with new-world efficiency.
The very best in new hotel accommodations for far less than you would expect to pay!
Unique, handsome, L-shaped guest rooms, larger than most, all with two double beds, direct dial service, color TV... Service? Prompt, correct, and friendly.
Two restaurants, bars, lounge with nightly entertainment. Perfect location for business and shopping.
Free in-hotel parking.
The Colonnade is the best of both worlds.

Boston's best hotel value
THE COLONNADE
Huntington Ave. at Prudential
Mass. Tpke. Exit 22 • (617) 261-2800

Victorian gym shirt: gently revived by our Athens seamstresses in white-white cotton with either red or blue stripes appliqued round neckline & cuffs. Sizes 6-14, $25.00 (plus .75 post). We're waiting to hear if you'd like our current catalogue.
Only at
Greek Island Ltd.
215 E. 49th St.
New York 10017
And at our Cape Cod branch in West Harwich

CAPE COD VACATIONING
CHATHAM BARS INN
and Non-Housekeeping Cottages
A GRACIOUS AMERICAN PLAN RESORT HOTEL FOR FINE SUMMER LIVING

A 65-acre estate overlooking the ocean on the Outer Elbow of Cape Cod—well away from the crowded areas. Excellent accommodations in the main hotel building or in non-housekeeping cottages designed for individual or family occupancy. Private Beach, Golf, Tennis, Dancing, Cocktail Lounge, Superior New England cuisine. Summer Theatre, Shops, Fishing nearby. Late May to early October. For brochure write

E. R. McMullen, Jr., Manager
P. O. Box 666E, Tel 617-945-0096
Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass. 02633

ty really came to life, thanks to a superb mixed double sextet, the Witherspooners, whose repertoire spanned the four and a half decades from "Day by Day" (from "Godspell") back to "Vo-Deo-Do." In fact, I have only one complaint. For me, one of the unique charms of tournament squash is the tradition of presenting the awards right on the court only minutes after the conclusion of the final. Responding to the rain of appreciation pouring down on them from the gallery, the runner-up and the winner usually make uncommonly good speeches, full of wit and spontaneity. This year, for some reason, the presentation of the awards took place back at the Nassau Inn, at the final lunch, and this arrangement seemed to affect the quality of the speeches. I can remember the Reverend Mr. Hetherington's saying, "I haven't given a sermon today, so I won't hold you more than twenty minutes," but that is the only one-liner that sticks in my mind. I found myself recalling the tournament at Merion in early January and the adroit remarks that Ralph Howe and Hashim Khan delivered from the court after their victory in the doubles. "When we agreed to team up, I told Hashim, 'You'll do the playing and I'll do the talking,'" Howe said. "Consequently, the week before the tournament, I practiced my talking every day. I practiced one word in particular: 'Yours.'" Speaking in a small, clear voice, Hashim smiled up at the gallery and said, "I first play at Merion nineteen years ago, when I first visit this country. This year, I make my second visit to Merion. I enjoy it very much. Maybe I come back here nineteen years from now and play more doubles." He well might. One of Hashim's uncles, Seid Ali Khan, played squash every day until he was eighty-seven, and Seid Ali was playing singles.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Dick Cavett: Paul Newman and John Huston who collaborated on the film, "The Life and Times of Judge Soy Bean." Producer, John Forman.—*TV listing in the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

That protean but lovable fellow.

•

MOST FASCINATING HEADLINE OF THE WEEK

[*From the Corning* (*N.Y.*) *Leader*]

HASTINGS ON TRIP
TO INVESTIGATE
DRUG TRAFFICKING

AUSTRIA

If you long for the good life, come to Austria, the most European country. In this jewel of a vacationland, two thirds the size of New York State, you can find all the marvelous experiences you came to Europe for. There is history. Austria has more castles and palaces to visit than any comparable area in Europe. There are ballets, operas and concerts—a cultural season that goes full tilt 12 months a year. There is scenery. Snow-covered Alps. Mountain lakes. Lush forests and medieval cities—citadels of the arts. There is good eating. Austria's gracious restaurants are known the world over. The elegant and the rustic. Come to Austria. Mozart, Beethoven and Johann Strauss lived there and loved it. You will too.

Austrian National
Tourist Office
545 Fifth Avenue
N.Y., N.Y. 10017

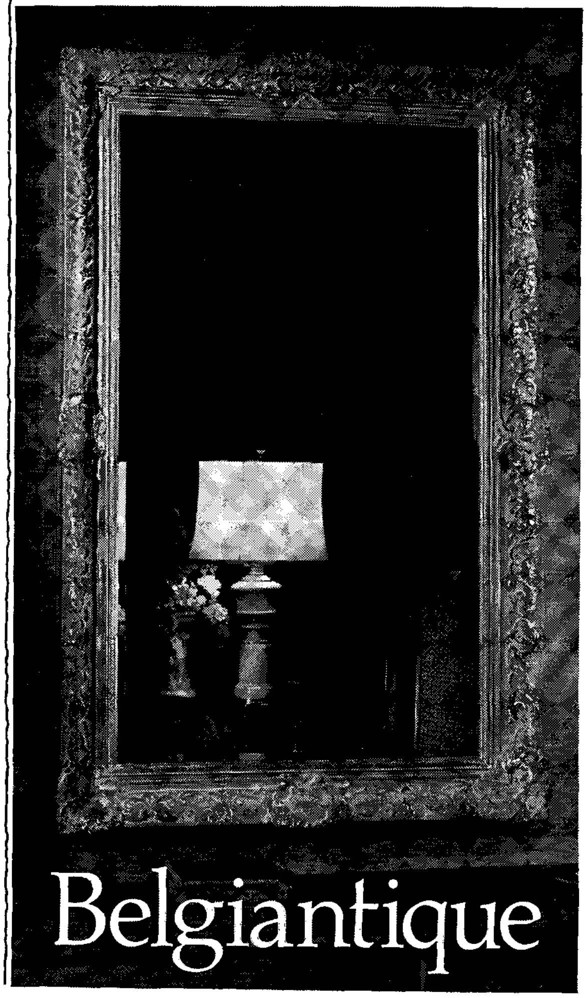
Please send me the new colorful brochure about Austria.

Name__________

Address__________

City______ State______ Zip______

AUSTRIA



One of our favorite combinations. Exquisite Belgian workmanship, antique gold finish. A LaBarge import of elegance and aplomb. With plain or beveled glass. Shown is No. 1013-4, overall 36" x 56". Also available, No. 1013-2, 32" x 44". Your LaBarge dealer has them or can get them for you. Write for his name and 4-color brochures.

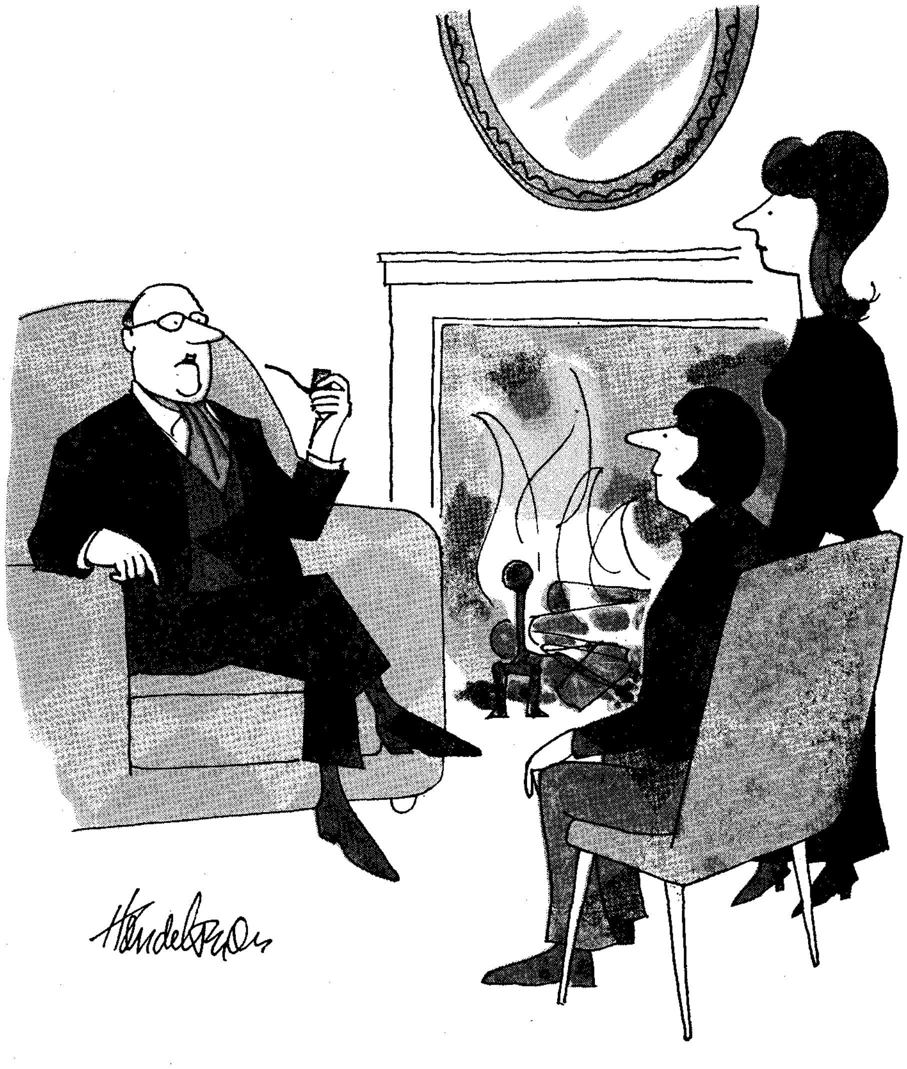
LaBarge
Holland, Michigan 49423
In Canada: Walker Glass Ltd.,
Ville D'Anjou, Montreal

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE official designation of an antique is an object that is at least a hundred years old, but, in fact, objects of much more recent vintage are filling today's antique shops. Things like patent-medicine bottles and barbed wire and saddle shoes from the forties are all considered antiques today, and hoarders of junk, who used to be mocked for their "anal character," are now the envy of their empty-handed oral friends. The other day, as I contemplated a bizarre nineteenth-century patent device that was selling for hundreds of dollars in an antique shop, it occurred to me that the contrivance was no more bizarre than many of the modern electrical appliances being sold for a fraction of the cost, and I wondered whether in today's electronic vernacular there might not exist a profitable source of "antiques of the future." I accordingly made a tour of the housewares departments of local department stores, and am happy to report that they are full of things as quaint and laughable as anything produced in the nineteenth century.

A new electric coffeemaker with the oddly archaic name of Mr. Coffee (a little thought would have produced the more up-to-date Ms. Coffee) is a device that, like the nineteenth-century Vermont contraption that simultaneously and instantaneously cores, peels, and slices an apple, seems to sum up the preoccupations of its time with singular force and clarity. The Vermont apple-corer-peeler-slicer exemplifies almost to the point of parody the nineteenth century's fascination with mechanical motion and its love of the multifunctional object, and makes one marvel at the fiendish ingenuity of its anonymous inventor. Mr. Coffee, in contrast, typifies the ingenuity that today's manufacturers expend on diverting the prospective buyer's attention from the fact that nothing really new is being offered and, moreover, that something inexpensive has been converted into something costly. The conversion in this case is of the timeworn filter coffeemaker (such as Melitta and Chemex) into an electrified, automated, ugly, large thing made of white and "wood" plastic, which costs $40. Its utter lack of novelty may be adduced, if from nothing else, from the stress that the advertising literature places on the "smooth, rich, and full-bodied" coffee produced "without acrid oils" and with "no messy cleanup"—all of which obtains for Melitta and Chemex—and from the trifling "extras" that are thrown in (a plastic measuring spoon and a "calibrated water-measuring pitcher") to make the package look more substantial. Where Mr. Coffee differs from Melitta and Chemex is in its provisions for heating water and warming coffee electrically, and it must be conceded that these features count for something in offices and other places where there is no range on which a kettle of water can be boiled and coffee kept warm. But they serve no real purpose in home kitchens, and it seems unlikely that Mr. Coffee will achieve any great success among householders. Within a year or so, it will no doubt be phased out to make room for a new futility, and the prescient collector will do well to acquire a specimen before it becomes hard to find one.



"My daughter tells me you're ethnic. I assume this means that your children will also be ethnic."

Another exemplary non-invention is the Clairol Company's True to Light III, an electrified triptych table mirror that some printing on the box identifies as "a light setting for every light you're likely to be seen in," adding, "That way, you won't look sallow in home light. Painted in daylight. Washed out in evening light. Or green in office light." The mirror has a dial with four settings, manipulation of which slightly affects the fluorescent lights that frame the mirrors. The central mirror panel reverses to become a magnifying mirror. All this for only $32!

The General Electric Company's new Gentle Cordless Detangler will recall to our grandchildren the hair styles of today, and may cause them to wonder why women who never washed a dish, cleaned an oven, defrosted a refrigerator, or hand-washed a stocking grew their hair to such a length as to require almost constant combing, brushing, washing, drying, curling (or straightening), and tossing. A whole industry—known as "personal care"—has grown up around the "natural" hairdos that require electric dryers, blowers, styling combs, curlers, and curling irons to maintain. All ages are affected. Children who should be outdoors playing are kept sitting at home in tears while their grim-faced mothers attempt to remove bits of lint and bubble gum from their snarled waist-length hair. According to G.E.'s press release, "the anguish of tangled and matted hair has been solved" by the detangler, which "promises relief for the countless young women, teens, and mothers of little girls who have long endured this problem." As the mother of a little girl who has long endured the problem, I was hardly surprised to find that the detangler—which is a white plastic rod that resembles an electric toothbrush appointed at one end with a vibrating comb flanked by two dormant ones—by no means relieved her, or me, of it. (The only real solution is a pair of scissors.) The device comes with a stand that recharges its battery, and, according to G.E., the "many women [who] comb out their hair while watching TV or listening to the radio . . . can use Gentle at the same time because there is no TV or radio interference." The suggested retail price is $23.

WHILE surveying an imposing display of electric blenders at Macy's, I was approached by a man who said "Could you tell me which is a good blender?," and I had to face the fact that I couldn't. All I could do was to murmur something about "looking it up in *Consumer Reports*"—and next had to face the fact that a lot of people have never even heard of the Bible of Consumerism, much less subscribed to its canonical monthly numbers. *Consumer Reports* has been and continues to be a guide for the affluent in the wilderness of American technology; it directs its readers to the best of what is available, warns them of shoddiness, lack of safety, and fraud, and, in effect, helps the rich to get a little richer while the poor, who in their ignorance buy the products that *Consumer Reports* has rated "not acceptable," get poorer. This is not the fault of *Consumer Reports*, but it is a sobering fact, and, indeed, is what imparts to the whole consumer movement its atmosphere of selfishness and pettiness.

Back at Macy's, the man looking for a blender was taken in tow by a woman who helped him make a choice by pointing out the virtues of two machines she singled out from the three dozen or so

We don't believe in miracles

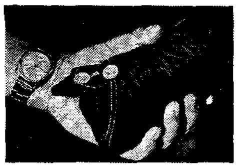
. . . but this jacket comes close.

Blue side out keeps you warm.

Silver side out keeps you cool.

The Apollo Jacket

10 ounces of all weather protection



Incredible handful. Only 10 ounces.

Removable hood zips into collar pocket.

Miracle? No. Incredible handful? It sure is. Developed from the fabric used in space suits, the Apollo reverses to suit the weather. Wear the navy side out when it's cold . . . turn the silver side out when it's warm. You'll be comfortable in your good-looking Apollo jacket all the year 'round—skiing, boating, golfing, on a hike, at the beach.

Styled with a jaunty, adventuresome look, the Apollo is as practical as it is handsome. It's **rainproof and windproof.** Has a removeable hood that zips into a hidden collar pocket. Special mesh vents under the arms keep you dry in any weather, and a waist draw string adjusts to your comfort. The fabric is a strong, lightweight nylon bonded to a new kind of aluminum "skin." It makes a jacket light and compact enough to carry in your pocket or handbag.

Try it with our home-trial guarantee.

Order your Apollo Jacket now. Wear it outdoors with reasonable care. If this jacket is not entirely satisfactory, return it to us within two weeks, postage prepaid, for your money back. We're sure you'll find the Apollo Jacket just about the **most wearable 10 ounces** you've seen. In all sizes for men and women. Send your coat size for a proper fit. Colors: navy reversing to silver.

Each $29.50, postage free. Save $2.00. 2 for $57.00.

©1971

Made exclusively for Norm Thompson by Empress.

Norm Thompson Dept. A:21

1805 N.W. Thurman Street
Portland, Oregon 97209

Telephone orders: (503) 222-9104
(day or night)

☐ Send FREE 80-page color catalog, "ESCAPE FROM THE ORDINARY"

Direct import savings on fine country clothes, sportswear and equipment for men and women.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

	Quantity	Size	Men's	Women's
Apollo Jackets				

☐ Enclosed is check for $

Charge to ☐ MasterCharge ☐ BankAmericard

Card Number

Expiration date

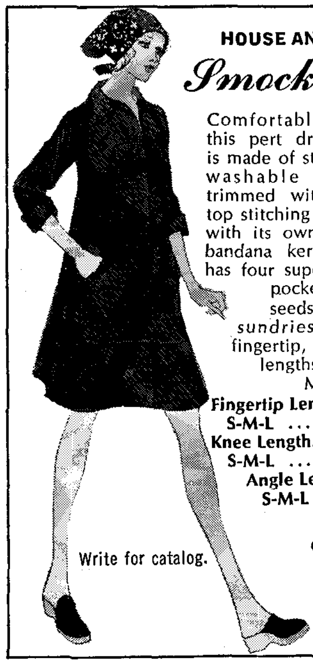
Signature X

For MasterCharge give added data below:

4-digit Interbank No.

LOUIS LOURIOUX
FRENCH PORCELAIN OVENWARE

WILDFLOWER. Lourioux combines the delicate beauty of the French countryside with the practicality of ovenware to produce elegance on your table. A wide range of sizes and shapes. Write for complete literature and name of nearest dealer. Louis Lourioux, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.


Write for catalog.

HOUSE AND GARDEN
Smock Dress

Comfortable and casual, this pert dress-of-all-work is made of sturdy, machine washable navy denim trimmed with bright red top stitching . . . complete with its own red farmer's bandana kerchief. It also has four super-duper deep pockets for tools, seeds, string and sundries. In practical fingertip, knee or ankle lengths. Sizes Small, Medium, Large.

Fingertip Length. Sizes S-M-L ....$17.95 ppd.
Knee Length. Sizes S-M-L ....$21.95 ppd.
Angle Length. Sizes S-M-L ...$25.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-21
Stockbridge Road
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA
20 two bedroom / two bath townhouses. 36 two bedroom / two bath mid-rise condominium apartments on 400′ Atlantic Ocean frontage.
Inquiries invited. Send to:
COSTA DEL REY CONDOMINIUM
2175 S. Ocean Blvd.
Delray Beach, Florida 33444
Tel. (305) 278-6788

on display. I presently learned that this woman was a representative of the company that made the machines she had selected for recommendation. She wore a white smock that said "Macy's Housewares" and told me, "We don't identify ourselves unless we're asked. I mean, why should we?" I found instances of this practice in several other local department stores; the justification given for it is that store salespeople are not well enough informed about the appliances on display to be able to sell them properly.

At Hammacher Schlemmer, I inspected the Tower Company's Self-Stirring Saucepan, whose lid has a battery-operated rotating rod depending from its inner surface. The rod, which is activated by a dial on the outside, stirs whatever is in the pot while the motor makes a soft, gentle, whirring sound; the two-quart saucepan is enamelled steel with Teflon coating, and the price is $30. "*Thirty dollars!*" said a fellow-observer at Hammacher's on noticing the price tag. "For that money, I'll do my own stirring." "But *think* what a terrific gift it would be," his companion said. "Say, you're right," the first man agreed, and bought two on the spot.

AN observation on design: Two main tendencies are evident in the appearance of the newer appliances. First, there are those that reflect the influence of the German and Italian style, under which objects are sleek, smooth, white, unadorned, and destined for the Museum of Modern Art's Design Collection. There are more such American appliances now than there ever have been before—a good five or six of them. The second tendency, which is reflected in the majority of the new American appliances, is to make them look like works of the Photo-Realist school of painting. The garishness that this school celebrates (and that makes Pop Art look Watteau-like in comparison) is equalled, and even, in some instances, surpassed, by the designers of our push-button-encrusted blenders, irons, vacuum cleaners, can openers, and percolators. Someday, no doubt, all this will be called folk art. In the meanwhile, it grosses fifteen billion dollars a year.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

Employers find food stamps for strikers harder to fight. "This is a hot potato—out of the mouths of babes," concedes one businessman.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Himself a father.

TARTARE...
the cheese you can't leave alone for a minute.

FROMAGE FRAIS AUX FINES HERBES
TARTARE
GOURMET CHEESE WITH HERBS
PRODUCT OF FRANCE

Now you see it...now you don't. Watch your guests carefully... watch yourself carefully...people can't resist that Tartare flavor. Imagine...a tantilizing taste of herbs, just the right hint of garlic in a smooth, creamy cheese. Tartare, the cheese with the wild flavor from France. Before your guests arrive hide some for yourself!

Another fine French cheese from Bongrain

Bongrain International (American) Corporation
1270 Avenue of the Americas • Rockefeller Center
New York, N.Y. 10020

Virginia Dare Cooking Wines

RED COOKING WINE
SHERRY COOKING WINE
WHITE COOKING WINE

make simple meals smashing!
Go gourmet the easy way with Virginia Dare Red, White or Sherry—the seasoned wines. For steaks, chops, fish, fowl. Make every meal guest-worthy. At supermarkets. *Send for free gourmet recipes:*
VIRGINIA DARE
882 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11232

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

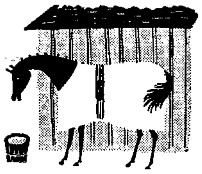
TRULY JAMAICA . . . snow white beaches, warm Caribbean waters . . . never a cold day in Montego Bay. Golf and tennis. Great food, gala native revues, dinner dancing. 170 rooms, 300 delightful Jamaicans to serve you. Adults only, no conventions.
Harry Shifman, General Manager
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization **NEW YORK 765-5800**

THE RACE TRACK

A Key Worth Having

KEY TO THE MINT, winner of the Eclipse Award for the best three-year-old in 1972, has taken up where he left off last season. For nearly a mile of the Excelsior Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, he and King's Bishop, to whom he gave eleven pounds, treated the crowd at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon to as thrilling a two-horse race as I've seen in a long time. From the post position next to the rails, Key to the Mint was quick out of the starting gate and first around the clubhouse turn, but King's Bishop was only a short head behind him, and from there they went stride for stride, the three other starters five or six lengths behind. The pace was steady and far from headlong; the quarter mile was run in 0:23⅗ and the half in 0:46⅖, and along about here King's Bishop got his head in front for a few strides, but Key to the Mint passed him before they reached the six-furlong marker, in 1:09⅗. He was timed for the mile in 1:34⅖, and he finished out in 1:47⅘, two lengths in front. North Sea, coming up fast in the last furlong, would have been second in another jump. Key to the Mint hadn't been under colors since last October, and Elliott Burch performed a fine training feat in sending him out dead fit. Nowadays, trainers usually don't win the first pop out of the box, as the old-timers used to do. Key to the Mint has grown into a most impressive individual; he has always been a good-looking colt, and one of this department's favorites since he was a two-year-old. Paul Mellon, who, as you know, owns him, was out to see Key to the Mint run. Earlier in the afternoon, he also saw his Straight to Paris, a four-year-old (by Never Bend) who hadn't been out since Saratoga last August, win comfortably from five seasoned runners, and I'm sure that before he left the track he had word that his Timeless Moment (don't the Mellon horses have the nicest names?) had beaten Jim Duncan, Actuality, and six other three-year-olds in the Princeton Stakes at Garden State Park. Three in a day. Not bad, not bad.

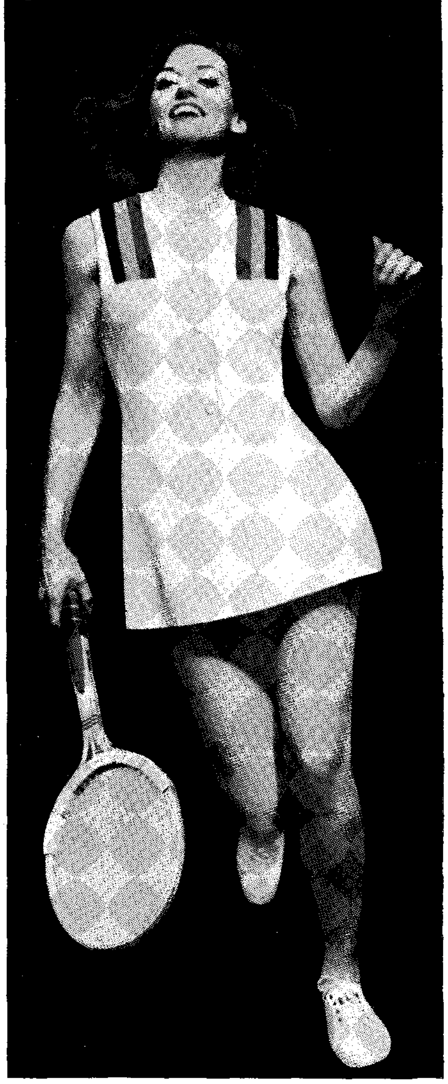
BY the way, Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the Meadow Stable—especially Secretariat—presented the trophies after the Excelsior. Wrong Horse Harry wonders who will be giving them—and getting them—after the Wood Memorial Stakes at the Big A this weekend. To most horsemen, it's a foregone conclusion that Secretariat will win it if the eagle bird doesn't come up on this spin of equine roulette. The Meadow Stable beauty gets into trouble easily, but he has the power and the speed to get out of it quickly, so I expect that Secretariat will win. I have a notion that he'll meet more opposition in the Wood than he did in the Bay Shore and the Gotham Stakes. Champagne Charlie will have another go at him. Then, there will be Santa Anita's Derby winner, Sham, and Louisiana's Derby winner, Leo's Prices, plus Settecento, Hey Rube, Dawn Flight, and, among others, perhaps a couple of colts from Maryland.



WELL, Sunday racing has come to California—to Hollywood Park, no less. The day before the long summer meeting opened last week, Jimmy Kilroe, who runs the show, announced the innovation. My favorite observer reports that a crowd of 40,945 came out for the occasion and bet $3,744,180 on the nine races. Gold Bag, ridden by Pincay, won the Coronado Stakes, for three-year-olds, in a photo finish with Pontoise, and Hillmoss was third. It was the fourth score of the afternoon for Pincay, who is the darling of the horseplayers. Well, it's as sure as anything can be on a race track that Santa Anita and Del Mar will also run on Sundays.

LORD VANCOUVER, a Canadian-bred and one of the less fancied runners, won the Pan American Turf Handicap on Saturday at Gulfstream Park. He paid a $21.40 mutuel. Calumet's Gleaming, who everybody thought would win, was stung by a scorpion a few days before the race and was withdrawn. (The most amazing things happen to thoroughbreds!) Dubassoff, who went to the post at even money, ran eighth. And, speaking of long shots, a filly named Raging Whirl won the Ashland Stakes at Keeneland last weekend and paid $124.40. La Prevoyante had been entered in this one but bruised a heel and was withdrawn. I hope she makes the Queen's Plate.

—AUDAX MINOR



Just because you can beat a man doesn't mean you have to dress like one.

Now you can be a terror on the court *and* a lady in the club house... in Racqueteer Fashions by Dunlop. A wide range of exciting, exclusive designs that provide you with more freedom and comfort for your game, less care and more wear from the fabric, and many more admiring glances from the crowds.

Don't play his game. Play yours. In Racqueteer Fashions by Dunlop. Available at tennis pro shops and fine department stores.

Racqueteer®
Fashions by
DUNLOP
BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240

MUSICAL EVENTS

May Day

THROUGH a spring blizzard to Brooklyn, on Sunday last week—and reward at the end of the journey in the form of a brand-new opera worth hearing, done with a dapper efficiency that recalled Liebermann's Hamburg troupe at its best. Robert Starer, born in Vienna in 1924, is best known to the world as the composer of Martha Graham's "Phaedra." "Pantagleize," his first full-length opera, is a work that one need not hesitate to recommend to Intendants in quest of something effective and new. Mr. Starer is a member of the Brooklyn College music faculty; "Pantagleize" was put on by the Brooklyn College Opera Theatre. Students and faculty members of the college's Departments of Music, Speech and Theatre, and Dance were involved in this large, ambitious opera, which has three acts, each of about forty minutes, and requires a cast of fourteen, a chorus, and dancers. The composer drew his libretto from Michel de Ghelderode's farce of the same title; in effect, he has simply abridged George Hauger's English translation. The result works well as an opera text. It might not have done so had Mr. Starer not boldly imposed his own tempi on the piece. Ghelderode was much influenced by music. He has said that his first play was written under the influence of a barrel-organ tune: "It was sufficient for me . . . to hear this orchestrion which painfully awoke, yawned, then suddenly burst out like a catastrophe, submerging the neighborhood, for me to be hurled roughly, headfirst, into the suspended play." He spoke of the "eternal music . . . that I want to find again in the best theatre, welling up hidden in the dramatic prose, and running beneath it, murmuring and invisible." "Fastes d'Enfer" (which made Ghelderode famous when, in 1949, Barrault produced it) Ghelderode had planned in the form of a "spoken symphony." The trial scene of his "Pantagleize" is framed in a song, and through the play there runs, like a leitmotiv, the titular hero's phrase "Quelle belle journée!" The lovely day in question is at once the first of May, his fortieth birthday (on which, his horoscope declares, his destiny will suddenly flare, and as suddenly become extinct), the day of a total eclipse, and the day of a violent, bloody revolution for which Pantagleize unwittingly gives the signal. Ghelderode called his drama, written in 1929, a "*vaudeville attristant.*" His hero "passes through catastrophes in all artlessness." Like Chaplin, he is "bound to Parsifal by purity, and to Don Quixote by courage and holy madness." The author said that he saw his hero once in real life, in 1919, crossing a square raked by machine-gun fire, deep in a book. In the play, Pantagleize is surrounded by the stock figures of popular theatre: a stage black, Bamboola (he talk simple, call himself word we don't say now); a black-bearded stage anarchist; a stage Jewess, Rachel Silberschatz; a stage poetaster; a stage cop; a stage general, MacBoom. But these cardboard creatures can suddenly become dangerous, intelligent, pathetic, or romantic. Amid the scenes of broad buffoonery and the scenes of horror, while others are losing their heads—or keeping them—Pantagleize keeps his heart. At the end, the stupidity and the cruelty of the world conspire to destroy him, "and the farce to make you sad is finished."

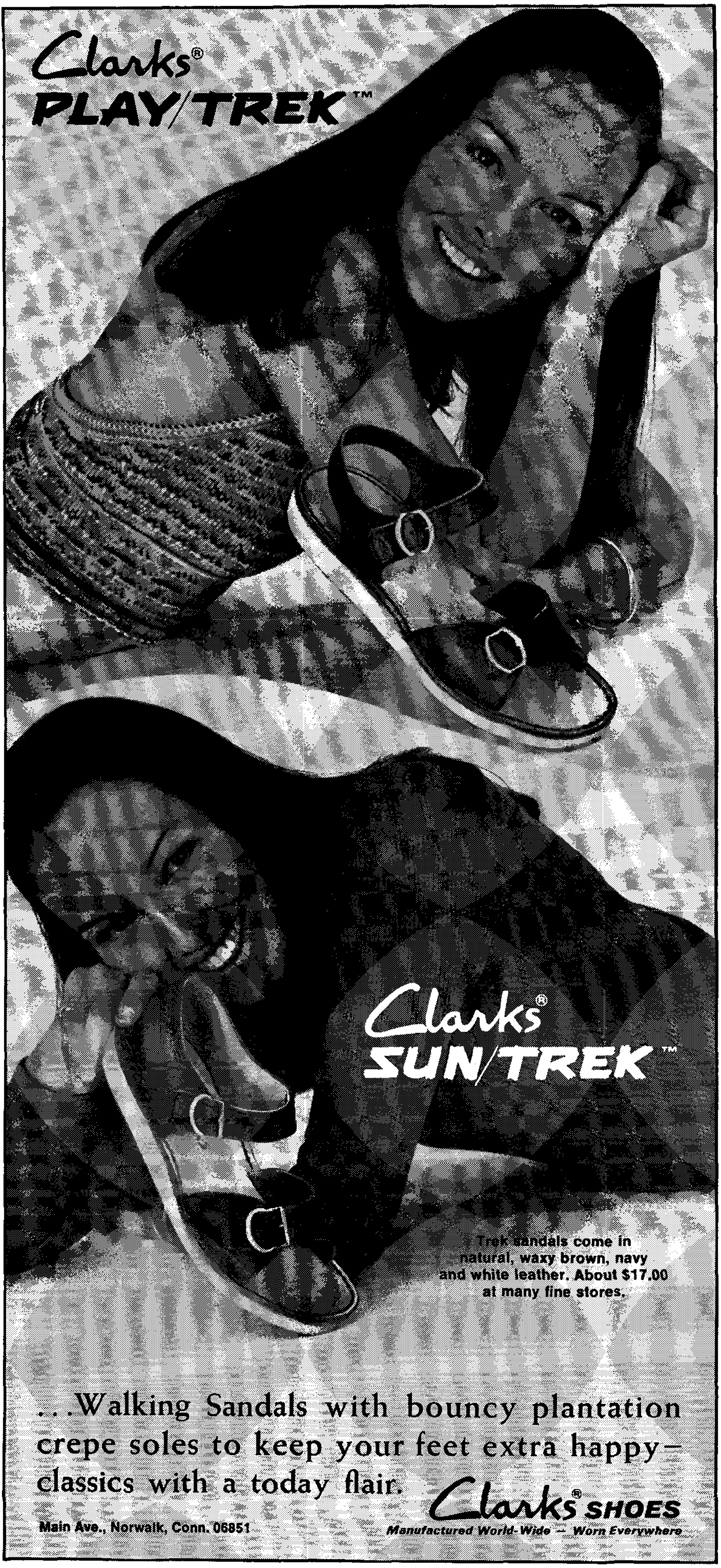
Wm Hamilton

"My God, I mean is that really all you can say about me—I've stood the test of time?"

Starer has done more than set a good and unusual play to music. Rather as two of Bruegel's paintings, and one of Ensor's, inspired plays by Ghelderode ("I had only transposed the vision of a painter"), Ghelderode's "Pantagleize" now seems to have been reshaped by Starer in musical form. The spirit and the matter are both apt for musical treatment. Even more precisely than words, music can handle transformations, contrasts, and cross-references; it can transmute a boisterous dance into a *valse macabre*, refashion a popular melody as a love theme, or convey a fleeting thought by an instrumental reference even when it is not uttered in words. Starer has a happy knack for scherzo inventions that match the farce, for pregnant snatches of melodic motif that can assume many tempers while keeping their audible identity, and for music in which grotesquerie and sadness are mingled. He has retained the nine scenes and the epilogue of the play. He has found a "music . . . running beneath" and brought it to the surface. This music, however, does not run at the speed the spoken drama would, but determines its own tempi, and at times even takes its own course. When other companies stage the work (the Flanders Festival might be a good place to introduce a Ghelderode opera to Europe; Pantagleize could just as easily have set off his revolution there, in the days of Philip II), producers are likely to want to make cuts. The composer must resist them. His scenes are well shaped. His varied pacings are effective. If anything, he might even expand the first lyrical scene in Rachel's room, and also risk some extension of his hero's final monologue.

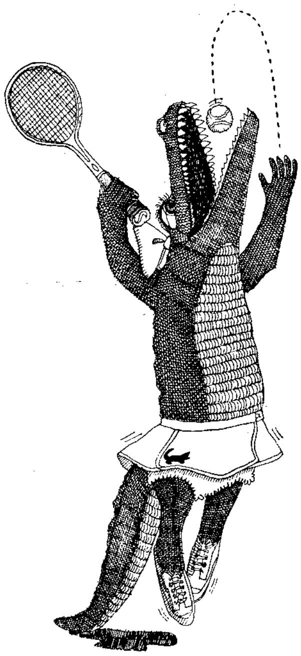
How can one describe the musical idiom? "Wozzeck" is probably the handiest comparison—especially its first tavern scene. But Starer's music is leaner than Berg's, and more thinly scored. The orchestra is double woodwind, pairs of horns and trumpets, trombone, tuba, strings, piano, and percussion. In Brooklyn College's Whitman Hall, the words came through with perfect clarity—which was astonishing, considering the size of the auditorium, and was a tribute to the composer's skill. The performance, prepared and conducted by Károly Köpe, was splendidly confident. Wilson Lehr's staging was crisp and skillful, to be faulted, perhaps, only for the understatement of the caricature aspects of the revolutionaries at their first appearances. Tiny parts—such as those of the two sentries who guard the state treasure—were played with verve and precision. Eldon Elder's scenery, economical and striking, worked deftly, both in its mechanics and as apt settings for the drama. I heard the second of two somewhat differing casts. Harold Mason projected Pantagleize's music strongly, but sometimes tended to sing notes separately rather than connect them in a lyrical line. He did wrong to sport a black beard; it made him look like one of the revolutionaries. Edward Pierson's Bamboola should have been blacker and bouncier, less superfly. Rachel needed a warmer, fuller mezzo than Delphine Beauchamps'. Outstanding among the principals was Harlan Foss, as Innocenti, the waiter, the most intelligent and self-aware of the gang; he is a young baritone of presence and clear projection.

I had better find something to say against the opera, lest I be accused of indiscriminate enthusiasm. Well, it seems to me a mistake to have turned Ghelderode's epicene poet into a trousered poetess; the composer gained thereby a coloratura soprano in his predominantly male cast, but dramatically the role is spoiled. And I think that to


Clarks®
PLAY/TREK™
Clarks®
SUN/TREK™
Trek sandals come in natural, waxy brown, navy and white leather. About $17.00 at many fine stores.
...Walking Sandals with bouncy plantation crepe soles to keep your feet extra happy—classics with a today flair.
Clarks® SHOES
Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851
Manufactured World-Wide — Worn Everywhere

Agile Gators.

A fresh and spirited group of La Coste whites.

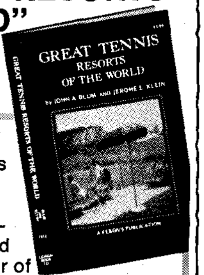


The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J., Falmouth, Me.

"GREAT TENNIS RESORTS OF THE WORLD"

The Tennis Player's Vacation Guide


GREAT TENNIS RESORTS OF THE WORLD
by JOHN A. BLUM and JEROME I. KLEIN
A FERON'S PUBLICATION

Everything you want to know about 61 first-class tennis resorts, here and abroad. This 160-page paperback, the vacation-planning guide published by Feron's, gives number of courts, availability, surfaces, lighting, costs. The pro, his background. Where to stay, to eat, what to wear, to see. By John A. Blum & Jerome Klein. Illus. $3.95

To: Feron's, 55 East 44th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017
☐ Send me Feron's Free Catalog GT-27
☐ Send me______copies of "Great Tennis Resorts" @ $3.95. Total Order $______
Add 30¢ per order for postage & handling. Add New York Sales Tax where applicable.
☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge my Feron's Acct.
☐ Charge my American Express Account No.:
name______
address______
city______
state______zip______

Feron's
New York's Leading Racquet & Tennis Shop since 1919
NEW YORK, N.Y. AVON, CONN.

Vacation at Holm this Summer in Stowe

Really, there is no place like

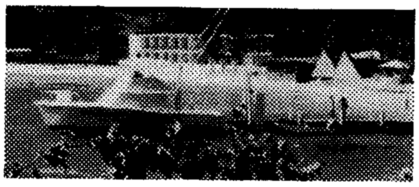
HOLM

Box H · Stowe, Vt 05672 (Mountain Rd 108) • 802/253-4825

enjoy "Pantagleize" consistently one needs to have read the whole play in advance, for some of what happens in the opera, both verbally and musically, is otherwise not altogether self-explicatory. (The play, however, is readily available, in several languages, so this will not be too much of an obstacle, provided audiences are ready to take a little trouble.)

THE presentation of Humperdinck's "Königskinder" by the Preparatory Division of the Manhattan School of Music, in the school's Borden Auditorium, was fine as far as the contribution of the non-royal children—more than a hundred of them—went. Cynthia Auerbach, producer, conductor, and translator of the piece, had individualized their roles in the busy town scene that forms Act II. Some of her invented characters specified in the immense cast—Hustler, Call Girl, Call Girl's Daughter—suggested the era of the current rather than of the earlier Engelbert Humperdinck, but the combination of medieval and mod that ran through the costuming and played through Miss Auerbach's treatment of the plot—the Witch's simples were "sunshine pills"—was easy, unforced, entertaining, and unexceptionable. William Schroder's costumes looked good. The children were bright and confident, and sang sweetly. The geese acted with aplomb but honked insistently through the first act. The Witch, Celesta Magnone, was a promising young mezzo; the Royal Children themselves and their friend the Fiddler needed stronger singing. A trio of principals comparable to Geraldine Farrar, Hermann Jadlowker, and Otto Goritz, who created the opera, at the Metropolitan, in 1910, could probably conceal the weaknesses, which are partly of plot and partly of melody, and make us aware only of the charm, which is considerable. The tale is too slight and too kitschy for the weight of moral symbolism—"the tragedy of human folly and blindness which judges by externals"—that it is expected to bear, and too scrappy to work simply on a nursery level. The best numbers are two the phonograph has made familiar: "Lieber Spielmann" (recorded by Farrar) and "O du liebheilige Einfalt du!" (recorded by Goritz), both of them square-cut and sentimentally pretty. In his masterpiece, "Hänsel und Gretel," Humperdinck drew on a rich font of folk tune. "Königskinder" is worked with the same care and craft; it succeeds where it follows the poetic formulas of

HOLIDAY IN ST. THOMAS



Charter arrangements for cruises and deep-sea fishing in record-breaking waters. Departing from our own pier, enjoy the famous "Yacht Pineapple", a 40 ft. Twin Diesel Sport Fisherman.

- Full Water Sports - Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, deep sea fishing, cruising and just plain beaching.
- 800 foot white sand beach.
- Two large fresh water swimming pools.
- Championship tennis courts; tennis pro and complete tennis pro shop.
- Superb dining and nightly entertainment.
- Informal dress at all times.

200 LUXURY
AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS

Symbol of Hospitality
Pineapple BEACH RESORT
Box 2516 · St. Thomas
Virgin Islands, U. S. A.

Robert Reid Associates, Inc., Representatives
New York - Chicago - Toronto - Miami - London

PIPER OF THE GARDEN

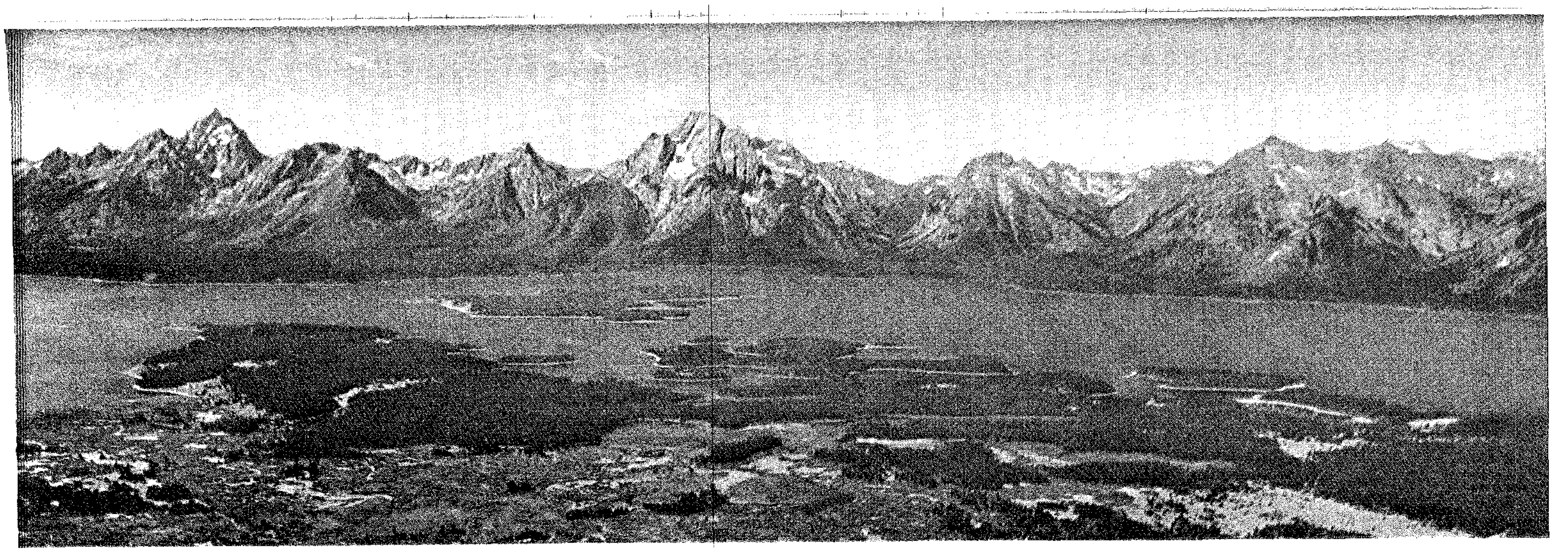
Fountain complete with recirculating pump. Lead statue—heavy cast aluminum pool. 47" high —47" diam. pool. Pompeian Green or other finish.

Send 50¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN, Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

If you have to spend July in New York, here's the place. A floor through apartment with a cool & breezy planted terrace overlooking a formal garden, townhouse elegance, 50th & Beekman Place. Fully furnished, air-conditioned. One bedroom, large living room and dining area with floor to ceiling glass panels bordering terrace. It's all there.

(212—421-2448) or write Box M.R., c/o The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036



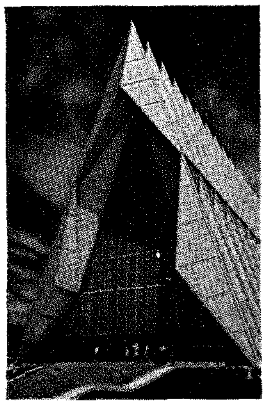
American Express takes pleasure in exposing the Rocky Mountains.

If business takes you to Denver, make it your business to see the Rocky Mountains – the way they should be seen. All it takes is a few days and the American Express Card.

Check out of your Best Western Motel (one of five in the Denver area), and drive toward Colorado Springs, in the Hertz car you rented with the American Express Card. By lunchtime, you will have reached the Air Force Academy. Have a bite in the cafeteria, then walk the beautiful campus.

MEMBER
THE BEST
Western
MOTELS

After your tour, drive on into Colorado Springs and the Best Western Garden Valley Motel on South Circle Drive. Refresh yourself with a swim in the pool, but don't miss the spectacular sunset at the nearby Garden of the Gods. After the sun is down, drive back into town for a late dinner at the London Grill, and charge it on the American Express Card.


The sharp modern spires
of the Air Force

The next day, climb the summit of Pike's Peak for a breathtaking view, and take a stroll through the Pike's Peak Ghost Town. On the way back to Colorado Springs stop for a charcoal-broiled steak dinner at the Hitchrack Steak House, where real Western hospitality is extended to American Express Cardmembers.

Bring your hiking boots
when you visit the Rockies.

Early the next morning, drive through towering peaks to Aspen. Your first stop: the Best Western "Pomegranate Inn," complete with heated pool and sauna. Your next stop: anywhere you can park your car and walk through the grassy meadows of the valley.

That evening, reserve a table at the Copper Kettle, where the soufflés (like the American Express Card) have a worldwide following. After dinner, enjoy the concert at the Aspen Music Festival.

In the morning, take a final scenic drive to Grand Junction, where you turn in your rented car, and use the American Express Card for your flight home on your favorite airline. The high country of the Rockies – a great vacation area. Here, as in most other vacation areas around the world, the American Express Card means travel and entertainment. If you travel for business or pleasure, you ought to have one. For an application, just call (800) AE 8-5000, toll-free, or pick up an application wherever the Card is honored. Don't leave home without one.

Restaurants

Jefferson 440
440 Wadsworth Blvd.
Denver 80226/(303) 238-7889

Trader Vic's
Cosmopolitan Hotel
East 18th & Broadway
Denver 80904/623-2181

Oak Room
Stouffer's Denver Inn
3203 Quebec Street
Denver 80207/321-3333

Merry-Go-Around
3020 West Colorado Ave.
Colorado Spgs. 80904/635-1020

Sperte's Laffite
1400 Larimer
Denver 80204/222-5811

Shop

Homer Reed Ltd.
Brown Palace Hotel
Denver 80202/534-1879

AMERICAN EXPRESS

AMERICAN EXPRESS

"IT'S FRESH AS A DAISY, TULIP, ANEMONE, ETC., ETC."

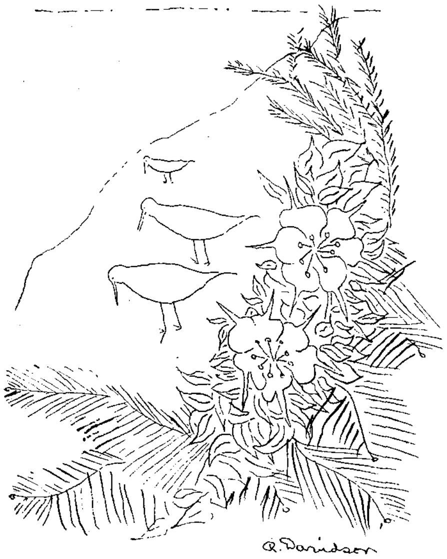
"It's a whole garden of delights.
And the price was delightful, too—only $52.00. It's all cotton with linen trim.
Comes in sizes 6-18. In a white version, too. But I'm partial to blue.
And fresh flowers every day."

IT'S TANNER.

New York, Bloomingdale's
Tampa, Maas Brothers
Seattle & Portland, Nordstrom Best
Boston, R. H. Stearns
Chicago, Charles A. Stevens
Thalhimers, all stores
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Avenue, N.Y. 10018

the earlier piece, but loses us during its more Maeterlinckian flights.

Handel's "Saul" is the grandest of English music dramas, and Stephen Simon, conducting the Handel Society of New York's chorus and orchestra, was moved by it to give, in Carnegie Hall, the most impressive performance I have yet heard from him. The casting was good. Donald Gramm, though taxed by the passages of "A serpent, in my bosom warm'd," made a noble protagonist. Maureen Forrester, as David, was firm, ardent, and affecting. She rose to "O Lord, whose mercies numberless," Irene Jordan rose to Merab's "Author of peace," and John Stewart rose to Jonathan's "Sin not, O King"—each singer capturing the sense that here was a knockout number to be made the most of, phrase by phrase, but one that also had its part to play in the dramatic progress. Miss Jordan's narrow, powerful timbre was not unsuited to the character of the proud beauty. Mr. Stewart's tone was excellently smooth and even, and he commands an art often neglected today—that of closing off a sostenuto note with delicate precision. Patricia Wise's Michal was neat but rather colorless. David Clenny was a colorful, pungent, and powerful Witch of Endor; there must be few male mezzos who can produce so fearless and secure a high trill. The best recitative singing of all came from Henry Price—at once rhythmical, forthright, and vivid in his use of the words; doubling the roles of Abner and the Amalekite, he was so good that when he turned up again in the Elegy to sing "Ye men of Judah" one regretted that the short setting and not the full aria was used. Elaine Comparone's harpsichord continuo was well judged, not fidgety and self-attracting. By the end

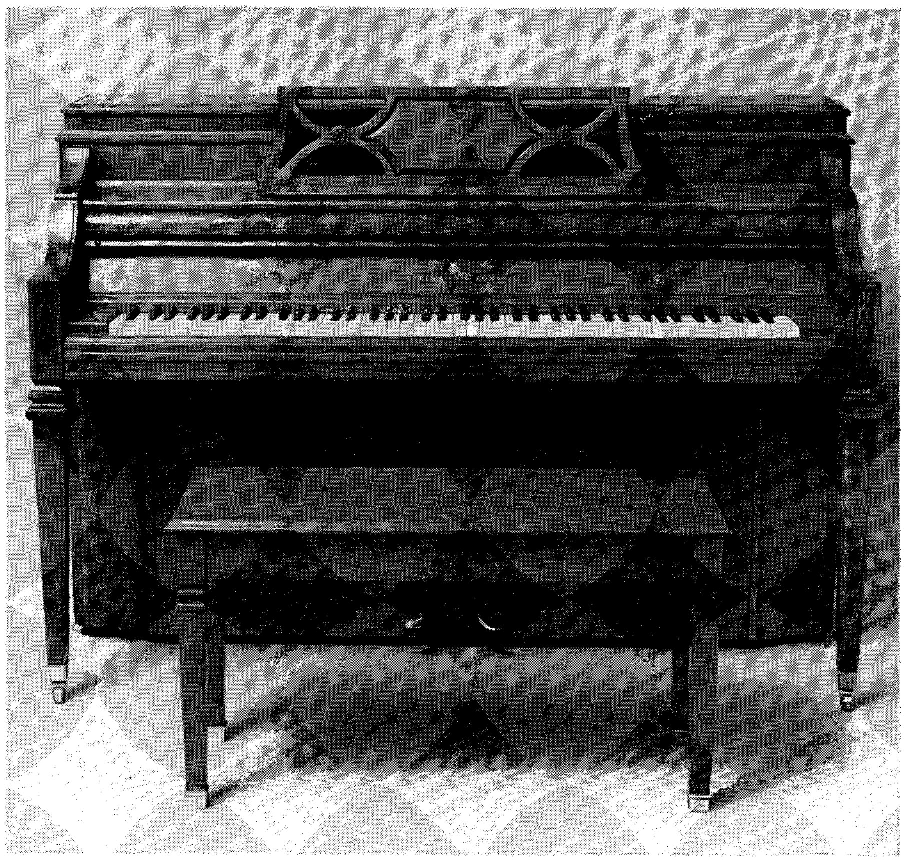


Rockresorts Style:

Caneel. A resort, a lifestyle, and a 9,500 acre garden.

Our garden is the beautiful Virgin Islands National Park, stretching out behind us, as well as the beautiful gardens and peninsula of Caneel. Our resort is simple yet luxurious. Cottages, open-air pavilions, and a lifestyle to go with it. Tennis, swimming, snorkeling and scuba. And from May through November at very refreshing rates. See your travel agent. Or in New York call (212) 246-4699; Chicago (312) 372-4489; Washington, D. C. (202) 347-4951; Los Angeles (213) 388-1151.

CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
Virgin Islands National Park, St. John, U. S. Virgin Islands
OPERATED BY ROCKRESORTS • INC.



Built by the same men who build the Steinway® Grand.

Steinway & Sons, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's British Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

Classic Warm Weather Travel Spanish Casual Walking Shoes $10

Handsome pure cotton mesh casual Knockarounds by Keds®, made in Spain. Elasticized Lastex side gores, and sponge cushion inner soles for comfort and sure snug fit. Lightweight, flexible, soles are made of rubber and cork for durability and sure-footedness. Ideal for travel, walking, leisure. Coordinates well with casual slacks. White or Navy. Half sizes: *6 to 14 (No size 12½).*
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mail Orders to: Spanish Casual Shoes
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108

Circle Color	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
White			Cable Car Charge ☐
Navy			Sorry, No COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** **(415) 397-4740**

Name..........

Address..........

..........Zip..........

Add 1.75 ship & hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M 4-21

THECOLONIALINNONTHEHISTORICGRE
ENINCONCORDMASSACHUSETTSISWHEREITALLBEGANWHENLORIN
GGRIMESSTOODTALLANDDECLAREDIFT
HEYMEANTOHAVEFUNTHENLETITBEGINHERERIGHTHEREANDNOWR

Don't wait until 1975 to see where it all began.

During the 1875 Centennial, over 10,000 people who came out from Boston in one day had no place to stay! So if you want to relive the sights and sounds of the day they fired "the shot heard 'round the world," visit Concord now... before the crowds come. Plan to stay with us. And, bring your camera. It'll be a liberating experience. (We'd appreciate hearing from you in advance – to make sure.)

The Colonial Inn
on the Green – Concord, Mass. 01742
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

"The soul of the apartment is in the carpet"

Doris Leslie Blau

ANTIQUE and EXEMPLARY CARPETS and TEXTILES
15 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • 759-3715

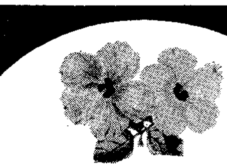
of the evening, organ and orchestra had got slightly but not disastrously out of tune. A libretto was provided free of charge.

—ANDREW PORTER

JAZZ RECORDS

Growing Old

BY the time the label "avant-garde" is applied to a pioneer movement, its work is mainly done. All that remains is consolidation, embellishment, and dissemination. This last calls forth imitators, students, and other admirers, who absorb much of the lustre of their model. In time, a new avant-garde appears, and the preceding movement, which helped feed it, becomes respected and part of the mainstream, its middle-aged paunch keeping it afloat and in the eye of history. The present avant-garde in jazz is almost ready for the mainstream. It appeared fifteen or sixteen years ago, with the emergence of Cecil Taylor, who was soon followed by Ornette Coleman, Elvin Jones, John Coltrane, and that hybrid called third-stream music. All contributed bits and pieces to it. Jones moved away from the regular four-four beat and experimented with complex polyrhythms. Coleman and Coltrane abandoned chordal improvisation, replacing it with an improvisation based on motifs, on clusters of notes, on certain tones, or on a particular *feeling*. The conventional chorus and the measure were discarded. Taylor's approach was similar, but it was heavily infused with twentieth-century "classical" harmonies. The third stream was a compositional attempt to blend these rhythmic and improvisational departures with classical forms and instrumentations. A second *vague* of musicians and composers came along in the early sixties. It included Paul and Carla Bley, Pharoah Sanders, Roswell Rudd, Eric Dolphy, Mike Mantler, Milford Graves, Don Cherry, Albert Ayler, John Tchicai, and Archie Shepp. (Sun Ra, who was much older and had been banging his own avant-garde pots for a long time, also became a part of it.) In 1964, a nucleus of this group of musicians formed the Jazz Composer's Guild and the Jazz Composer's Guild Orchestra. The orchestra gave a series of ground-swell concerts in Judson Hall late that year, and even poked its strange head into the sunlight at the 1965 Newport Festival, which wasn't ready yet. But the Guild, suffering from the internal scrimmaging that is one of the customary diversions of visionaries, fell apart, and on its ruins Carla Bley and Mantler built the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association



BERMUDA
gives you a little more when you stay at one of these special resorts

These specially Bermudian resorts are small enough to make your welcome personal, large enough to give you the finest accommodations, cuisine, service and carefree fun. Have a little more Bermuda at any of them.

HORIZONS IN BERMUDA
Representative: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
630 Fifth Ave., New York JU 6-4500

CAMBRIDGE BEACHES
Representative: R.R. Hotel Representatives, Inc.
1270 Ave. of Americas, New York PL 7-4666

LANTANA COLONY CLUB
Representative: David B. Mitchell
217 East 49th St., New York
371-1323

GLENCOE
Representative: David B. Mitchell
217 East 49th St., New York
371-1323

OR CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

15 scents

Afraid to use incense because you think your man won't like it? Too bad, because incense sets a mood, like music, wine and flowers.

Now people are discovering that there is an incense men find pleasing—a fragrance they would like to have you use. It's not just any incense—it is Nippon Kodo, Japan's largest selling incense.

Try our Sandalwood, for instance, with just a hint of the wilderness. Or Orchid, or Jasmin. Fifteen exotic fragrances from which you can choose.

Write for a free sample so you can try it. Send 25¢ for postage and handling. Or — order a larger supply, from the list below.

HAKUBAI – 60 sticks White Plum (Hakubai)	$1.00
CHO-CHO-SAN – 36 cones, 9 each of 4 fragrances	1.50
HANA-NO-HANA – 36 sticks, 12 each of 3 fragrances	3.00
TOKYO FUJI – 36 cones, 9 each of 4 fragrances	2.00
KOH GIFT SET – Includes attractive ceramic burner with Hana-No-Hana and Tokyo Fuji sets as described above	6.00

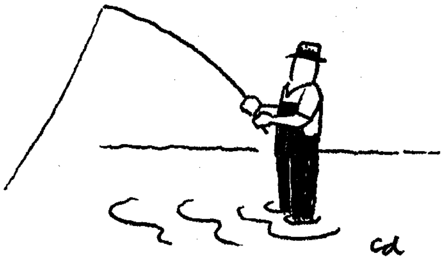
Orders sent postpaid — matching incense holders included.

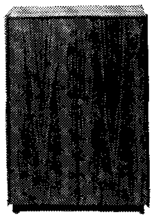
香 **NIPPON KODO CO., INC.**
220 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001
Dealer inquiries invited.

Directly on the ocean
THE
Essex
AND
Sussex
HOTEL
Spring Lake, New Jersey 07762
Reservations (201) 449-7000
Carl E. Lindblade, Gen. Mgr.

and *its* attendant orchestra. It is still going strong. Indeed, it has become a glistening little nonprofit institution that has its own record label, JCOA, and one of J. P. Marquand's sons, Timothy, as its president. Two or three times a year it gives a series of free in-the-round concerts in New York, at which works in progress by various composers are played, and it has released two big, ambitious boxed albums—JCOA LP 1001/2 and JCOA 3LP-EOTH; i.e., "The Jazz Composer's Orchestra" and "Escalator Over the Hill: A Chronotransduction by Carla Bley and Paul Haines." (The Association does things with style. Both albums are handsome and glossy and have well-designed booklets full of futuristic poetry and good photographs. Even the press releases are written studiously.) The JCOA had nothing to do with producing a third album, "Charlie Haden: Liberation Music Orchestra," which has been released by another label (as Impulse AS 9183), but many of the orchestra's members appear in it.

They have a good time in disguise. The reeds include Perry Robinson, Gato Barbieri, and Dewey Redman, the brasses Cherry, Mantler, Rudd, Bob Northern, and Howard Johnson, the rhythm section Carla Bley, Sam Brown, Haden, Paul Motian, and Andrew Cyrille. The album has political overtones, but they are only frosting on the music, which is made up of four songs from the Spanish Civil War, three Bley pieces, Ornette Coleman's "War Orphans," two compositions by Haden (one a "re-creation" of some of the oppressive shenanigans indulged in on the rostrum during the 1968 Democratic Convention, and the other a memorial to Che Guevara), and "We Shall Overcome." The Spanish Civil War songs are lumped into one long piece, which proceeds roughly like this: there is an oompah opening ensemble and brief solos by Cherry and Rudd; Brown plays a long flamencan guitar passage, and Haden follows with a stirring single-note solo, each note a cannon boom, and then shifts into guitar-like flamencan chords; the brass section





The Organizer.

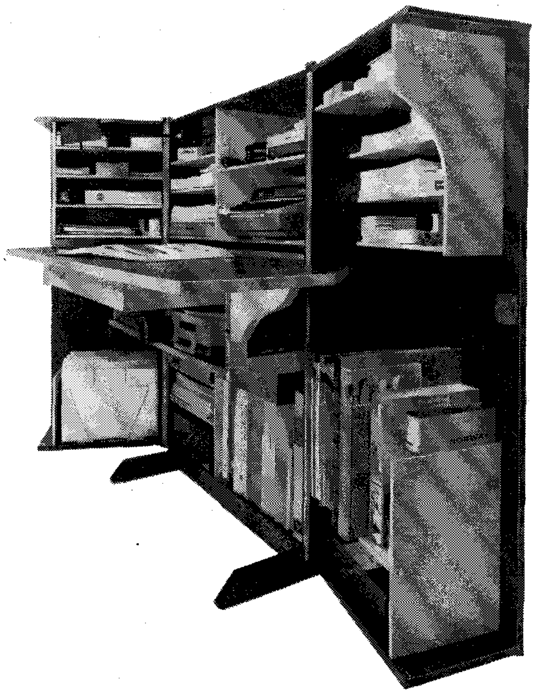
Every busy person needs one. A place where you can organize things, and know they'll be there when needed.

Handcrafted in Norway, The Organizer is designed to help you get more work done in less space. And it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you work.

Closed, The Organizer is a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in a space just 64"W x 30"D.

The Organizer saves you money as well as space. Because you buy direct from the importer. And we ship promptly from our fully-stocked New York warehouse. Choose from three dramatically grained woods: Teak or Walnut ($395), and Rosewood ($445). It's usually tax-deductible. And comes with a 30-day, money-back guarantee.

Come in and see The Organizer. By mail, send check, or charge to Master Charge, BankAmericard, Amer. Exp., or Diners Club. We ship anywhere in the U.S. for $25 or less (depending on location). Send for color brochure No. YH421-3. Isn't it time you got organized?



GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
290 Madison Avenue (corner 40th St.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232

Pansies with Butterfly

This little face
of sunlit gold,
Whispers of a heart
that's yours to hold.

An edition of 3,000,
the first issue of 1000
"China Maid" (Yellow).
7 inches by 5 inches $275.

Send for CYBIS 1973
Collector's Catalogue $3.

Zimmer Brothers
JEWELERS SINCE 1893
329 Main Street, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601.
Bank Americard or Mastercharge purchases readily accepted.

The Dorado life.
We live it best.

Ah! The Dorado life. A casually elegant way of living that happens best at the new Dorado del Mar Hotel and Country Club.

Located in the lush tropical countryside, just outside exciting San Juan, on 256 acres the Dorado del Mar becomes your own private world away from it all.

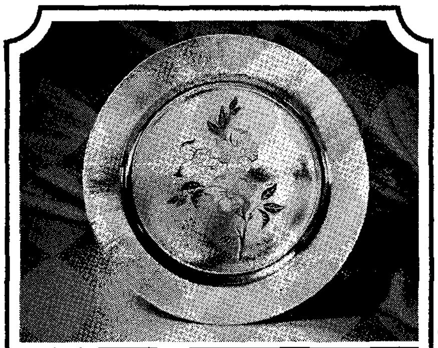
A breathtaking white powder beach. Championship 18 hole sea-side golf. And 4 of the finest tennis courts in Puerto Rico.

Add gourmet cuisine, sparkling nightlife and our fabulous new casino and you have one of the world's finest and most complete resorts.

For a further taste of the "Dorado life" send the coupon for our new brochure.

dorado del mar
HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB
280 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10017
212-972-0104 NY421

Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State __________ Zip __________



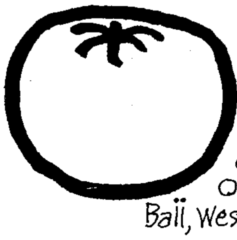
1973 DOGWOOD PLATE
Sterling Silver Collectors Edition

The art of combining Sterling with natural feathers is the very special medium of renowned Mexican artist, Janna. A limited edition of only 250, each plate (9" diameter) is signed, numbered and hand-crafted by the artist. A rare silver object, it is destined to become the antique of tomorrow. Commissioned exclusively for Stern's. Descriptive literature included in Presentation Box.

$250.00

Mail orders add $1.25—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.
BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S
1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1973 E. H. Stern, Inc.



Folks rave about BETTER BOY tomatoes because they're blight resistant. Plants now at most garden centers. Or write—
Ball, West Chicago, Ill. 60185

floats in over a two-note ground bass, and Rudd plays a mock-ponderous solo in half time; the ensemble enters and the whole piece slows down; Barbieri plays a romantic melody and gradually works himself into a squealing frenzy—one of the unfortunate hallmarks of JCOA reedmen—and the piece goes out. The rhythms change continually, and there are brief cacophonic ensemble bursts, swatches of straight, warm melody, and an over-all feeling of fun and games. The second side is notable for Haden's marvellous flamencan thrumming in "Song for Che," for Carla Bley's quiet, lyrical piano in Coleman's piece, and for the grinding collective passages in Haden's salute to the Democratic Convention. Best of all, though, is the one-chorus version of "We Shall Overcome." The orchestra dips the melody in heavy, thick harmonies while Rudd improvises above, throwing in a bent note halfway through that is utterly rending. The version recalls the wonderful single-chorus ensemble rendition of "Abide with Me" that Thelonious Monk recorded in the late fifties with Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane.

The first JCOA album comprises five compositions by Mantler—four "Communications" (Nos. 8 through 11) and "Preview." They are concertos that are built around the soloists—Cherry and Barbieri, Larry Coryell, Rudd, Sanders, and Taylor. (The orchestra, twenty-odd strong throughout, includes many of the musicians in the "Liberation Music" album, together with such luminaries as Jimmy Knepper, Randy Brecker, Lloyd Michels, Steve Marcus, and Lew Tabackin. There are five bassists for each number, among them Steve Swallow, Eddie Gomez, Ron Carter, and Richard Davis.) Mantler's compositions have an oppressive monochromatic density, but in general they set the soloists off adequately. As always, there are no fixed rhythms, and the forms seem aimless, for the pieces simply swell and subside, swell and subside, until they are done. (One wishes that the JCO composers would occasionally resort to a regular sounded beat and that they would even use some of the older soloists around. The electrifying effect would be like coming on a "gee whizz" or a "gosh" in a George Higgins novel.) Taylor pounds, slides, spins, skates, and scrambles his way all over the keyboard for the thirty-three minutes of "Communications No. 11," but Rudd is more impressive in "Communications No. 10," which is less than half as long. He is far and away the most inventive of the new trombonists, and

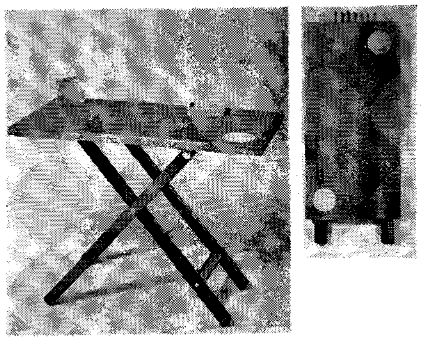
Association with the Whitney Harris Financial Opportunities Group entitles you to:

- **Borrow up to $10,000 within 24 hours**
- **Discreet and confidential handling**
- **Flexible repayment schedules and full prepayment privileges.**

Transactions are by personal mail and nationwide.

For particulars write:
Mr. G. W. Murphy
7220 First Security Building
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111
or call toll free: 800-453-9100

Whitney Harris Financial Opportunities Group
Established and capitalized by
ITT
International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation



FOLDING CRIBBAGE TABLE

Remember the last time you had to hunt for the Cribbage Board? Won't happen again with this attractive Folding Table. When not in use, it makes a unique and eye-catching wall hanging . . . always ready for an exciting game. Cork inserts for beverage glasses, with hand-rubbed wood finish and sculptured wood pegs. 12" x 24" and 18" high. $16.95 plus $1.50 P&H. Ill. Res. Add 5% Tax. Gift Catalog 25c.

HOUSE OF MINNEL
Deerpath Rd., Dept. NY43B, Batavia, Ill. 60510

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

he is a highly knowledgeable revolutionary, who came up through conservative musical ranks (Eli's Chosen Six and Eddie Condon). A decade ago, his style was apoplectic, and made up of elephant shrieks, roars, blats, and thousand-note runs. But always visible were his origins, in particular the playing of Dickie Wells and J. C. Higginbotham. They are in even stronger evidence now, for Rudd seems to have discarded the more frenzied aspects of his style. In "Communications No. 10" he plays a couple of passages that are fine tributes to the great, undersung Higginbotham, and the rest of the way he never goes much over the boiling point. Rudd gets more *trombone* out of his instrument than any colleague, past or present.

"Escalator Over the Hill" is a very different kettle. It is a sort of opera, in that there is instrumental music, a libretto, singing, recitative, narration, and choruses. (I don't know what to make of Carla Bley's Greco-Latin subtitle—"A Chronotransduction." "Chrono," of course, has to do with time, and "transduction," according to the infallible American Heritage Dictionary, is "the transfer of genetic material from one bacterial cell to another by a bacteriophage." That last word is defined as "a submicroscopic, usually viral, organism that destroys bacteria." Wouldn't something like "I've Got You Under My Skin" have been easier?) But here the resemblance to opera ends, for there is no story beyond the fact that the first part of "Escalator" is set in an old hotel somewhere in the Western world and the second in a desert in India. Paul Haines' libretto is in Dada verse that goes like this:

GINGER: Nurses dyeing their hair
Don't care
If the horse is locked
The house still there.
It doesn't seem
To matter to them
The traces
Of horses
And pineapple
And cheese
So many ingredients
In the soup
HIS FRIENDS
(*on their sides*):
No room for a spoon.

There are also marginalia in the libretto that do not appear in the performance, and these are often in the form of inside-out epigrams:

Two skins better than one
No skin better than none.

The singing is largely by Carla Bley, Jeanne Lee, Linda Ronstadt, and Jack Bruce, the last of whom was once with Cream. The narration is by Viva and others, the recitative by a host of people, and the intermittent music by a small rock group and elements from the JCOA. There are good solos here and there by Cherry, Rudd, and Barbieri. The tone of the album is satiric, for there are takeoffs of a society band and of a Broadway musical, and there are patches of funny electronic music. But the most impressive things in "Escalator" are Carla Bley's melodies, which are often quite beautiful. She has demonstrated this lyric talent before, and it's too bad that she has to bury it here under such brouhaha.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

HOW TO USE THE TELEPHONE

Inside the hotel

To make a call from the 4th to the 9th floor in the hotel pick up a receiver, dial 2 and the room number.

When calling up from the 10th floor the first figure „1" in the room number should be replaced by figure „3".

In the building „B" of the hotel the system is different.

For instance:

to call up room No 2031 on the 2nd floor dial 2031
" No 3045 on the 3d floor dial 2145
" No 4029 on the 4th floor dial 2229
" No 5014 on the 5th floor dial 2314

Outside the hotel

For calling up numbers outside the hotel dial 9 and on hearing the buzzing signal dial the number required.

From outside

To call up the hotel dial number 16-00-32 and tell the operator the required room number.

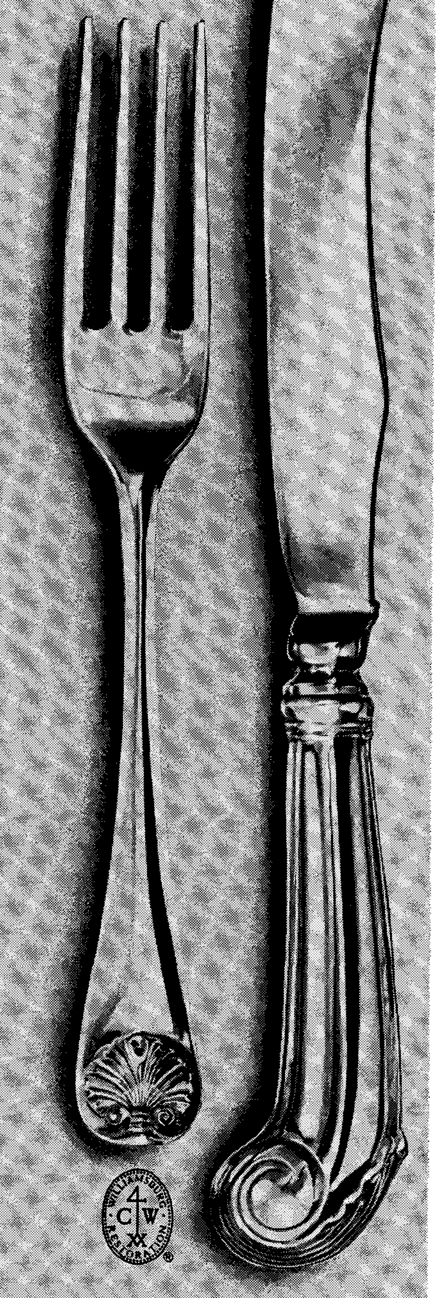
For the international telephone calls dial 15-00-30.

For calling up Moscow dial 10-00-20.

—From a booklet of the Hotel Sovetskaya, Leningrad.

Make it collect, please, Operator.

WILLIAMSBURG® Shell Pattern... a new sterling silver reproduction by Stieff



Five years of painstaking work by Stieff craftsmen have given us Williamsburg Shell . . . with both the graceful shell motif and the honored Williamsburg Hallmark. Its flawless authenticity is made still more exciting by the approach of our nation's two hundredth birthday. See this new Stieff sterling silver pattern at fine stores. Or, write for literature.

Stieff Co. 800 Wyman Park Drive
Baltimore, Maryland
21211

®Identifies trademarks owned by The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

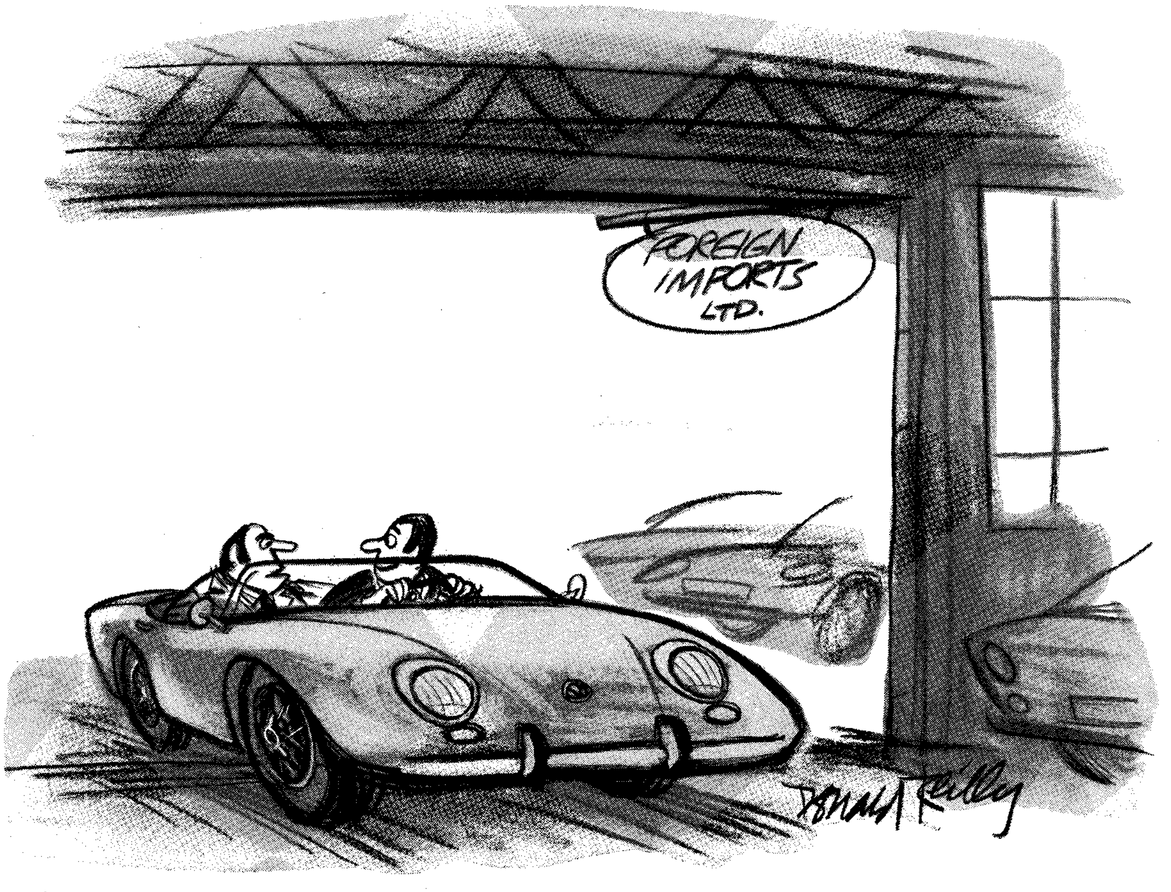
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 13

IT is doubtful whether any Administration in this century has in the span of a few months faced quite as many grave problems—some of them perhaps insoluble—as the Nixon Administration faces this year. The cease-fire in Vietnam is effective only to the extent that no Americans are currently engaged in combat there, and although a few weeks ago practically everyone here was confident that American troops would not again be committed to the war, that confidence has lately been shaken. Officials who claim to be privy to General Haig's report to the President yesterday say that its burden was that while killing continues on a large scale, the situation has not yet, from the point of view of American policy, reached the stage of "crisis"—a chilling formulation suggesting that if Nixon really hopes to achieve the "peace with honor" he has told us we have already won, American arms may be needed again. Offhand, one might think this possibility so destructive to American unity and order that no President in his senses would consider it. However, if this Administration gets the iron grip it is seeking on the whole government, and stifles dissent as effectively as it apparently wishes to, it may be willing to take any measures it regards as necessary. It is still engaged in the war in Cambodia, despite the fact that the President gave his pledge that our involvement there would come to an end when American troops were beyond range of hostile fire and our prisoners of war freed. But the pledge has not been honored, and, indeed, our current strategy creates the near certainty that there will soon be more prisoners of war, whose liberation may require intensified bombing and renewed participation on the ground.

It is argued by many that "peace with honor" was never anything but cant and that reëngagement would immensely complicate all the other problems the President faces. The crisis in the cities is far from over, as he recently proclaimed it to be; it may be possible to say that at least it hasn't worsened much lately, but it surely would worsen if we returned to the war on the ground. Nixon still faces a hostile majority in Congress, but if he moved fast enough in getting troops into the field, a good many congressmen would be moved to vote appropriations—not to advance the President's goals but to provide funds for the protection of endangered American lives. (It might take them quite a while to learn that any reëngagement had taken place at all if they accept his version of "executive privilege," and so are shut off from inquiring into what the executive branch is up to. And they might be even more in the dark if they accept his proposal to restrain the press from revealing any information pertaining to matters of military strategy and national security.) The distressing state of the economy is perhaps the largest of Nixon's present domestic problems, and war has a tendency to enlarge the national debt. On the other hand, a Chief Executive who seizes or proclaims or is granted wartime powers gets with them economic powers that can be used to great and temporarily beneficial effect in putting an end to unemployment, in imposing wage-and-price controls, and in stabilizing the currency. None of this happened during the pre-Nixon years of war, but Johnson had only the flimsiest Constitutional basis for intervention—the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, now repealed, and his authority as Commander-in-Chief—whereas today Nixon, if he should feel the need for a new intervention, will in time almost certainly have to go the full Constitutional route and get congressional authority for waging war.

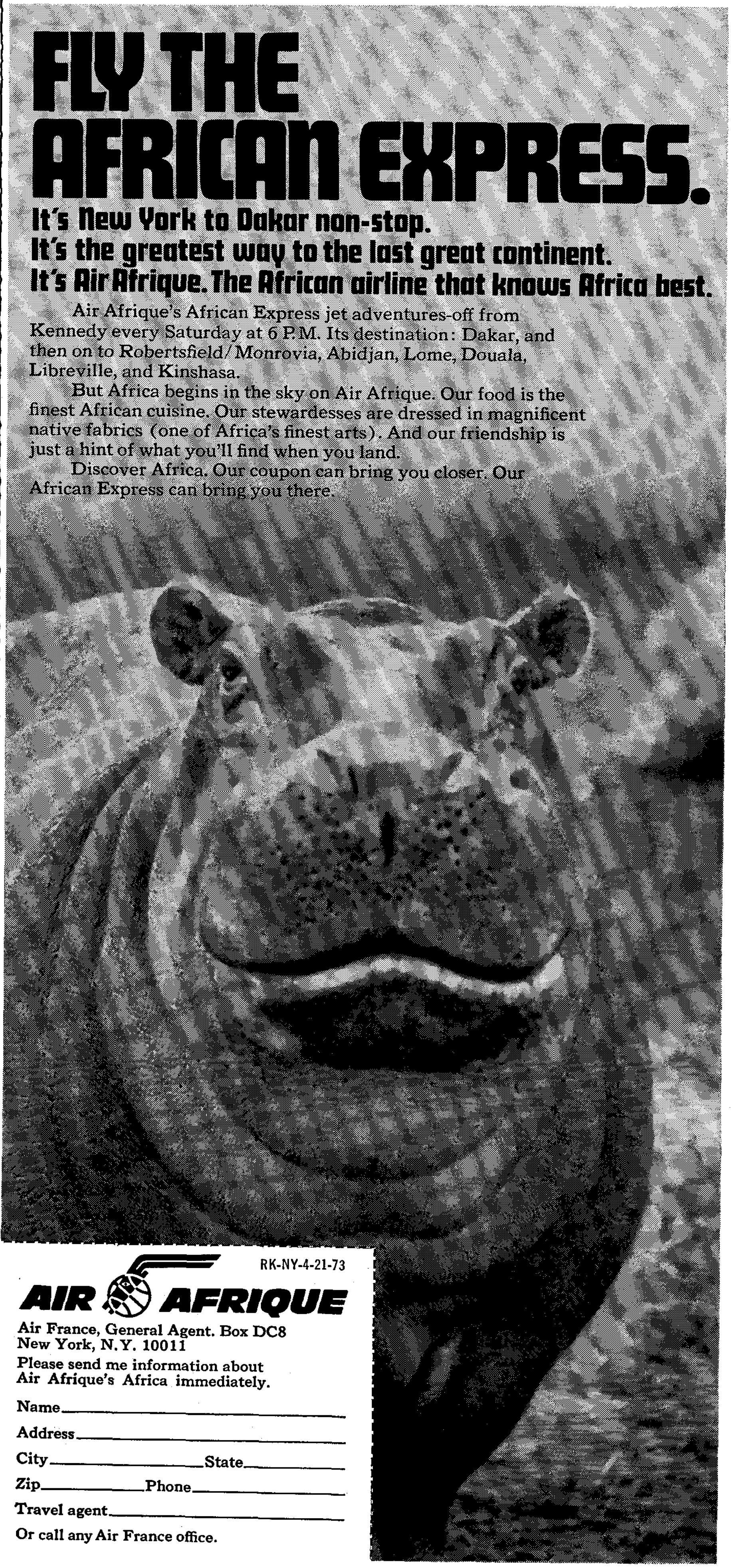
Some people here—probably a substantial majority—rule out the possibility of things working out this way; they think Nixon has enough common sense and a sufficient feeling for history not to realize the folly of such a course. But several recent events have diminished their confidence and have led to the suspicion that the Nixon Doctrine of a "low profile" in Asia and a reduced American military presence there could be abandoned whenever he feels betrayed and frustrated. In any case, few forecasters here have much to boast of in predicting Nixon's behavior. For a while after his election in 1968, most thought that his "secret plan" for end-



"I'll level with you, Mr. Hadley. When we started out on this demonstration drive, I had my doubts whether you could handle this much car."

ing the war was without substance, and that he would simply withdraw in a hurry and pin all the blame on Johnson and the Democrats; instead, he not only kept right at it but extended the fighting to Cambodia, and sought to offset these moves by an effort to patch up some of our differences with China and the Soviet Union. Some of his diplomatic innovations seemed promising, but his prolongation of the war without economic controls speeded inflation and caused us to lose a good deal of our economic lead over other industrial nations. Having let it be known on dozens of occasions that he detested price-and-wage regulations and would never seek to impose them, he belatedly imposed some that were no more than moderately effective, and then relaxed some; now, it is being broadly hinted, he is ready to adopt some truly Draconian measures, which also may prove belated.

Nixon has had some bad luck in the past, but in 1968 and 1972 events were working in his favor as they have seldom worked for any candidate. In 1968, the Democrats were severely divided and demoralized; they offered a badly shopworn candidate, who had been closely associated with the most resented policies in the country. Nixon had some of the same problems, but his party was about as closely united as it is possible for an American party to be. He promised an end to the detested war, which his adversary had so often defended in the fervent language that has always come to Hubert Humphrey whenever he defends anything. There were few signs of trouble in the economy, and it was generally supposed that the end of the war would lead to increased national prosperity—the "Vietnam dividend," as it was then spoken of. In retrospect, it would appear that Nixon began running out of luck a short while after his reëlection. There were no more wars he could get us out of; there was only the possibility that he might get us into another. The mighty dollar kept slipping in value, while the cost of living rose sharply. The new Congress was slightly more Republican in the House and slightly more Democratic in the Senate; hostility rose on both sides of both aisles—partly because Nixon, as a lame duck, had lost his punitive powers and disciplinary authority, and partly because he had not exerted himself in the campaign to help his Party comrades who faced stiff opposition. Of twelve spending bills that Nixon considered of the utmost importance, he was supported on only two by a majority of the forty-



FLY THE AFRICAN EXPRESS.

It's New York to Dakar non-stop.
It's the greatest way to the last great continent.
It's Air Afrique. The African airline that knows Africa best.

Air Afrique's African Express jet adventures-off from Kennedy every Saturday at 6 P.M. Its destination: Dakar, and then on to Robertsfield/Monrovia, Abidjan, Lome, Douala, Libreville, and Kinshasa.

But Africa begins in the sky on Air Afrique. Our food is the finest African cuisine. Our stewardesses are dressed in magnificent native fabrics (one of Africa's finest arts). And our friendship is just a hint of what you'll find when you land.

Discover Africa. Our coupon can bring you closer. Our African Express can bring you there.

RK-NY-4-21-73

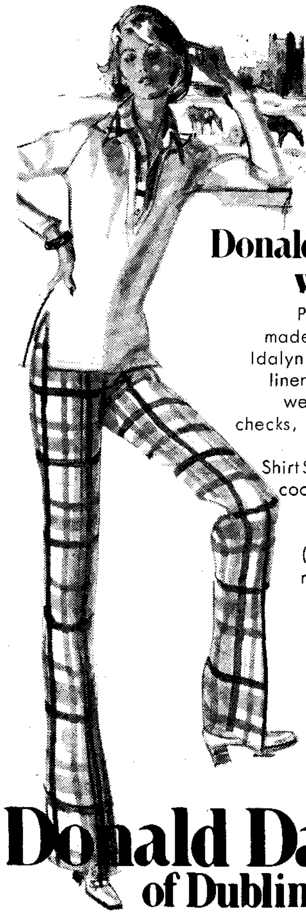
AIR AFRIQUE

Air France, General Agent. Box DC8
New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send me information about
Air Afrique's Africa immediately.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________
Zip__________Phone__________
Travel agent__________

Or call any Air France office.



The Donald Davies weekend.

Pants and shirt made in Ireland of Idalyn (our blend of linen and featherweight wool). In checks, plaids, solids. Pants $50. Shirt $35/$40. Color coordinated wool pullover $30. Sizes 6-16. (Add $1.50 for mail or phone orders.)

Donald Davies of Dublin

19 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 935-1064
Donald Davies Shop, 11 Ave. Matignon, Paris
Mary Davies Shop, 12 Queens St., Mayfair, London

SAND-DOLLAR NECKLACE

A "natural" fashion accessory, Mexican Sand-dollar hangs from a ring top Cowrie shell necklace. The seas unique creation—no two are alike. It's smart to keep in touch with nature. From Stern's *Old Shell Game* Collection.

$18.00

Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.

BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S

1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1973 E. H Stern, Inc

SAILING FOR BOYS

Pleasant Bay **Cape Cod**

A great experience in a magnificent environment for boys, eight through fourteen. Expert training in *Sailing, Racing, Survival and Swimming.* Supplementary Land Sports and Overnight Sailing and Canoeing Expeditions.
June 27th to August 21st.

VIKING

Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739

three Republican senators. Ten of the forty-three opposed him on all twelve. Two of his vetoes were sustained, but only by a handful, and the Senate voted eighty-eight to three to handcuff him in the matter of postwar economic aid to Hanoi. His minority leader, Hugh Scott, regularly calls for Party loyalty but has himself felt compelled to join the opposition on seven occasions, and the tough guy in the Senate, the former Chairman of the National Committee, Senator Robert J. Dole, of Kansas, speaks of the White House staff as "gutless wonders who seem to take personal satisfaction in trying to do somebody in." There was party disunity in the last years of the Johnson Administration, but it was never as bitter or as widespread as Republican disunity is this year.

Toward the end of the 1972 campaign, part of the Watergate affair became known, but it was all very confusing to the general public, and, besides, there was no shred of evidence that the President or any member of his inner circle was involved. Watergate played almost no part in the campaign. (Americans take a certain amount of corruption for granted in the middle and lower ranks of American politics, but in general they assume—and, as a rule, soundly—that the only form of corruption at the highest level is corruption of the spirit.) Although no connection has been established between the President and the slippery campaign operatives, the dirty tricks were played in his behalf, and he is more and more becoming the victim of guilt by second-, third-, or fourth-hand association. On the other hand, the President has heightened suspicion by his repeated efforts to prevent his staff members from giving public testimony on the matter. Even Barry Goldwater is so upset about Watergate that he is urging full and open disclosure by Administration officials. "Let's get rid of the smell," he has said, adding, "The President has to give assurances. . . . I don't want to see this man end his term with something hanging over him that will keep the Republicans from electing another President."

Watergate arose early in the President's second term, and the smell will be powerful and enduring if the affair turns out to involve any of the President's high aides or Cabinet members. If no one higher than those so far implicated becomes part of the affair, memories of it are likely to dim considerably by 1976. But the doctrine of executive privilege is unlikely to go

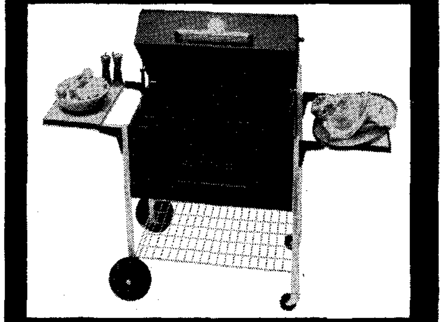
French Quarter Inn

WAY DOWN YONDER . . .
Continental-style luxury in old New Orleans. The South's most elite and exclusive new hotel. 60 elegant, individually-decorated guest rooms and suites. Facilities for intimate parties and meetings. "Champagne" Charlie's Plum Room. La Belle Classique dining room. Patio dining under tiki lights.

717 Conti Street, New Orleans, La. 70130
Telephone: (504) 581-1881
Cable: FRENCHINN
Telex 58-7411 CSLATERENT-NLN

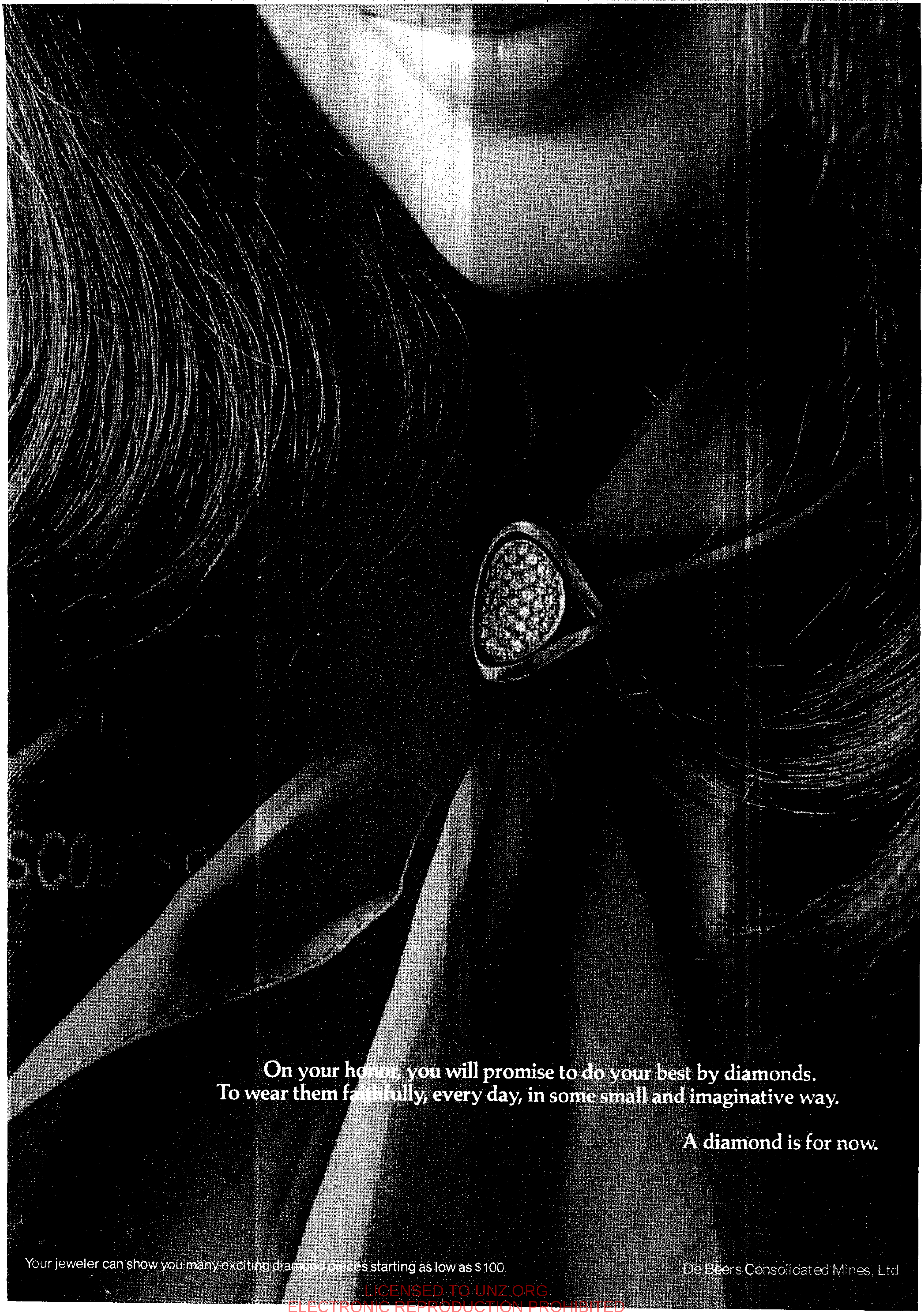
Buying a charcoal grill?
Kick the wheels;
look under the hood.
You'll buy CHAR-BROIL®.

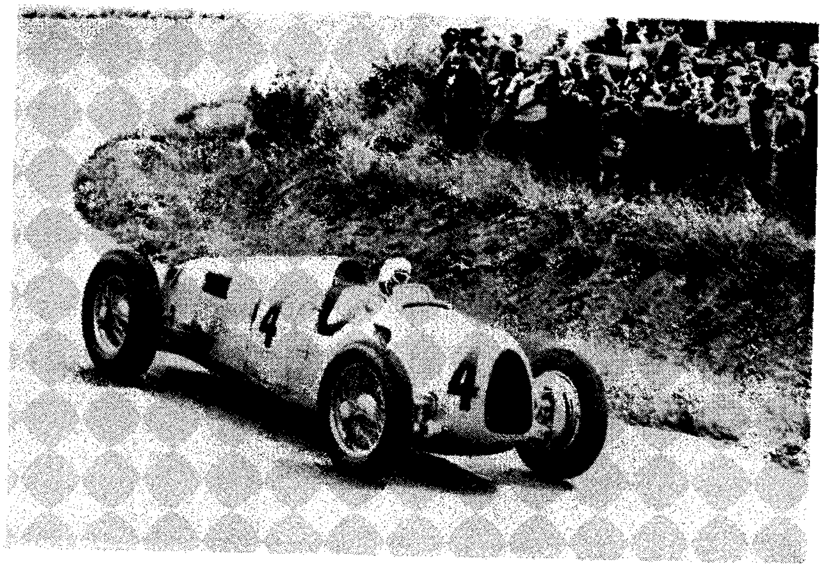
Nothing tops it for smart design, lasting construction, cooking convenience. Easy-roll maneuverability, rugged cast-iron grilling surfaces, hardwood cutting boards, adjustable grates, vents and dampers. Gas and electric grills too, in all styles and sizes. *For free brochures, cookbooks, and names* of dealers nearest you, write: Char Broil Div. Dept.NY423, Box140, Columbus, Ga. 31902.



W.C. BRADLEY CO.

Louie's Back Yard
An inexpensive place for people with money
Key West
305-294-2235


On your honor, you will promise to do your best by diamonds.
To wear them faithfully, every day, in some small and imaginative way.
A diamond is for now.
Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $100.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



You don't win 18 Grand Prix without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prix. Plus 16 Hill Climbs. And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.

We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

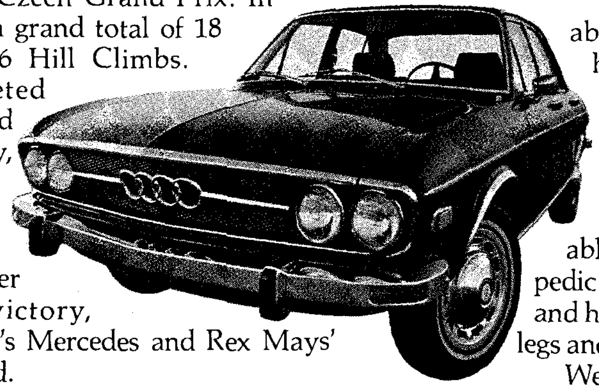
We also raced for knowledge. For what better way to test the mettle of a car than in a race, with all its grueling banks and curves, with the competition breathing down your neck.

Today we no longer race. But we've learned enough from yesteryear to have a lot in common with cars that do.

For example, our new Audi has rack-and-pinion steering which is the most direct steering system a car can have.

It's got a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission that makes shifting quick and precise.

The Audi has independent front suspension so you get more control with fewer jolts.



And a rear axle with twin adjustable torsion bars for precise road holding.

Of course, the Audi also has quite a few features that racing cars don't have. Like front-wheel drive. And seats that are not only very plush, but also very comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And enough legroom and headroom for just about anybody's legs and head.

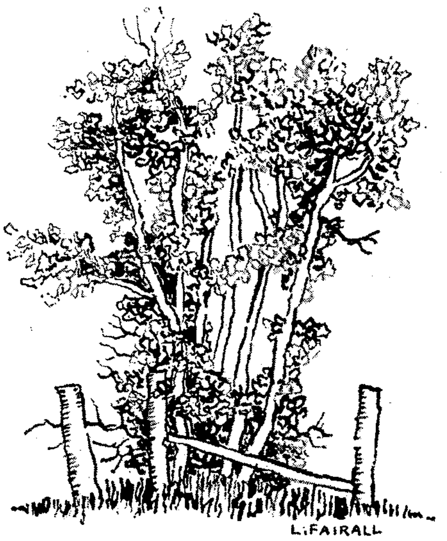
We're as proud of our car today as we were on that hot July day of '34 when we won our first Grand Prix. And we're as determined now, as we were then, to reach a standard of excellence no other car manufacturer can hope to attain.

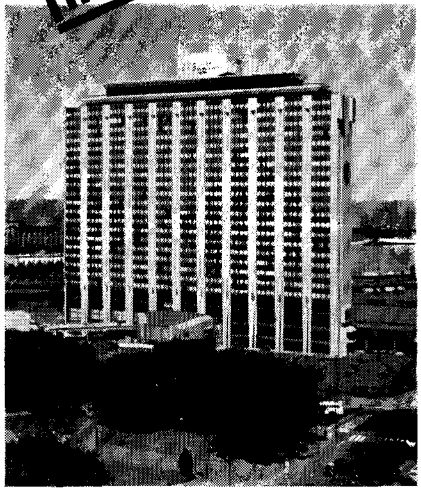
And experience is indeed a great teacher.

The Audi.®

away unless it is somehow codified into law. At present, it has no Constitutional or statutory foundation. In fact, the only laws that touch on it establish the right of government employees to provide the Congress with information it may lack, or to appeal to the Congress for a hearing on their grievances. Nevertheless, executive privilege has been used on many occasions, and opinions on its use tend to praise or damn it, depending on whose ox is being gored. When President Eisenhower invoked it two decades ago, it was to prevent members of his staff from revealing who in the White House had made strategic decisions concerning the Army-McCarthy hearings and what those decisions had been. At the time, liberals spoke of it with an awe suggesting that it had been an oversight of Moses not to work it into the Ten Commandments. Despite the fact that Eisenhower was fulfilling no compulsory Presidential duty, he acted with admirable propriety. What Sherman Adams and James Hagerty had said to one another about McCarthy had no bearing whatever on McCarthy's dealings with the United States Army, and the clear purpose of the McCarthy side was to humiliate men of whom McCarthy disapproved. In the Watergate case, Nixon may be differently motivated, and the people who once thought executive privilege a great pillar of democracy are speaking of it as a sham.

Actually, it can serve both good and bad causes, and it has legitimate uses even though it has no standing in the law. No government could function fairly or effectively if every member could put every other member under subpoena. Our diplomatic relations would practically cease if every diplomat could be ordered to disclose all his conversations. Yet neither could a





What has Sheraton done for you lately?

IN BUENOS AIRES Sheraton has the newest international hotel in Argentina.

Stay at the Buenos Aires-Sheraton. Right in the heart of this sophisticated South American city. And near the longest shopping mall in the world, famous Florida Street.

800 comfortable air-conditioned guest rooms all with private baths. Outdoor pool and tennis courts. Health club and sauna. Fine dining. A sparkling discotheque and a rooftop bar and lounge with fabulous views of the city.

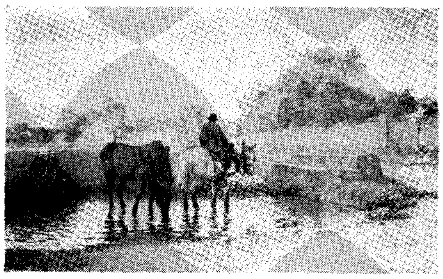
Just call 800-325-3535.
Or have your travel agent call.

Buenos Aires-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
SAN MARTIN 1225, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

WALTER GRIFFIN
1861-1935
AMERICAN IMPRESSIONIST

"Griffin, a Maine man, spent most of his life in Europe, and his personality, temperament and educational background show in every stroke of his brush."

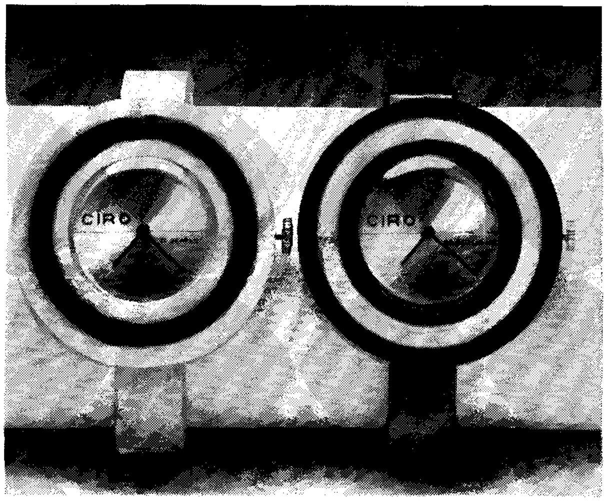
If you could own only one Griffin, this large, early oil would be our first choice. But we have a remarkable collection of Griffins – come see them yourself.



Scene at Fleury, France c. 1890
oil on canvas, 44½" x 73½", $35,000.00

Full color catalogue $2.00

VOSE GALLERIES 238 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116, (617) 536-6176



A new dimension in time

Ciro's exclusive astral design in mock tortoise with ivory or mock ivory with tortoise. $50.
21 jewel movement.

Please add $1.25 per order for delivery, and add tax where applicable.
American Express BankAmericard
Master Charge

CIRO
711 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022
San Francisco
Beverly Hills

progress merkur

(ask a European!)

A superb, technically perfect solid brass Safety Razor. Possibly the best shaving instrument in the world. Every part precision machined and hand assembled in Solingen, Germany. The Micro-Dial mechanism, the heart of this marvelous razor, adjusts to just the right shave and individual demand. Accepts standard double edge blades which remain in perfect, rigid alignment. The sculptured stem is meticulously balanced for Lifetime of comfortable, effortless shaving. If quality is important to you, this splendid razor will serve you well. A favourite of professional men here and abroad. **Guaranteed the best razor you've ever owned or Your Money Back.**

#500 Chrome Veneer	$7.00	2 for $13.50
#510 Silver Veneer	$7.50	2 for $14.50
#520 Gold Veneer	$9.00	2 for $17.50
#GP Goatskin leather pouch $2.00 ea.		

please add 50¢ post per order. 5% tax in Cal.

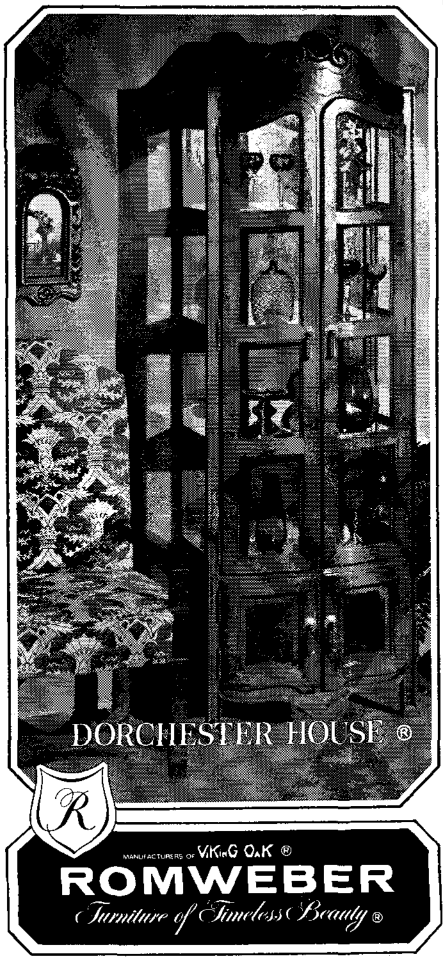
Name

Address

Zip

Style Quant. Check Encl.

J. D. Browne
Ghirardelli Square 900 North Point
San Francisco Ca. 94109



MANUFACTURERS OF VIKING OAK ®
ROMWEBER
Furniture of Timeless Beauty ®

SHOWROOMS IN BATESVILLE · CHICAGO · DALLAS · NEW YORK · ST. LOUIS · MIAMI (EUSTER)
SEND $1.00 FOR COMPLETE COLOR BROCHURE
DEPT. 8 The American Furniture Company, Batesville, Indiana.

government like ours function if the Congress had no way of learning from responsible officials how the laws it had made were working, or how the money it had appropriated was being used or not being used. At the same time, the executive branch could not function if it had to reveal to Congress and the public all its private deliberations and speculations. Actually, the most valuable function of executive privilege is the restoration of the right to privacy (another "privilege" that has no Constitutional sanction) to men who chose to surrender part of that right when they entered public service. No self-respecting man would enter government if he could be compelled to repeat and defend every phrase he chose to utter; nor would a man of integrity serve the country if he had to withhold from the public or his colleagues in government every act of malpractice he chanced to witness or learn about. The only way to resolve the difficulty, it would seem, is to study the problem, with all its contradictions, and establish the conditions under which the doctrine may be enforced and the kind of testimony allowable. Over the years, the judiciary has managed similar problems with considerable success, and the two other branches would do well to emulate it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Astonishing. Absolutely astonishing. Even a long admiration for Ingmar Bergman as a great master of the cinema doesn't fully prepare one for this wondrous accomplishment. During the 94-minute experience of his newest searing personal drama, you are virtually transported into the inner beings of four women. Bergman, showing his utter mastery, gives you his eyes with which to see, and his sensibilities with which to feel. The acting is extraordinary. Harriet Andersson lies dying a slow, horribly painful death in a country manor. One sister, Liv Ullmann, has had an affair with the doctor, and has watched her husband attempt suicide. Another sister, Ingrid Thulin, judges her own married life "a tissue of lies," and at one point commits a defiant act of sexual self-mutilation that may jolt you as nothing has before. Kari Sylwan, as the family maid, has lost her child and extends her love, maternally and sexually, to the sister who is dying. In exploring their lives through observation, conversation, interactions, reflections, confessions, and dramatic crises, the writer-director penetrates to an enormous range of psychic nerve-endings. Pain, coping with death, loss, hatred, lack of communication, desire for contact, love, and repressed thoughts and feelings—these are some of the volatile elements thrashing with blender-like effect on your insides. I have told you nothing.—*William Wolf in Cue.*

Oh, c'mon now, William!

When you reach the top, stay there.

At the Sheraton Towers, Boston's Height of Elegance.

For reservations, call
800-325-3535
Overlooking the city atop the
Sheraton-Boston Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
PRUDENTIAL CENTER

Country Inns and Back Roads
3.50 EACH INN A NEW ADVENTURE

This drawing from "Country Inns & Back Roads" shows a warm, inviting country inn just a few stone steps from the New England shoreline. The inn is one of 120 inns in the U. S. and Canada featured in the entirely new 1973 edition. With this book, it is still possible to find morning birdsongs, bubbling streams, woodland rambles, hearty food, undiscovered by-ways and warm country inns. At bookstores, or order directly. Sound like fun?

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 664

OUT ISLAND RETREAT

Small, private, remote, casual, quiet 1,000-acre island (Normans Cay, The Exumas, Bahamas) with 10 rooms in guest cottages. Dining room, bar, tennis, water sports. Rates and brochure: The Island Company, Ltd., 375 Park Avenue, NYC 10022 (212) 832-8830

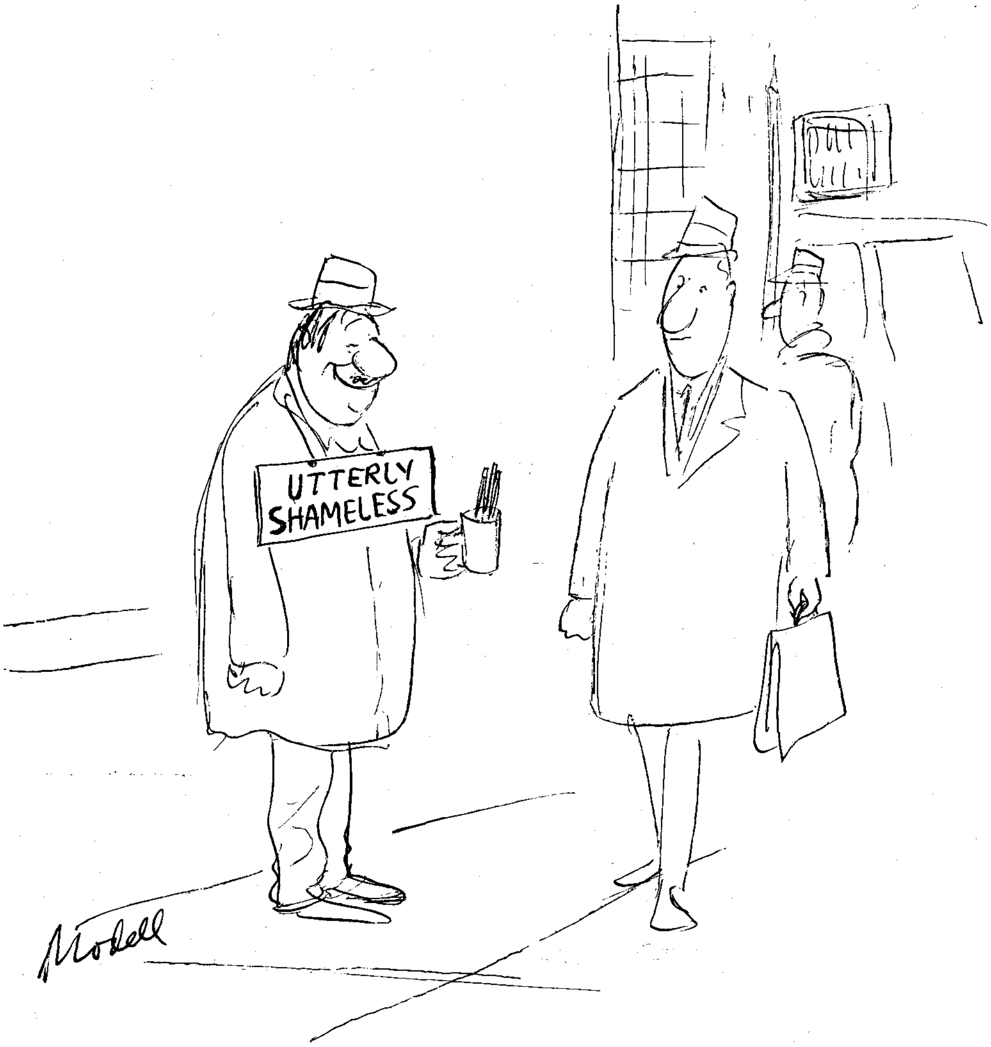
BOOKS

Conquering Hero

THE second volume of Elizabeth Longford's biography, "Wellington: Pillar of State" (Harper & Row), runs from just after Waterloo to the Duke's death, in 1852, at the age of eighty-three. The first volume, "Wellington: The Years of the Sword," was a fairy tale come true—the realization of a boyish fantasy in which a neglected younger son, a dreamy violinist forced into the Army against his will by his unsympathetic family, turned himself into an invincible soldier and capped his victories by defeating the greatest conqueror of his day. Innumerable lonely, scrawny boys vow to themselves to surprise the world, but few unpromising youngsters attain the summit of glory, glamour, and recognition on which Wellington stood in the summer of 1815. Wellington invariably insisted that he was "but a man," and Lady Longford occasionally catches a glimpse of the vulnerable youth she thinks survived inside the Iron Duke, but to Europe (including, for that moment, the war-weary French, who looked to Wellington for protection from the Prussians) the Duke was a demigod.

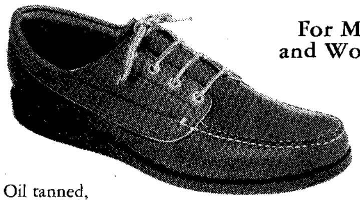
Nobody's life can go on like that, and the Duke's did not. In the second volume, Lady Longford remarks in her preface, her hero "dives headlong into blunder and odium;" that is to say, into English politics at a particularly turbulent era. The Duke held military and diplomatic appointments right after the war, and was sent abroad on occasional missions during the eighteen-twenties. His first domestic post, from 1818 to 1827, was as Master General of Ordnance, which gave him a seat in the Cabinet. He was Prime Minister from 1828 to 1830, and again for a few months in 1834, after which he was briefly Foreign Secretary. He entered Peel's government of 1841-46 without portfolio. Most of the time, he was Tory Leader in the House of Lords, and for long stretches the Army's Commander-in-Chief. He was also Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, Chancellor of Oxford University, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. These three posts have become more honorific since Wellington's day, but he had work to do in all of them. The background of his political life included financial booms and busts; the continuation of the agricultural and industrial revolutions; what we now call population explosion, which began in the eighteenth century and which frightened people (such as Malthus) then, as it does now; as well as population dislocation and relocation. These events brought new kinds of issues—such as wages-and-hours and working-conditions legislation, some of which the Duke supported, some not—into politics at a time when Great Britain had developed few institutions, concepts, or techniques to deal with what was happening. Later historians have been unsympathetic toward the political Duke because he did not divine solutions of these difficulties, but we can sympathize with him, for we, too, find unfamiliar matters intruding on politics, from female sexuality to the grade-school curriculum. We may realize that this is happening to us because the factory system, which was remodelling the British Isles in Wellington's day, has since abolished the household as an economic enterprise and an educational institution, but what matters are private and what are legitimate matters of public policy is just as difficult for us as it was for Wellington to decide what was reform and what was revolution. He usually persuaded himself that *his* reforms (such as Catholic emancipation) were true reforms, and that other people's reforms (such as the electoral Reform Bill of 1832) were revolution.

Lady Longford aims to understand the Duke, not to whitewash him. She scolds his "pitifully static view of human nature," and she decides that he was "totally lacking in political imagination." She herself has plenty of political imagination, and the verve and absorption with which she writes insure that this second volume is no anticlimax. She adds life to the Duke by taking the trouble to make his contemporaries alive, too. History tends to concentrate on the stars, but politics rarely can supply enough. For most of Wellington's career, the sovereigns he served were undistinguished or dotty, or both, and the Tory Party had no genuine first-raters between 1806, when Pitt died, and the eighteen-twenties, when Peel became Home Secre-



Bean's
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Blucher Moccasins



For Men
and Women

Oil tanned,
Brown ski grain uppers.
True moccasin construction with hand sewed toe piece. Blucher style lacing for snug fit at heel and arch. Durable non-slip rubber sole with molded arch support for walking comfort. Ladies' sizes 5 to 9. Whole and half sizes. Medium width. Price, $12.50 postpaid. Men's sizes 7 to 13D, 6½ to 13EE. Whole and half sizes. Price, $14.00 postpaid.

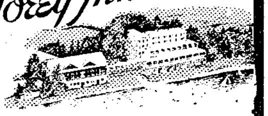
☐ Send for Free Catalog
Ship____Ladies' Blucher Moccasins @ $12.50 postpaid.
Sizes________
Ship____Men's Blucher Moccasins @ $14.00 postpaid.
Sizes________
Name________________
Address________________
____
Zip________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
368 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

AVERY RESORTS ON LAKE MOREY

Bonnie Oaks Resort
Two golf courses, Home of the Vermont State Open, Tennis, all water sports, two heated pools. Secluded cottages, luxury air-conditioned rooms are available. Fine food. Entertainment. Open to late October.
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
05045

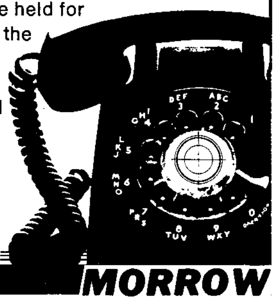
Lake Morey Inn



Write Box 12 or
Tel.
802-333-4302 for
Bonnie Oaks or 802-333-4311 for
Lake Morey Inn

RANSOM
a novel by Jon Cleary

Election Eve, New York City—and the Mayor's wife held for ransom. This is the explosive situation in this first-class novel of action and suspense, soon to be a major motion picture.
$6.95



MORROW

tary. (The Whigs in Wellington's day had the opposite difficulty: too much talent, all quarrelling and competing.)

As I understand Lady Longford, Wellington's civilian career served two good purposes—one that he cheerfully recognized and one that he did not. The first of these was the force of his example and the reassurance that it gave the nation. He was always willing to serve where he thought he would be useful; after he decided that he was too old and too deaf to be Prime Minister, he twice rejected the job, but he agreed to serve wherever the Prime Minister could use him. At times, Wellington was mobbed, his house was stoned, and he was attacked in the newspapers, but over the years his disinterestedness and incorruptibility carried more weight than his misjudgments, and in time his enemies relented, impressed by his courage, his kindness, his simplicity, and his wit. Like Wordsworth in the "Lyrical Ballads," Wellington eschewed the "gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers" and preferred "language really used by men." He was concise and accurate and frequently funny, and his jokes are remarkably timeless.

The second purpose the Duke served was to help create the Conservative Party and thus, unknowingly, to create the modern two-party system. Whigs and Tories were not parties in our sense but collections of factions which tended to form governments that fell apart when they attempted innovations. These governments recall those of the last years of the French Third Republic, which lasted only as long as they did nothing. The Duke's evolution leftward, from Toryism to modern conservatism, proclaims the triumph of his common sense and practical judgment over his yearning for stability. The aggressive stupidity of the ultras on the Continent and of the reactionaries in his own party appalled him. Lady Longford has him beginning "a process of detachment from the extreme Right" as early as 1827—a process in which he first led, then followed, Peel. Peel's brilliance and inventiveness bridged the old and the new, and of the bridge Wellington was the strongest support. Peel was notably lacking in charm (pitying Victoria at the prospect of dealing with their Ministry, the Duke said, "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners"), and his personality created difficulties for his patrons, supporters, and allies. It is immensely to Wellington's credit, as human being as well as politician, that he saw the point of this fussy, moody, obstinate, unpopular fellow.

Get a good night's sleep.

Flents®
Ear Stopples
& Light Shield
will help.

Soft, safe Flents Ear Stopples instantly tune out noise pollution—sleep-stealing snores, traffic roars, even utter bores. 50¢ a pair, 6 pairs $1.75.
Lightweight, comfortable Flents Light Shield instantly de-lights—lets you turn in even with all the lights turned on. Black, pink or blue. $3.00.
At drug counters. Or send check or M.O. to Flents Inc., Dept. NY-4, 103 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 NY residents: add sales tax.

Let's
help
each
other.
the
good
neighbor.
The American Red Cross
advertising contributed for the public good
ADVERTISING COUNCIL

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Plausible, unusual, very realistic."
—F. van Wyck Mason

The Snowman
Arthur Maling's
fast-paced novel of an exciting search for a college drop-out thought to be mixed up in Mexico's drug trade. $5.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The Duke may have had more political imagination than Lady Longford allows.

Lady Longford ends with a review of the Duke's own personality and with a comparison of Wellington and Napoleon. Though the comparison is inescapable, it is also unmakable. They were completely different kinds of men. I probably undervalue Napoleon because today military usurpers and dictators figure only in the least modern, least developed parts of the world. (In modern totalitarian states, the military have been remarkable for their political ineffectiveness.) I may be unfair, but to me Napoleon's greatness is less the expression of his own superiority than it is the result of the backwardness of European societies of his time—a backwardness British society did not share. Wellington's England was not yet a modern society, but in some respects it held together the way a modern society does; Wellington could no more have imitated Napoleon and marched on London and shut down Parliament and the opposition newspapers than Montgomery could have. And it never occurred to Wellington to try. The historically most important successors of, or analogues to, Napoleon in our time have been Chiang and Franco and Nasser. Wellington belongs on another list—one that looks back to Marlborough and Washington (whom Wellington greatly admired) and forward to Marshall and Eisenhower: soldiers who were subjects and citizens.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS BE KIND, by Wilfrid Sheed (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A flinty, energetic, often wildly funny book about the life and hard times of Brian Casey—lace-curtain Irishman, pre-Salk polio victim, former Riverside Drive street kid, and canny but unsuccessful Presidential candidate. The first, and best, half of the book follows the boy's physical and spiritual trials while growing up; the second half, a campaign worker's account of the now hardboiled Casey's Presidential campaign, points to certain similarities in the country's body politic and the book's crippled hero—especially an unreasonable faith in "experts" and a persistent wish for miracle cures. Mr. Sheed has a bulging store of observations on national politics, often very interesting, but they flatten this part of the book consider-

Lars-Eric Lindblad invites you on a
Cruising Expedition aboard the M.S. Lindblad Explorer.

INDONESIA—EAST OF BALI

Bali—the *"Morning of the World"* as Nehru called it—a true paradise—unspoiled in spite of efforts to the contrary—cannot be seen in one day. Therefore we *start* our cruises at Bali, allowing you many days and nights to immerse yourself in a culture where people live in peace with each other and the gods.

Then we visit *Komodo* with its "dragons," *Flores, Timor, Leti, Aru* of Wallace fame, and the *Asmat* region of West Irian where for the first time you will be able to buy primitive art of museum quality (one carving may pay for your trip) and experience a Stone Age culture where headhunting still prevails, and many other islands.

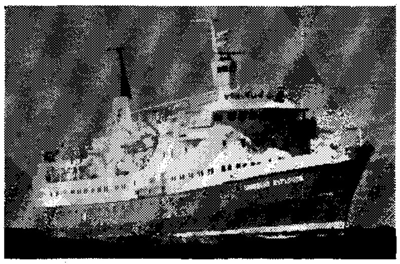
Our Indonesian Cruises—East of Bali—offer many unique experiences for those who appreciate unspoiled islands, the naturalist (birds, mammals, plants and trees, butterflies and fish), the lover of underwater sports (we have complete equipment for the scuba diver), performing and visual arts and shopping (primitive art and Ming china).

The M.S. Lindblad Explorer offers you comfort, experienced famous lecturers and an adventure into an archipelago as delightful and beautiful as you thought only a dream could be.

Each "expedition" is of 25 days duration (including the two week cruise) with twice a month departures from May through November. The cost starts at $2710.00, which *includes* the airfare from San Francisco.

The M.S. Lindblad Explorer was built in 1969 and is of Panamanian registry. She is operated by the Swedish American Line.

Send for the descriptive folder today—it also includes our cruises to the Australian Barrier Reef, the Subantarctic Islands of New Zealand and Australia, Antarctica in 1974, the West Coast of South America and Galapagos.



LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NY42173
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

An extraordinary woman in an extraordinary era

DOROTHY THOMPSON

A Legend in Her Time
by MARION K. SANDERS

"This is a superb biographic achievement—a fascinating personality . . . expertly portrayed in the fullness of her life and times. It is better reading than a novel."
—JOSEPH P. LASH

Illustrated with photographs. $10. HMCo

COMPLETE BOOK-BINDING SERVICES. Your favorite books, magazines, periodicals, journals, playbills and correspondence can be hand-bound in either leather or cloth in your choice of styles. Also repair work.
Brochure 25¢.

THE CLASSIC BINDERY

P.O. Box 572-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

Now you can read
the complete story of
one of the most
remarkable men of our time.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
A Biographical Portrait
by Jervis Anderson

"An important account of contemporary social and racial struggle in the United States."—Bayard Rustin,
Chicago Tribune Book World

16 pages of photographs $12.50
HBJ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

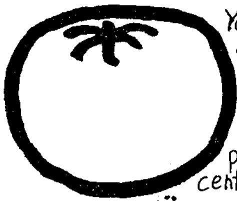
Most of the contents of this book appeared originally in The New Yorker.

Agnes de Mille's new book "is a unique blending of private emotion and public history—all perfectly interwoven, touching, amusing, and informative."
—Walter Kerr

Speak to Me, Dance with Me
Illustrated. $8.95 at bookstores.
Atlantic-Little, Brown

"If I were banished to the moon tomorrow and could take only five books along, this would have to be one of them."
—CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *New York Times*

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW
THOMAS PYNCHON
$15.00 cloth; $4.95 paper
VIKING



You don't know what a salad can taste like 'till you use 'BETTER BOY' home grown tomatoes. Buy plants now. At garden centers most everywhere.
Or write Ball, West Chicago, Ill. 60185

ably. As the political jokes get brighter, Casey gets dimmer and dimmer, and toward the end one finds oneself wishing that the author possessed a little less of what one character refers to as "elegant detachment."

The Call Girls, by Arthur Koestler (Random House). The frivolous title is somewhat misleading: this is a gloomy novel. Koestler's "call girls" are not attractive females but middle-aged savants of both sexes who respond to invitations to read papers on science and philosophy at international symposia, and who meet repeatedly to discuss, dispute, and disagree. The particular conference to which this novel takes us is held in an Alpine village where a foundation has built a conference center, and the topic of the meeting is nothing less than the survival of mankind. Mr. Koestler's account of the papers read and of the debates they provoke is skilled, entertaining pastiche, but it is less a narrative than a restatement of contemporary theories of man and nature that he has examined in his nonfiction work—none of them, the novel despairingly concludes, of any use whatever.

A Well-Told Lie, by Christina Hobhouse (Knopf). This tedious English novel is mainly concerned with an upper-class married couple, Simon and Anna, who have recently moved themselves and their household from London to a stately home in the country. Simon is a bankrupt, but a very rich and optimistic one, and immediately upon arriving in his new home he begins making plans that he expects will eventually bring him large sums of money. Anna is conscience-stricken about the bankruptcy and impatient with the new plans, or schemes, but more than anything she is made uneasy by Simon's intense reliance on her, and by his high-handed manner with their three daughters. The book depends on episodic scenes, with family tensions predominating, and everybody, including the children, is superhumanly articulate.

GENERAL

God Stand Up for Bastards, by David Leitch (Houghton Mifflin). The title of this memoir comes from "King Lear," and the author, an English journalist whose parents abandoned him when he was two weeks old, explains that in his boyhood he imagined (though he later learned otherwise) that he was illegitimate. His foster parents were a

Time to spare?
Love to share?

"Adopt" a pupil two mornings a week. Serve as a volunteer in one of 108 public schools where individual pupils are receiving help in reading and English as a second language.

SCHOOL VOLUNTEER PROGRAM • 563-5620
20 West 40 Street, N.Y.C. 10018

"Snobs make wonderful reading."*
CLASS
A NOVEL BY
BRUTUS
A very modern tale of love and money by the author of **Confessions of a Stockbroker.**
$6.95 at bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN
*Melvin Maddocks, Christian Science Monitor

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

respectable English middle-class couple, who provided him with that indispensable passport to respectability, a public-school-and-university education, but in the end Mr. Leitch chose the tart over the toff, in his words—journalism over the Foreign Service. As a London *Sunday Times* reporter, he has been all over the world, and these entertaining recollections are personal, not to say idiosyncratic, accounts of human beings he has met along his way. Some chapters are tributes to obscure individuals (a Jordanian Figaro, a cultivated embezzler), and others are unflattering closeups of the great (Khrushchev, the Duke of Edinburgh). In every case, Mr. Leitch hits a perfect balance between his point of view—his admitted bias for losers and tricksters—and the realities of his subjects. Readers who do not share Leitch's penchants will nonetheless appreciate the genuineness, honesty, and justness of his portraits, and his chipper prose.

A PIECE OF TRUTH, by Amalia Fleming (Houghton Mifflin). The qualities of decency, common sense, shrewdness, and compassion which make the Greek-born Lady Fleming (widow of the discoverer of penicillin) a patriot, and twice drew her into Greek resistance movements, also make her an excellent reporter. Her thirty-two-day interrogation by Greek security police and her subsequent trial, imprisonment, and forced exile are described plainly and chillingly here, as are reports of political torture, which she backs up in many cases with copies of the depositions of its victims. Lady Fleming blames both the 1967 coup and the continuing strength of the present regime on the United States and our NATO allies, who, she says, have failed the Greek people miserably by thinking of Greece only as "an aircraft carrier attached to the Sixth Fleet." But what makes this book really gripping is not so much its politics as its subtle portrayal of how the abridgment of freedom has affected everyday Greek life, and its reminders of the still available pleasures of that life, which are denied to so many of the author's imprisoned or exiled friends.

GRAND OPERA: THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LEADING OPERA HOUSES AND PERSONALITIES, edited by Anthony Gishford, with an introduction by Benjamin Britten (Viking/Studio). Lots and lots of pictures accompany brief essays describing the

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 16 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

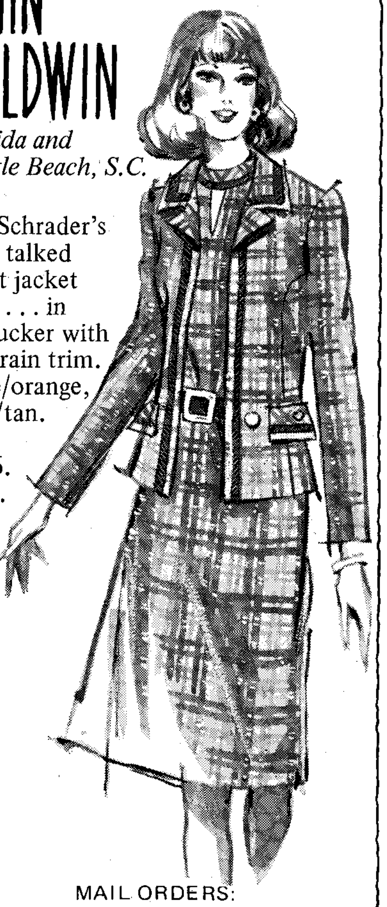
4 16 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

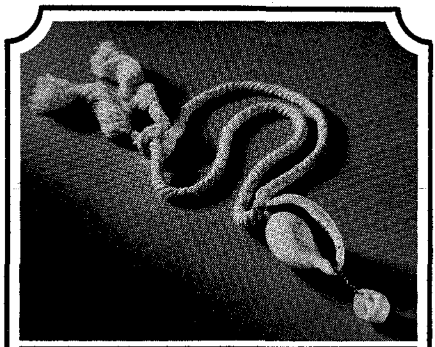
JOHN BALDWIN

Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Abe Schrader's most talked about jacket dress . . . in seersucker with grosgrain trim. Beige/orange, navy/tan. Sizes 6–16. **$140.**



MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701



SHELL NECKLACE

A fine specimen Egg Cowrie shell hangs from a rope necklace creating the "natural" look for the coming season. This versatile fashion accessory doubles as a belt. In basic white. No two are alike. From Stern's *Old Shell Game* Collection.

$15.00

Mail orders add $.95—Ga. residents add Sales Tax.

BankAmericard, Master Charge, American Express cards honoured.

STERN'S

1248 West Paces Ferry Road at I-75 • Atlanta 30327
404-261-3678
Mail and phone orders promptly handled
Copyright © 1973 E. H. Stern, Inc.

Holiday Award for Distinctive Dining
★★★★ MOBIL TRAVEL GUIDE

Danny's

Cuisine for the Gourmet

Charles at Biddle, Baltimore. (301) 539-1393

past and present of the world's great opera houses. It does seem curious that national, and even local, peculiarities should emerge so strongly in a discussion of an art that is nothing if not international, but it appears that audiences at Parma are singularly brutal, while those of Toulouse are exceptionally kind; that Vienna has always achieved its greatness onstage at the price of sanguinary vendettas backstage; that German opera houses have always been involved with somebody's political assertions; that the Barcelona opera, in obstinately provincial Catalonia, was intended to be the most cosmopolitan institution on the Iberian Peninsula, and probably is; while Americans, in all their houses, have paid for (sometimes with difficulty), and got, the stars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOODBYE TO AN OLD FRIEND, by Brian Freemantle (Putnam). The defection to Britain of a top Russian space scientist is closely followed by that of *the* top Russian space scientist, who is also the first man's best friend. But questions at once arise: Are they who they say they are? And, if so, are they genuine defectors? Adrian Dodds, a mousy little man who is Britain's foremost authority on such matters, is willing to accept the first man, but he has a funny feeling about No. 2. On the other hand, the Prime Minister, a bellowing bull of a man, is determined to have them both authenticated at once and passed profitably on to the United States. Mr. Freemantle slowly reveals the bits and pieces of the truth, and it is almost impossible not to pay him the closest attention.

•

"I contend that among the root causes of cost growth for major weapons systems is any procurement process that does not permit meaningful milestone attainment prior to full commitment or, if total commitment is involved, as in the C5, the process does not permit rational cost tradeoffs to minimize the effect of technology unknowns, non-availability of resources, economic escalation or ambiguous contractual language," Kitchen said.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

With a broad grin.

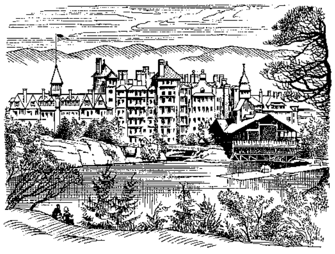
•

LANSING—Walter deVries, an important clog in the State Republican administrations of Romney and Milliken, disclosed Thursday he is shifting his political base to North Carolina.—*Detroit Free Press.*

New fields to gum up.

We serve nectar.

It comes in the shape of fresh mountain air and 7500 acres of unspoiled scenery around a glacial lake. And it's close to paradise. Hiking, bird walks, golf, tennis, boating, fishing, swimming and great horseback riding. Peace and quiet, new friends. One of America's most soul-satisfying resorts. See your travel agent or call (212) 233-2244.



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 Miles from N.Y.C., Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK, NEW PALTZ, N.Y.

"The material is so rich, and so much of it consists of John O'Hara's picturesque, quirky, self-revealing letters . . . that one ends by feeling that one has lived with an extraordinary person."
—Malcolm Cowley,
New York Times Book Review

O'HARA
A BIOGRAPHY BY
FINIS FARR

Illustrated. $8.50
LITTLE, BROWN

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

Bancroft
PLAYERS SPECIAL
MADE IN U.S.A.

You can hold this Bancroft in your hand and still never know how good it is.

You can hold it, heft it, swing it, bite it, price it, compare it and still not know what makes Bancroft's Player's Special the finest all-wood racket made.

There's only one way to know. Play with it.

The Player's *Special*, our largest selling racket, was designed by our own Ralph Sawyer, the most gifted designer in tennis.

He used the world's finest racket woods: seasoned, quarter-sawed ash combined with select strips of bamboo, the "spring steel" wood. He gave it an extra thick shaft and reinforced shoulders for strength and durability.

It comes in the weight and balance of your choice, plus Bancroft's exclusive air-cushioned leather grip that shapes to *your* hand. Strung with Bow Brand *Championship* lamb gut, $56.00 ... one of 27 beautiful Bancrofts ranging from $6 to $120. Bancroft Sporting Goods Company, Woonsocket, Rhode Island 02895.

Try it and you'll buy it.

Bancroft

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Authentic.

Dewar's
50 Gold and Prize Medals
50 Gold and Prize Medals
1891
1893
1894
1895
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
4/5 QUART. 86.8° PROOF
PERTH SCOTLAND
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.
Sole Distributors in U.S.A.
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

What we put in this bottle

They say there are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." Dewar's has only the finest of whiskies from the Highlands, from the Lowlands, from the Hebrides. Each one is chosen for its own special purpose, and is then rested in its own snug vat. Finally, one by one, they're brought together by the hand of the master blender of Perth. His skill makes sure that Dewar's never varies.

Dewar's never varies.

© 1969